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PAGES 4, 5 & 6 MORE BPI RAIDS – CAST ATTACKED BY MONK – KIM DEAL DENIES SPLIT – NEW HOLE SINGLE – MONSTERS OF ROCK LATEST

Caught by the fuss

SUPERGRASS have angered movie star Hugh Grant after using his photograph to promote 'Caught By The Fuzz' in the US.

The 'Grass wanted to use a police mugshot of Grant to promote their single, following the actor's recent arrest in LA for allegedly indulging in oral sex with a prostitute in his car.

Supergrass bassist Mickey told *NME*: "Somebody was doing an advert and decided to use the Hugh Grant picture. It's amazing the fuss, really."

A spokesperson for Grant told *NME*: "We're checking it out," before hanging up.

However, as NME was going to press lawyers in America banned Supergrass from using the advert. A spokesman for the band's record company said the ad breached a privacy law and made Supergrass liable to a multi-million-pound lawsuit from Grant. The spokesman said: "We've withdrawn all the adverts otherwise there'd be real problems. It's like, deep shit."

Supergrass have also scheduled an EP. Mickey said: "We've got an idea to release an EP later in the year with tracks that won't be on the second album. I don't know what the record company thinks. We always do these things without too much planning. We've got quite a few tracks from the 'I Should Coco' sessions and some old songs hanging about. There's some heavy Stooges riffs that we've had for about six months."

The band have recovered from June's festivals. Drummer Danny added: "We met Liam and Noel from Oasis at Roskilde. We hadn't seen them since the *NME* Brats. We had a good chat."

Meanwhile, Danny added that he was disappointed. Supergrass singer Gaz had turned down a five-figure modelling and sponsorship deal from Calvin Klein.

He said: "It would have kept us in pants and socks for a year. And in face towels!"

Supergrass released a seven-inch orange vinyl version of 'Alright' on Monday (July 10).

Berry's illness nearly ended REM

REM would have split if drummer Bill Berry had not survived his brain haemorrhage in Switzerland earlier this year.

Speaking to *NME*, singer Michael Stipe said: "It was pretty rotten, pretty awful. The more tests they did the more worried we became. What would we have done? We would have broke up."

However, Stipe says the incident has not brought the band closer together. "If we got any closer we'd be inside each other. Bill's probably healthier than you or me," he said.

Peter Buck has also revealed how the rest of REM had to reject pleas from Berry to resume touring in May.

"If he'd been a keyboard player where he'd been exerting less energy we might have been able to tour two months ago. We may even have been able to start the American tour on time. The doctor said maybe, Bill said he wanted to, but we felt it would be best to wait a while."

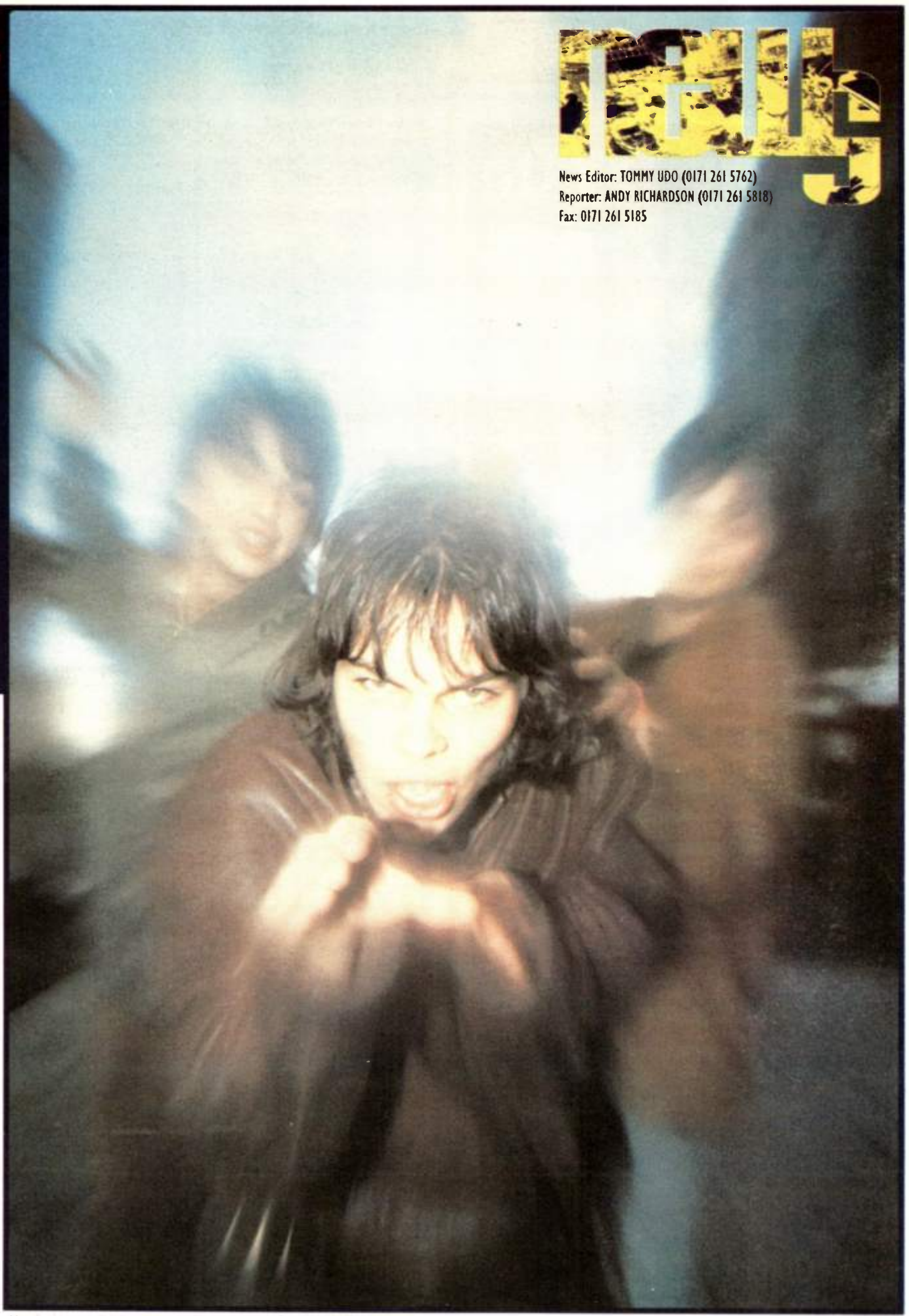
Buck added: "*(When it happened)* I figured that was it. There was a possibility that he wouldn't get 100 per cent functions back. We would never play without him as the drummer."

Meanwhile, the group release a new single 'Tongue' on July 17.

The CD features previously unreleased live versions of 'What's The Frequency Kenneth?', 'Bang And Blame' and 'I Don't Sleep, I Dream'. The tracks were recorded on American TV show *Saturday Night Live* last November.

'Tongue' is the fifth single from REM's 'Monster' LP, which has now sold seven million copies.

● *Don't miss the full REM interview in next week's issue.*



News Editor: TOMMY UDO (0171 261 5762)
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Hugh do you think you are? Supergrass plan to use THAT photograph

Goldie: 'Timeless' is more – 103 minutes in fact!

● GOLDIE releases his debut album 'Timeless' on July 31 through his Metalheadz label.

The 103-minute long album is released as a limited edition (30,000 copies) double CD and double cassette, plus an unlimited double vinyl version, which also includes two exclusive mixes.

The full track listing is as follows: 'Timeless', 'Saint Angel', 'State Of Mind', 'This Is A Bad', 'Sea Of Tears', 'Jah The Seventh', 'State Of Rage' (Sensual VIP Mix), 'Still Life', 'Angel', 'Adrift', 'Kemistry' and 'You & Me'.

Goldie follows the release of the album with the support slot on Björk's European tour.

Roses kept from the Wolves door

THE STONE ROSES may be banned from playing a projected concert in Wolverhampton because councillors believe the town will be invaded by new age travellers. Residents have compiled a 172-signature petition against the band, who are planning a gig in September.

Wolverhampton Council has so far refused to grant an entertainment licence for the gig at a 6,000-capacity marquee in the town's East Park.

Tory Councillor Andrew Dawson claimed new age travellers would swamp Wolverhampton if it went ahead. He said, 70 per cent of Roses fans were "travellers" and added: "They would turn up in their hundreds with their converted buses, caravans and tents – and would probably stay for weeks or even months."

Labour Councillor Frank Docherty said no residents wanted the concert to go ahead because it would disrupt their lives.

He said: "They don't want to be killjoys but they think a line should be drawn because it would be on a weekend."

Resident Mrs Pat Byrne said local people were disturbed about the disruption, noise and litter that the concert would cause.

However, Labour Councillor Geoff Foster accused Tories of over-reacting and said: "Many young people would be pleased to see groups of this kind in Wolverhampton."

The council's environmental health sub-committee has deferred a decision until it receives more information from promoters and police.

It would cost the Roses £2,000 to hire the park. The band's official spokesperson declined to comment.

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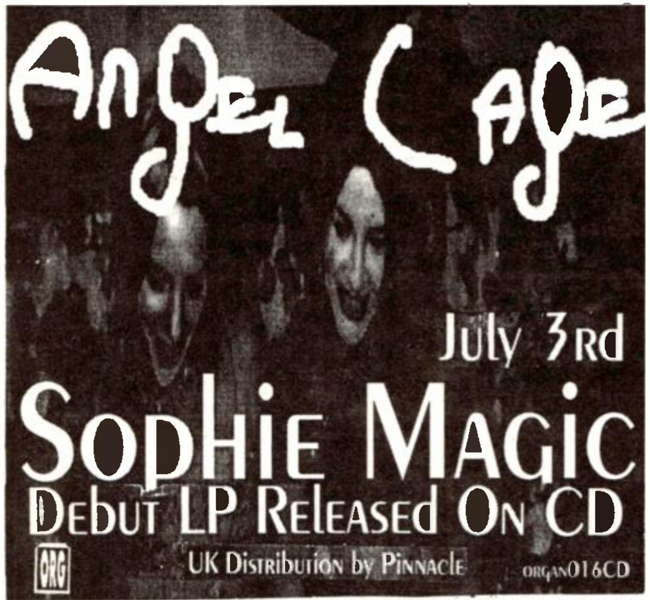

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Money Forum the homeless

ELASTICA, GENE, S*M*A*S*H, THE BOO RADLEYS and **LUSH** helped raise £15,000 for homeless charity Shelter during a benefit gig at London's Kentish Town Forum last Thursday (July 6).

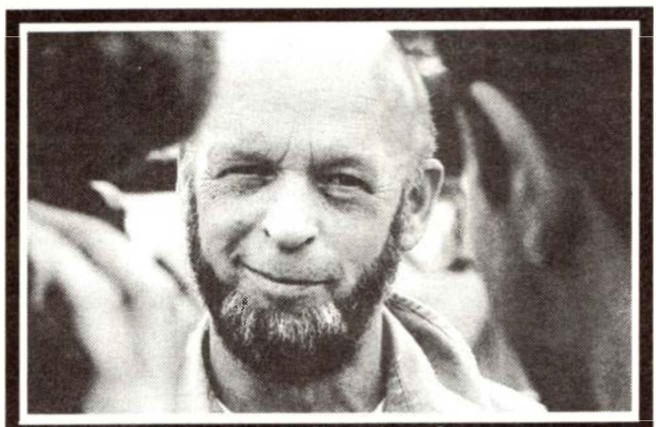
Other guests included Damon Albarn, Mark Lamarr, John Peel and Steve Lamacq.

The Boo Radleys and Lush both played acoustic sets while Gene and Elastica previewed new songs. Full live report page 35.

Meanwhile, Elastica have started demoing tracks for their forthcoming second album. The band have written several new songs and recorded rough versions in a London studio.

Elastica head to Japan later this month for a tour while they may return to the US in September for a series of gigs. A new single is tentatively scheduled for October.

The Boo Radleys' Sice – charity begins with a home



PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

Eavis – festival farmer goes to Westminster?

Glasto grows?

GLASTONBURY organiser Michael Eavis wants to increase the festival's capacity from 80,000 to 100,000.

Eavis told *NME*: "It's an impossible situation, we can't keep people out. About 20,000 people don't pay which is unacceptable to the people who do. I don't like those 20,000 using the resources without paying. The police think it's a good idea to increase the capacity and think 100,000 is realistic. The festival is on four farms and we want to bring in another. We just need to move down the valley a little bit."

Eavis has also spoken about his decision to stand as Labour candidate for Wells in the next general election. Wells is a safe Tory seat and the votes cast at the last election, in 1992, were Tories 29,000, Liberal 22,000 and Labour 7,000.

Eavis said: "It's not expected to be a winnable seat, but who knows. I've turned it down before but this time I thought I should. They phoned me every day for weeks and asked if I'd stand. At the end of the day we've been campaigning for all sorts of political reasons for years and years and I can't sit outside all the time. Our family has been campaigning for generations. Maybe it's a responsibility we all have to make some change when you are offered the opportunity. If you get the chance to do something you have a moral obligation to do so."

Eavis listed his 1995 Glastonbury highlight as Oasis and said the biggest mistake was Portishead playing the acoustic stage because it was too small. He also said he was overwhelmed by the number of well-wishers he met. Eavis also plans to have more input in Channel 4's TV coverage next year because he believes the station didn't properly capture the spirit of Glastonbury.

● **THE BLUETONES** play a one-off gig at London Camden Centre on September 21. It will be their last concert in the capital until next year and tickets cost £7. They are also planning a provincial tour for October, although the dates are not yet confirmed. The Bluetones release a debut album in the New Year and play the Leeds Heineken Festival (July 22), Glasgow T In The Park (August 5) and Reading Festival (August 26).

Bunnies burn back

ELECTRAFIXION, the band formed by former Bunnymen Ian McCulloch and Will Sergeant, release their debut album 'Burned' on September 25. The band play the second stage at Reading on August 25 before setting out on tour with **THE BOO RADLEYS** in October.

● **RADIOHEAD** drummer Phil Selway has had a new fan club formed in his honour by Japanese fans.

The club, called 'Phil Is Great', is based in Tokyo and was launched two weeks ago by Selway.

Selway presented each member with an official card and fans responded with accolades such as: "Your beady eyes are intolerably attractive for me", "I could never forget your kindness when you gave me your autograph on the last Japan tour" and "I am deeply moved to meet you so close".

According to eye witness Masako Hayashi, Selway responded by saying: "My wife would be very surprised if she was here now." Fan club members have membership cards and official T-shirts with the 'Phil Is Great' slogan.

Meanwhile, Radiohead play Milton Keynes Bowl with REM on July 30 and then tour the US with REM in September. They release a new single on August 14, the title is as yet undecided.

● **MO'WAX**, the pioneering trip-hop label, launches a new imprint – Mo'wax Excursions – to release one-off techno, jungle and hip-hop singles. First release is a 12" entitled 'The Plot' from regular Beasties' remixers The Prunes (out this week), with IO's 'Claire' single, 'Fantasy On A Fantasy' by David Caron and Olde Scottish's 'Wilde Style' released next week.

Mo'Wax head James Lavelle told *NME*: "It's a good way for us to get records out quickly and start putting out techno and jungle records that wouldn't necessarily be suited to the Mo'Wax label."

"Record companies tend to get a bit jumpy if one of their big acts wants to do something for us. Excursions should enable us to get a limited amount of records out as well as doing something a little different. I don't just want to put out beats records."

Other acts expected to record for Excursions include Richie Hawtin, Carl Craig and Detroit-style techno outfit Stasis.

● **RADIO 1** has increased its listenership by 700,000 according to leaked RAJAR figures.

It means Radio 1 is likely to return to being the UK's number one station with a listenership of 11.17 million, narrowly beating Radio 2.

A spokeswoman for Radio 1 told *NME*: "These are unofficial figures so we can't comment. However, if we find that we have increased our listenership we will be very pleased. I think the changes made by Matthew Bannister have had a positive effect, particularly with the specialist shows.

"But Radio 1 is not all about figures or certain shows doing well, it's about Radio 1 as a whole."

Radio 1 has lost more than seven million listeners since Bannister took over in 1993.

● **DODGY, SALAD, S*M*A*S*H** and **POWDER** play the Park Frenzy '95 festival at Gosport Walpole Park, Portsmouth, on July 29.

Tickets for the one-day event, which takes place under canvas in a big top, cost £10 and are available from the box office on 01705 863911/ 522944.

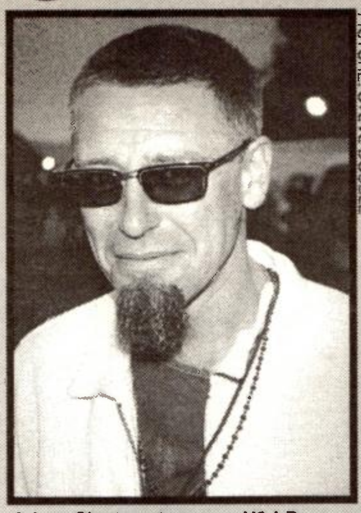
Fun-Da-Mental's reflective Aki

● **FUN-DA-MENTAL**, politicised hip-hop band, play a one-off gig at London Shepherd's Bush Bottom Line on July 29 with Qawwali singer Aziz Mian, violin maestro Mawazish Ali Khan and tabla master Ishaq Hussain. Asian Dub Foundation, Hustlers HC, Muddy Funksters and DJ Overhaul will also be on the bill.

● **THE FALL** release a double live LP '27 Points' on July 31.

It was recorded at Manchester Roadhouse earlier this year and features Brix Smith on bass.

U2 going 'underground'


PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Adam Clayton: two new U2 LPs

U2's new album 'Music For Films' is due out in November. Currently being recorded in Dublin and London with Brian Eno it should be finished by the end of July.

The material is described by Bono and Adam Clayton as an underground-style 'soundtrack' album. It will be offered to film directors who can use individual tracks for movies. The band are also working on a more conventional rock album, although no release date has been announced.

U2 started work on their Eno-produced soundtrack album in June. In an interview with Ireland's *The XPress* newspaper, Adam Clayton says the music has an urban, New York direction. He says the songs wouldn't fit on a conventional U2 record and adds: "There's a lot of energy to make music and do something with it. The last thing we wanted was to get bogged down on a two-year song album and lose that energy."

Eno and U2 improvised sessions for the record and then edited them into songs. Bono is also enthusiastic about the next U2 rock album, saying: "I think it's time to make a rock'n'roll album, it just feels right. We sailed the 'Zoo TV' ship into the eye of a storm of grunge and hip-hop – that was interesting."

However, U2 have no plans to tour and Bono told *The XPress* it had taken the band a year-and-a-half to recover from the three-year Zoo tour. A lot of the material on the soundtrack album had its origins in the Far-East, in particular Tokyo. He said: "We were out in a part of town that was straight out of *Blade Runner*, 20-foot neon signs, little noodle bars down below and the Japanese mafia parking their bullet-proof black Rolls Royces on the street."

Bono says the band were hurt by tabloid stories that appeared following the access-all-areas *U2 At The End Of The World* book by US music writer Bill Flanagan. He said: "When they recycled it through the tabloids it hurt a bit, but there was nothing to hide."

Adam Clayton and Larry Mullen Jr have also played sessions on an upcoming Nanci Griffith album after temporarily relocating to New York, while The Edge has taken up "growing dahlias" and surfing the Internet.

Courtney's purple patch

HOLE release a new single 'Violet' on July 17 taken from the 'Live Through This' album.

It features previously unreleased tracks 'Old Age', 'Whose Porno You Burn (Black)' and 'He Hit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)'. The latter is a cover of The Crystals' "classic" from Hole's Unplugged show.

● **BLUR**'s Damon Albarn, **PAUL WELLER**, **EMF** and *Brookside*'s **ANNA FRIEL** will star in a celebrity football tournament at Phoenix Festival. Terrorvision, Madness, The Charlatans, Reef, The Lightning Seeds, World Cup hero Geoff Hurst and ex-Coventry manager Bobby Gould will also line-up for The Phoenix World Cup.

Meanwhile, Phoenix beneficiary Amnesty International has been banned from UK radio stations for being "too political". The High Court in London upheld a Radio Authority decision to ban the human rights organisation from advertising.

The ban followed an advert about killings in Rwanda deemed 'political' under the 1990 Broadcasting Act.

An Amnesty spokesman told *NME* it would appeal to the European Court of Human Rights. "We have spent over 30 years pointing out that we are an apolitical humanitarian organisation. If the law has been interpreted correctly then the law needs to be changed."

● Blur's **ALEX JAMES** has written a track for the new **DUFFY** single 'Sugar High', released on July 24.

Stephen Duffy's second Indolent single is backed with 'A Vision Of Bliss' and 'Tempus Fugit', written by James. The extra CD track 'The Sugar On The Pill' was co-written by Duffy and **RIDE**'s Andy Bell.

Duffy plays Southampton Joiners Arms (July 19), Leicester Princess Charlotte (20), Stoke Wheatsheaf (21), Liverpool Lomax (22), Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut (24), Edinburgh Venue

● S*M*A*S*H have been dropped by their record label Hi-Rise, a subsidiary imprint of Virgin, after releasing one album and two mini-LPs.

Freaked Power!

CAST, last week's *NME* Single Of The Weekers, were threatened by a Japanese monk during a photo shoot in Battersea Park, London, last Tuesday (July 4).

Singer John Power told *NME*: "It was about 8am. The photographer was climbing onto the second ledge of this Buddha statue but then we heard this f—ing noise. I've never heard a scream like it in my life. This monk come out from behind these bushes. Supposedly he lives in the f—ing bushes. He came running up screaming about Buddha. He could have killed us if he'd wanted to. He was massive." Police arrived and questioned Cast.

Cast have also been recording B-sides at Jon Entwhistle's studio, for release later this year. Power added: "It's a good vibe just starting to kick in. The people who like it can have it and the people who don't can kiss my arse."

Cast's debut single 'Fine Time' is out now. They play Phoenix, T In The Park and Reading festivals and release a debut album around September.

● **THE MARQUEE**, London's historic venue in Charing Cross Road, will move to new premises in October.

Restaurant chain JD Wetherspoon has been granted a licence for the current premises and could open there as early as October, therefore last gigs would take place in the Marquee in September. This ends speculation that the venue was about to close permanently.

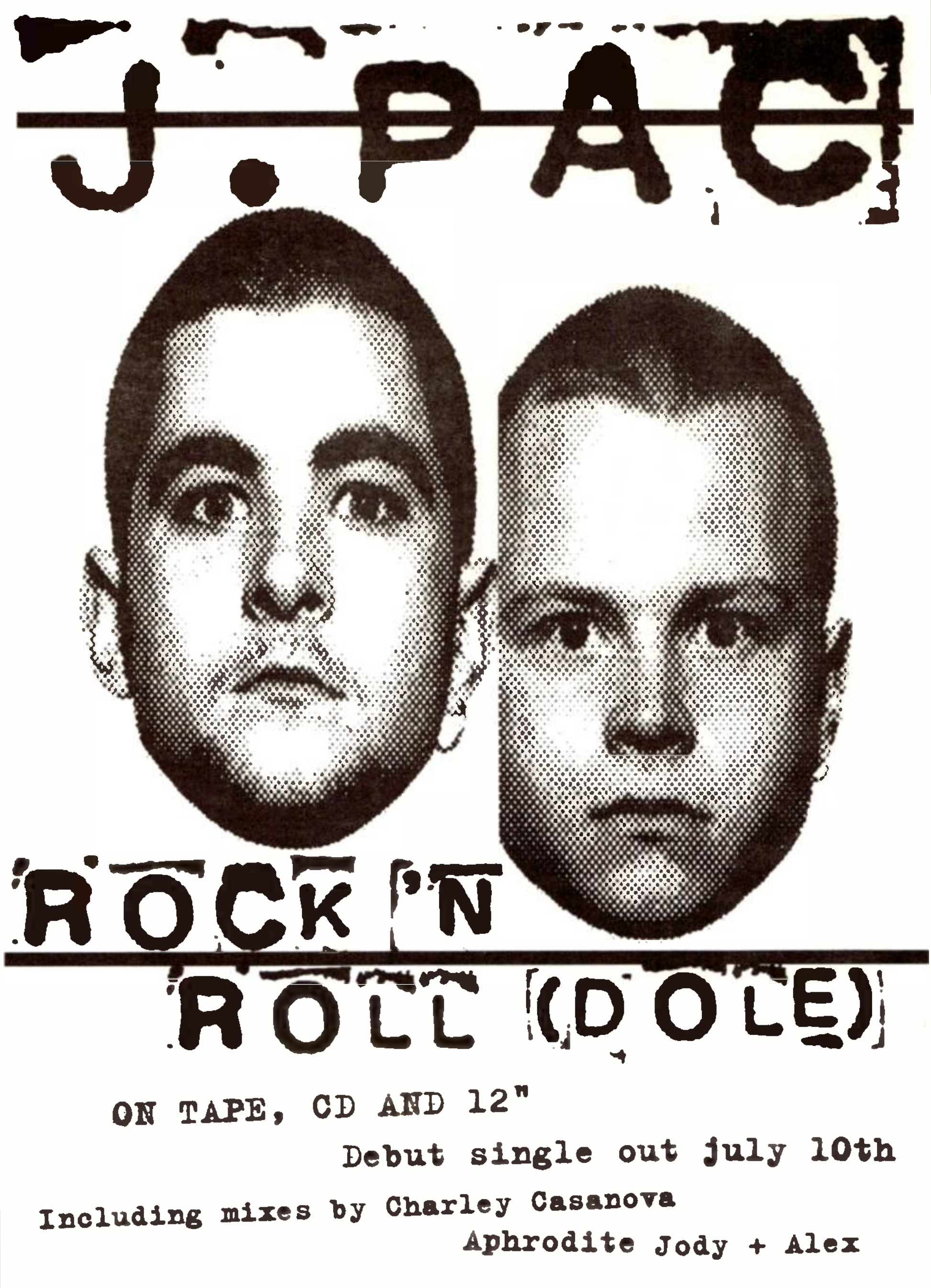
"Billy Gaff, the owner of the Marquee club, has no intention of selling or not reopening the club elsewhere," a spokesman told *NME*. "We may have a couple of months where we're running around with speakers under our arms, but we will be back in new premises."

The Marquee hopes to remain in Soho. It is also seeking a second venue for smaller gigs. The Marquee moved to its current premises for Wardour Street in 1988.

BPI sinks more pirates

THE BPI claims it has smashed a £5 million-a-year music counterfeiting operation. Anti-piracy officers and detectives raided premises in Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire, recovering five high-speed duplicators, 20,000 cassettes and 350 master tapes, including ones of Oasis and Take That.

BPI anti-piracy spokesman David Martin said the plant was capable of manufacturing more than a million tapes a year. "Bootleggers claim to provide a service to satisfy a demand. But charging £15 for a CD that cost them £2, they are simply exploiting people. The risk of being caught is less than robbing banks or mugging old ladies and profits are ploughed back into other forms of crime. Some money goes to paramilitary groups. We have that information from the RUC's racketeering squad."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● **THE MARKET TAVERN** in Kidderminster, which has hosted gigs by Radiohead, Echo And The Bunnymen, Robert Plant, Dodgy and Carter, is to reopen after being closed for more than a year.

The venue shut early in 1994 after cash problems. However, it will reopen on July 28 and a party will be held on July 29 with Tribute To Nothing and Bang Bang Machine. Bands can contact the venue on 01562 825868.

Welcome T: the cheap seats

NME, in conjunction with the organisers of Scotland's T In The Park festival, is able to provide *NME* readers with exclusive cut-price ticket and travel offers for the two-day event.

T In The Park – which features Paul Weller, Therapy?, The Prodigy, Terrorvision, Black Grape, Tricky, The Beautiful South, Elastica, Supergrass, The Boo Radleys and Massive Attack – takes place on August 5 and 6.

Under the *NME* travel offer, tickets cost £39 instead of £45.

Coaches leave London on Friday night (August 4) and the rest of the country on Saturday morning (August 5).

Full coach details are as follows:

	Departs	Return	Package
London	22.00	£49	£88
Leicester	00.00	£47	£86
Nottingham	00.45	£47	£86
Sheffield	01.45	£45	£84
Leeds	03.30	£45	£84
Bristol	01.30	£49	£88
Birmingham	03.00	£47	£86
Manchester	04.30	£45	£84
Preston	05.30	£45	£84
Carlisle	07.30	£43	£82
Darlington	05.30	£20	£59
M'brough	06.00	£20	£59
Hartlepool	06.30	£20	£59
Sunderland	07.00	£20	£59
Newcastle	07.30	£20	£59

Tickets from Darlington, Middlesbrough, Hartlepool, Sunderland and Newcastle are available by telephoning 01482 227434. Tickets from all the other cities are available by telephoning 0115 934 2038. For details of coaches from Scotland telephone 01360 771188.

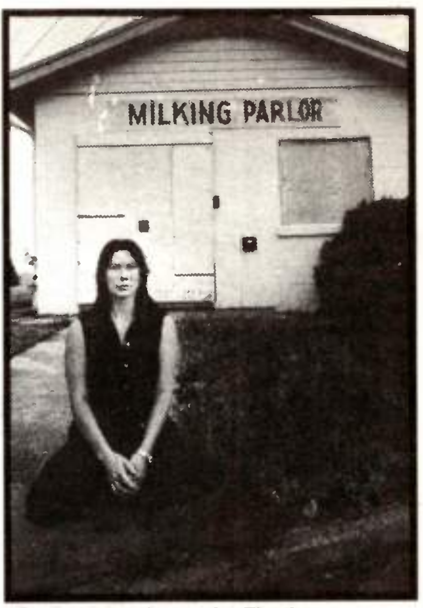
Deal stars in Tammy show

KIM DEAL has denied that the debut of her new band Tammy And The Amps spells the end for The Breeders. Deal said she had not abandoned recording The Breeders' third album – on release schedules for the autumn – in favour of a possible solo project called 'Pacer'. She said that, simply, the third Breeders' album hasn't started to be recorded yet.

Tammy And The Amps, an informal band featuring Deal and members of Dayton, Ohio, band The Tasties, played their first gigs last weekend. Songs included 'Pacer', 'An Alien', 'Two Scratches', 'Three Eternities', 'Empty Glasses', 'Breaking The Split Screen Barrier', 'Tipp City' and 'Just Like A Briar Pipe' (a Tasties song).

She is currently working on a Tammy And The Amps album. "I recorded a few songs at Dreamland in Woodstock, NY," she said. "The whole thing's been done on an extremely low budget. I need to record a couple more songs and I'd prefer to finish the album in Dublin, just because I want to hang out there."

PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS



Kim Deal: turning up for The Amps

Metallica KO expected at Donington

METALLICA, who headline this year's Monsters Of Rock heavy metal all-dayer at Castle Donington, have spoken of their decision to play the festival.

"We are about half way through the recording of the new album," said drummer Lars Ulrich.

"Things are going really well but we needed some kind of break and the organisers just asked us at the right time. We just thought 'Yeah, let's do it'."

Ulrich also talked about the gig they will play to just 200 people north of the Arctic Circle.

"Yeah, we thought that Donington will be a good warm up for the really big gig," he said.

"There's a lot less of the sort of anxiety and madness on this album that went into 'Metallica'," he said of the new, as yet untitled work, due for release early in 1996. He described the mood within the band as positive and happy, "if you can believe that about Metallica!"

● **WHITE ZOMBIE** and **MACHINE HEAD** are the latest additions to the Donington line-up and a further three bands are expected to be added to the main stage.

Credit card bookings for the August 26 festival can be made on 0115 934 2044, coach and travel details on 0891 615477. Tickets cost £26.

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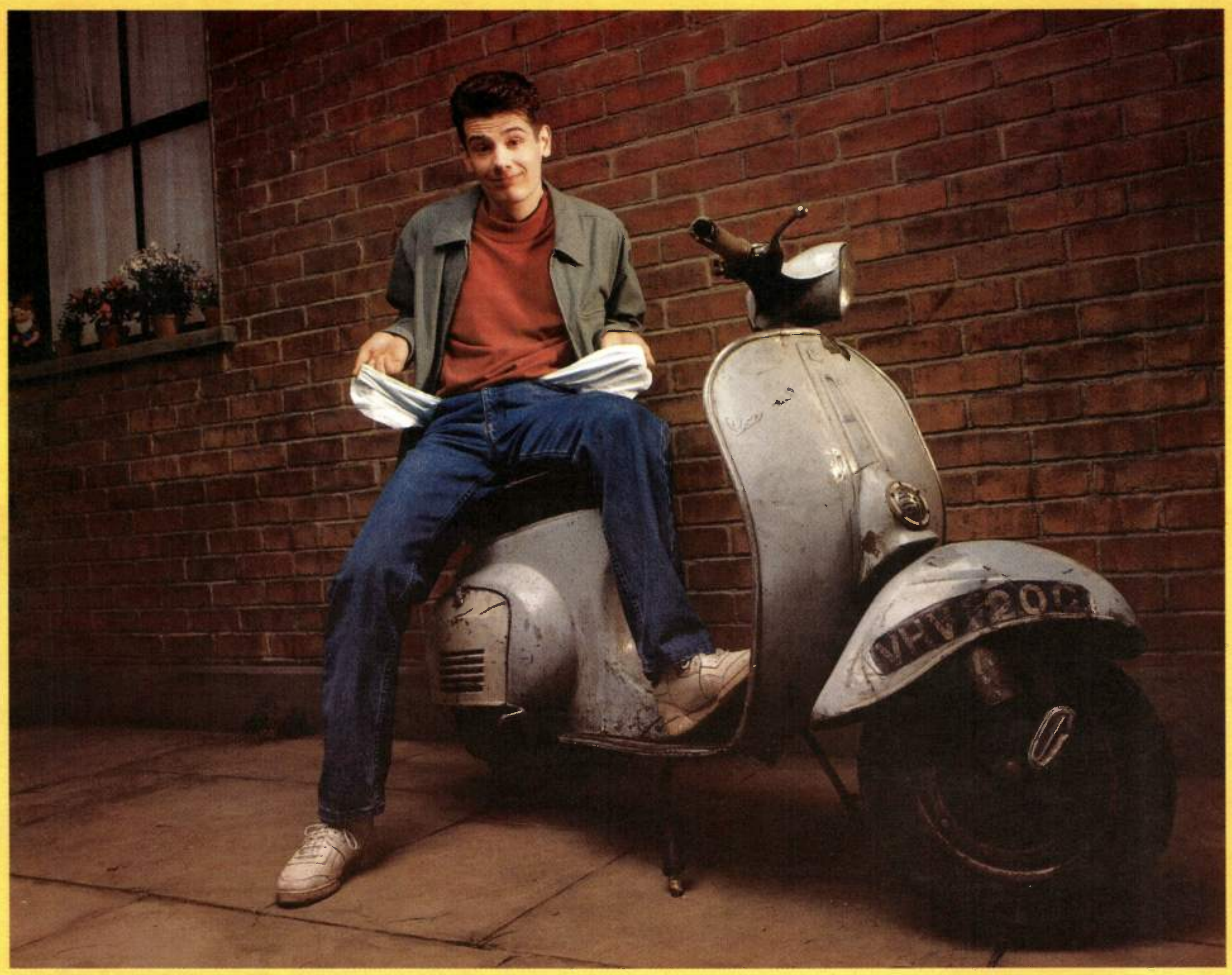
July 14th	Middlesborough, Arena	**July 27th**	Bath, Moles
July 15th	Sheffield, Music in the Sun	**July 28th**	Leeds, Brighton Beach
July 16th	Leeds, Duchess of York	**July 29th**	Edingurgh, Venue
July 18th	Southampton, Joiners	**July 30th**	Glasgow, King Tuts
July 19th	Manchester, tbc	**July 31st**	Dundee, Lucifers Mill
July 20th	Liverpool, tbc	**August 1st**	Aberdeen, Cafe Drummond
July 21st	Harlow, Square	**August 14th**	Newport, TJ's
July 24th	Wakefield, Rooftop	**August 17th**	Taunton, Farmers Arms
August 18th	Barnstable, Sherry's		
August 19th	Newquay, Tudor Bars		
August 20th	Scilly Isles, tbc		
August 21st	Scilly Isles, tbc		
August 22nd	Perranporth, Watering Hole		
August 23rd	Torquay,		
August 24th	Falmouth, Pirate		
August 25th	Plymouth, Ark Royal		
August 27th	Reading Festival		

16-20 year olds. Got room in your pockets for free cinema vouchers?



Empty pockets? What a waste of space. Open an Interest Cheque Account at TSB, and you can fill yours up with ten £2 cinema vouchers.

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CHARTS

US 45s

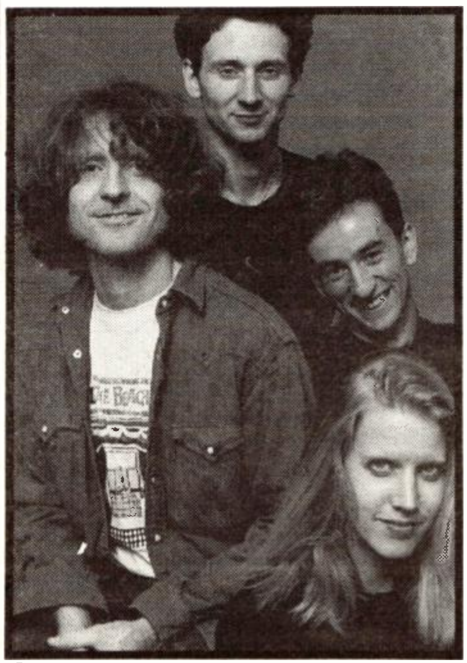
1	1	DAYDREAMER	Menswear (Laurel)
2	2	A GIRL LIKE YOU	Edwyn Collins (Setanta)
3	(—)	CAN'T YOU SEE	Total Feat Notorius BIG (Tommy Boy)
4	(—)	INELEGANTLY WASTED IN PAPA'S PENTHOUSE	Weekenders (Blow Up)
5	3	LIES & DECEPTION	The Stranglers (When!)
6	13	ARE YOU BLUE OR ARE YOU BLIND?	The Bluetones (Superior Quality)
7	16	WHATEVER	Oasis (Creation)
8	5	INTO THE BLUE	Moby (Mute)
9	8	SOME MIGHT SAY	Oasis (Creation)
10	9	LIVE FOREVER	Oasis (Creation)
11	11	CIGARETTES & ALCOHOL	Oasis (Creation)
12	14	SUPERSONIC	Oasis (Creation)
13	(—)	WASTED	Hopper (Factory Too)
14	(—)	DID YOU EVER REALLY LOVE ME?	Nicky French (Love This)
15	12	SHAKERMAKER	Oasis (Creation)
16	(—)	FEEL THE GOODTIMES	Charlene Smith (China)
17	(—)	ST5 PEEL SESSIONS	Salt Tank (Strange Fruit)
18	(—)	CRACKED	Niton Bombers (Almo Sounds)
19	(—)	ARE YOU READY '95	Crown Of Thorns (Now & Then)
20	(—)	BORN WITH A TAIL	Supersuckers (Sup Pop)
21	10	LAST DAY ON EARTH	Swervedriver (Creation)
22	6	WORK 2 DOO	Roach Motel (Junior Boys Own)
23	4	FREE YOUR MIND	Space Baby (Hooj Choons)
24	(—)	THORN IN MY SIDE/YOU'RE SO VULGAR	Quicksand/Stanford Prison Experiment (Island Red)
25	18	FATHER TO A SISTER OF THOUGHT	Pavement (Big Cat)
26	28	CHECKING IN CHECKING OUT	The High Llamas (Alpaca Park)
27	15	SAFETY NET	Apes, Pigs & Spacemen (Music For Nations)
28	(—)	PUPUNANNY – THE MIXES	Afrika Bambaataa (ZYX)
29	RE	KUNG FU	Ash (Infectious)
30	RE	I CAN DREAM	Skunk Anansie (One Little Indian)

CIN

INDIE LPs

1	1	POST	Bjork (One Little Indian)
2	(—)	HELTER SHELTER 1995	Various Artists (Sub Pop)
3	(—)	THERE WILL COME A DAY	Absolute Introducing S Pa (Tribal UK)
4	4	DEFINITELY MAYBE	Oasis (Creation)
5	3	REELED AND SKINNED	Red Snapper (Warp)
6	(—)	DIASPORA	Natacha Atlas (Nation)
7	6	GRAND PRIX	Teenage Fanclub (Creation)
8	(—)	GIDEON GAYE	The High Llamas (Alpaca Park)
9	8	ELASTICA	Elastica (Deceptive)
10	7	SMASH	Offspring (Epitaph)
11	14	FANTAZIA – THE FOURTH DIMENSION	Various Artists (Fantazia)
12	(—)	THE NUMBER OF MAGIC	Richard H Kirk (Warp)
13	9	THE COMPLETE	Stone Roses (Silvertone)
14	10	HOMEGROWN FANTASY	Zion Train (China)
15	5	DEMANUFACTURE	Fear Factory (Roadrunner)
16	12	DRACONIAN TIMES	Paradise Lost (Music For Nations)
17	13	AMBIENT DUB – VOLUME 4 – JELLYFISH	Various Artists (Beyond)
18	(—)	CARRY ON HARTHOUSE – THE GREATEST	Various Artists (Harthouse)
19	RE	REACTIVATE 10	Various Artists (React)
20	2	MAKESARACKET	Jake Slazenger (Clear)
21	(—)	DEADSEXY	Scarce (Paradox)
22	24	SMART	Sleeper (Indolent)
23	(—)	BEST FOOT FORWARD	Various Artists (Pussy Foot)
24	11	BITE IT	Whiteout (Silvertone)
25	22	FRESKA!2	Various Artists (React)
26	RE	POVERTY'S PARADISE	Naughty By Nature (Big Life)
27	RE	KING	Belly (4AD)
28	25	CARL COX – F.A.C.T.	Various Artists (React)
29	17	ABOUT TIME	Pennywise (Epitaph)
30	27	LIVE AT THE BBC	Dire Straits (Windsong)

CIN



PICTURE: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

Good karma for The High Llamas

FILM BOX OFFICE

1	CONGO (12)	(UIP)
2	BAD BOYS (18)	(Columbia Tristar)
3	JACK & SARAH (15)	(PolyGram)
4	MURIEL'S WEDDING (15)	(Buena Vista)
5	BEYOND RANGOON (12)	(Rank)
6	ROB ROY (15)	(UIP)
7	TANK GIRL (15)	(UIP)
8	RICHIE RICH (PG)	(Warner)
9	THE BRADY BUNCH MOVIE (12)	(UIP)
10	FRIDAY (15)	(Entertainment)

MRIB

UK TOP 50 45s

1	1	BOOM BOOM BOOM	Outhere Brothers (Eternal)
2	(—)	ALRIGHT/TIME	Supergrass (Parlophone)
3	4	SHY GUY	Diana King (Columbia)
4	2	UNCHAINED MELODY/WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER	Robson Green & Jerome Flynn (RCA)
5	3	I'M A BELIEVER	EMF/Reeves and Mortimer (Parlophone)
6	5	WHOOMPH! (THERE IT IS)	Clock (Media)
7	10	IN THE SUMMERTIME	Shaggy featuring Rayvon (Virgin)
8	(—)	HAPPY	MN8 (Columbia)
9	9	A GIRL LIKE YOU	Edwyn Collins (Setanta)
10	6	HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME, KILL ME	U2 (Atlantic/Island)
11	(—)	KEEP WARM	Jinny (Multiply)
12	7	SHOOT ME WITH YOUR LOVE	D:ream (Magnet)
13	8	HUMPIN' AROUND	Bobby Brown (MCA)
14	(—)	KISS FROM A ROSE/I'M ALIVE	Seal (ZTT)
15	11	THINK OF YOU	Whigfield (Systematic)
16	(—)	GRAPEVYNE	Brownstone (MJJ)
17	(—)	FINETIME	Cast (Polydor)
18	13	COMMON PEOPLE	Pulp (Island)
19	(—)	3 IS FAMILY	Dana Dawson (EMI)
20	14	SWEET HARMONY	Liquide (XL Recordings)
21	12	I NEED YOUR LOVING (EVERYBODY'S GOT TO)	Baby D (Systematic)
22	(—)	GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY MAN!	Junior Vasquez (Tribal UK/Positiva)
23	18	ZOMBIE	A.D.A.M. featuring Amy (Eternal)
24	(—)	IS THERE ANYBODY OUT THERE?	Bassheads (deConstruction)
25	17	SEARCH FOR THE HERO	M People (deConstruction)
26	27	BIG YELLOW TAXI	Amy Grant (A&M)
27	(—)	BE MY LOVER	La Bouche (Arista)
28	19	SCREAM	Michael Jackson/Janet Jackson (Epic)
29	(—)	I GO WILD	Rolling Stones (Virgin)
30	(—)	MISERY	Soul Asylum (Columbia)
31	20	RIGHT IN THE NIGHT (FALL IN LOVE WITH...)	Jam & Spoon featuring Plavka (Epic)
32	16	STILLNESS IN TIME	Jamiroquai (Sony S2)
33	(—)	I CAN LOVE YOU LIKE THAT	All-4-One (Atlantic)
34	29	SCATMAN (SKI-BA-BOP-BA-DOP-BOP)	Scatman John (RCA)
35	15	HEART OF GLASS	Blondie (Chrysalis)
36	25	DAYDREAMER	Menswear (Laurel)
37	22	ROLL TO ME	Del Amitri (A&M)
38	28	DON'T WANT TO FORGIVE ME NOW	Wet Wet Wet (Precious Organisation)
39	30	THIS AIN'T A LOVE SONG	Bon Jovi (Mercury)
40	(—)	OH! WHAT A WORLD	Sister Bliss with Colette (Go! Beat)
41	32	THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYE	Ali Campbell (Kuff)
42	31	GUAGLIONE	Perez 'Prez' Prado & His Orchestra (RCA)
43	(—)	CAN'T YOU SEE	Total feat. Notorious B.I.G. (Tommy Boy)
44	35	YOUR LOVING ARMS	Billy Ray Martin (Magnet)
45	33	HOLD MY BODY TIGHT	East 17 (London)
46	(—)	(YOU'RE MY ONE AND ONLY) TRUE LOVE	Anne-Marie Smith (Media)
47	24	WATER RUNS DRY	Boyz II Men (Motown)
48	26	WHITE LINES (DON'T DO IT)	Duran Duran (Parlophone)
49	(—)	PEOPLE IN THA MIDDLE	Spearhead (Capitol)
50	34	RIGHT HERE	Ultimate Kaos (Wild Card)

CIN

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

Super! 'Grass feelin' alright at Number Two

UK TOP 50 LPs

1	1	THESE DAYS	Bon Jovi (Mercury)
2	2	HISTORY – PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE BOOK 1	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	6	SINGLES	Alison Moyet (Columbia)
4	5	THE COLOUR OF MY LOVE	Celine Dion (Epic)
5	8	PICTURE THIS	Wet Wet Wet (Precious Organisation)
6	3	FOO FIGHTERS	Foo Fighters (Roswell)
7	13	I SHOULD COCO	Supergrass (Parlophone)
8	10	PULSE	Pink Floyd (EMI)
9	7	POST	Bjork (One Little Indian)
10	4	MIRROR BALL	Neil Young (Reprise)
11	11	STANLEY ROAD	Paul Weller (Go! Discs)
12	(—)	JAZZMATAZZ VOLUME II – THE NEW REALITY	Guru (Cool Tempo)
13	(—)	A NORTHERN SOUL	Verve (Hut)
14	15	BIZARRE FRUIT	M People (deConstruction)
15	12	MEDUSA	Annie Lennox (RCA)
16	9	EXIT PLANET DUST	Chemical Brothers (Junior Boy's Own)
17	18	DEFINITELY MAYBE	Oasis (Creation)
18	23	NO NEED TO ARGUE	The Cranberries (Island)
19	14	DAYS LIKE THIS	Van Morrison (Exile)
20	22	GALORE – THE BEST OF	Kirsty Maccoll (Virgin)
21	29	THE VIOLIN PLAYER	Vanessa-Mae (EMI Classics)
22	21	CROSS ROAD – THE BEST OF ...	Bon Jovi (Mercury)
23	24	NOBODY ELSE	Take That (RCA)
24	36	BEGGAR ON A BEACH OF GOLD	Mike and The Mechanics (Virgin)
25	17	REPLENISH	Reef (Sony S2)
26	25	THE BEST OF	Beach Boys (Capitol)
27	20	ENCORE	Elaine Paige (WEA)
28	19	WHIGFIELD	Whigfield (Systematic)
29	30	DUMMY	Portishead (Go! Beat)
30	26	A SPANNER IN THE WORKS	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
31	31	MUSIC FROM THE RIVERDANCE SHOW	Bill Whelan (Celtic Heartbeat)
32	41	PARKLIFE	Blur (Food)
33	39	CARRY ON UP THE CHARTS – THE BEST OF ...	Beautiful South (Go! Discs)
34	45	TUESDAY NIGHT MUSIC CLUB	Sheryl Crow (A&M)
35	27	BIG LOVE	Ali Campbell (Kuff)
36	50	THE RETURN OF THE SPACE COWBOY	Jamiroquai (Sony S2)
37	(—)	THROWING COPPER	Live (Radioactive)
38	28	HOMEGROWN	Dodgy (A&M)
39	37	DOOKIE	Green Day (Reprise)
40	32	SMASH	Offspring (Epitaph)
41	44	GREATEST HITS	Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
42	(—)	VOODOO LOUNGE	The Rolling Stones (Virgin)
43	(—)	4.5	Indigo Girls (Epic)
44	(—)	TWISTED	Del Amitri (A&M)
45	42	HIS 'N' HERS	Pulp (Island)
46	16	AFRAID OF SUNLIGHT	Marillion (EMI)
47	33	NATURAL MYSTIC	Bob Marley and the Wailers (Tuff Going)
48	48	MONSTER	R.E.M. (Warner Bros)
49	38	INFERNAL LOVE	Therapy? (A&M)
50	(—)	JUMP BACK – BEST OF '71–'93	The Rolling Stones (Virgin)

CIN

Northern exposure for soul survivors The Verve

INDIE 45s

1	WATERFALLS	TLC (LaFace)
2	DON'T TAKE IT PERSONAL	Monica (Rowdy)
3	ONE MORE CHANCE	The Notorious BIG (Bad Boy)
4	HAVE YOU EVER REALLY LOVED A WOMAN?	Bryan Adams (A&M)
5	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART	Nicki French (Critique)
6	WATER RUNS DRY	Boyz II Men (Motown)
7	SCREAM/CHILDHOOD	Michael Jackson (Epic)
8	I CAN LOVE YOU LIKE THAT	All-4-One (Blitzz)
9	LET HER CRY	Hootie & The Blowfish (Atlantic)
10	I'LL BE THERE FOR YOU/YOU'RE	Method Man/MJ Blige (Def Jam)
11	FREAK LIKE ME	Adina Howard (Mecca Don)
12	THIS IS HOW WE DO IT	Montell Jordan (PMP)
13	RUN-AROUND	Blues Traveler (A&M)
14	SOMEONE TO LOVE	Jon B featuring (Yab Yum)
15	I BELIEVE	Blessed Union Of Souls (EMI)

Billboard

US LPs

1	HISTORY: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	POCAHANTAS (OST)	Various (Walt Disney)
3	CRACKED REAR VIEW	Hootie & The Blowfish (Atlantic)
4	CRAZYSEXYCOOL	TLC (LaFace)
5	BATMAN FOREVER (OST)	Various (Atlantic)
6	THROWING COPPER	Live (Radioactive)
7	PULSE	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
8	JOHN MICHAEL MONTGOMERY	John Michael Montgomery (Atlantic)
9	II	Boyz II Men (Motown)
10	THE WOMAN IN ME	Shania Twain (Mercury)
11	FOUR	Blues Traveler (A&M)
12	LET YOUR DIM LIGHT SHINE	Soul Asylum (Columbia)
13	TIGERLILY	Natalie Merchant (Elektra)
14	ASTRO CREEP: 2000 SONGS OF...	White Zombie (Geffen)
15	FRIDAY (OST)	Various (Priority)

Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

1	SACRIFICE/HEALING HANDS	Elton John (Rocket)
2	NESSUN DORMA	Luciano Pavarotti (Decca)
3	MONA	Craig McLachlan & Check 1-2 (Epic)
4	THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO!	FAB featuring MC Parker (Telstar)
5	ONE LOVE	The Stone Roses (Silvertone)
6	U CAN'T TOUCH THIS	MC Hammer (Capitol)
7	IT MUST HAVE BEEN LOVE	Roxette (EMI)
8	CLOSE TO YOU	Maxi Priest (10)
9	WORLD IN MOTION	England/New Order (Factory)
10	OOOPS UP	Snap! (Arista)

10 YEARS AGO

1	FRANKIE	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)
2	AXEL F	Harold Faltermeyer (MCA)
3	CRAZY FOR YOU	Madonna (Geffen)
4	I'M ON FIRE	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
5	CHERISH	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)
6	BEN	Marti Webb (Starblend)
7	SUDDENLY	Billy Ocean (Jive)
8	JOHNNY COME HOME	Fine Young Cannibals (London)
9	HEAD OVER HEELS (REMIX)	Tears For Fears (Mercury)
10	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	The Crowd (Spartan)

15 YEARS AGO

1	XANADU	Olivia Newton-John And ELO (Jet)
2	JUMP TO THE BEAT	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)
3	CRYING	Don McLean (EMI)
4	FUNKYTOWN	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
5	EVERYBODY'S GOT TO LEARN SOMETIME	The Korgis (Rialto)
6	USE IT UP AND WEAR IT OUT	Odyssey (RCA)
7	BACK TOGETHER AGAIN	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)
8	MY WAY OF THINKING	UB40 (Graduate)
9	WATERFALLS	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)
10	SIMON TEMPLAR	Splodgenessabounds (Deram)

20 YEARS AGO

1	TEARS ON MY PILLOW	Johnny Nash (CBS)
2	MISTY	Ray Stevens (Janus)
3	THE HUSTLE	Van McCoy (Avco)
4	GIVE A LITTLE LOVE	The Bay City Rollers (Bell)
5	HAVE YOU SEEN HERO	The Chi-Lites (Brunswick)
6	BARBADOS	Typically Tropical (Gull)
7	I'M NOT IN LOVE	10cc (Mercury)
8	EIGHTEEN WITH A BULLET	Pete Wingfield (Island)
9	DISCO STOMP	Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)
10	DOING ALL RIGHT WITH THE BOYS	Gary Glitter (Bell)

25 YEARS AGO

1	ALRIGHT NOW	Free (Island)
2	IN THE SUMMERTIME	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	The Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
4	UP AROUND THE BEND	Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
5	LOLA	The Kinks (Pye)
6	GROOVIN' WITH MR BLOE	Mr Bloe (DJM)
7	SOMETHING	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
8	LOVE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE	Nicky Thomas (Trojan)
9	GOODBYE SAM HELLO SAMANTHA	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
10	SALLY	Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)

NME Public

What a hangover! What a bunch of self-serving, leather-jacketed, booze-addled, lig-crazed low-life! What a week!

It began, as far as anyone remembers, in the swanky environs of London's Hanover Square, where Creation Records' vibes-controller and occasional Boo Radley **ED BALL** was celebrating the release of his 987th solo album. In attendance were **PRIMAL SCREAM**, **ST ETIENNE**, **STEPHEN** 'not Tin Tin' **DUFFY**, **SWERVEDRIVER**, **MY BLOODY VALENTINE**, **HEAVY STEREO**, various **BOOS**, **RIDE**, and – in the outside-half position in Ed's backing band – former pop icon and epochal heart-throb **NICK HEYWARD**.

The goggle-eyed revellers eventually decamped to a sparsely-populated drinkerie in King's Cross, where Heyward was cornered by dozens of cutting-edge musicians and rock hacks, told (by *NME*'s **PAUL MOODY**) that he had written "the ultimate cocaine anthems of the '80s" and asked to explain the nature of his genius. "Breeches, Shetland jumpers and fizzy orange," he barked back at stunned members of **MENSWEAR**.

Tuesday threw up a curious double-whammy: a bizarre acoustic showcase by ex-(heh heh heh) Blow Monkey **DR ROBERT**, and the launch of the new album by American health-bore **NATALIE MERCHANT**. At Robert's wing-ding were **THE CHARLATANS**, **JAMES DEAN BRADFIELD**, **THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS** and – drum roll, please – **ROBBIE** from **TAKE THAT**, quaffing designer lager and talking like an expert about Small Faces B-sides. Understand? Er, ing?

Down the road at the Royal College Of Art, Ms Merchant was singing in that weird, strangulated voice and allowing her minions to schmooze their gonads off. But guess what? The assuredly macrobiotic, cruelty-free, veggie-as-a-bastard Natters was greeted by a buffet that featured nothing but MEAT. Pork pies, lamb chops, black pudding… the lot. She fainted into the arms of **MICHAEL HUTCHENCE** and was instantly hospitalised.

Anyway, back to the week before. At the yearly smorgasbord of hardcore pop excellence that is the Roskilde Festival, **BLUR** were cajoled into holding a press conference for the benefit of the assembled Euro-journos. After wearily parrying the usual, "Why are you calling band Blur name?" nonsense, they were stunned by an outbreak of challenging interrogation at the back.

"Why don't you wear leather trousers?" guffawed a hidden group of wags. "If you put Phil Daniels on another record do you agree that you deserve electric shock treatment?" On and on it went, until the questioners were revealed to be none other than **GENE** – who were forced to atone for their sins by buying **GRAHAM** and **ALEX** 20 Bloody Marys on the plane home and washing **DAVE**'s underwear in the cubicle sink. Eueeurgh!

Where were we? Wednesday found anyone with half a brain (think about it) decamping to Liverpool for a party organised by bright Northern hopes **CAST**. **STAN COLLYMORE** was rumoured to be a sure-fire guest – but the merry-makers were instead presented with *Brookside's* **EDDIE BANKS**, and the tear-jerking reunion of ex-Bunnymen and long-time enemies **IAN McCULLOCH** and **LES PATTINSON**, set up by chief Lightning Seed **IAN BROUDIE**. "Arrrey yer gitface!" barked Mac. "Calm down!" chorused every Scouse onlooker.

The next morning, fragmented communiqués from Planet Rock continued to arrive at *Public NME* headquarters. Ex-Wonder Stuff suspects **WEKNOWWHEREYOULIVE** (and boy, we wish *we* did) had their home-coming gig at Dudley JBs – attended by members of **NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN**, **POP WILL EAT ITSELF** and **TREV OUT THE MOVE** – slightly spoiled by the fact that bassist **PAUL**'s dog left 'toffee' all over the stage; **MATT** from Acid Jazzers **MOTHER EARTH** was embroiled in a life-threatening 'piano down the stairs' house-moving incident; **ERIC** from **WHITEOUT** was kidnapped by Buckfast-crazed winos in his native Greenock and held in a garden shed for eight hours; and **BLACK GRAPE** ran off to Jamaica on their hols.

Passports, towels, Factor 65 sun cream and big shorts were duly packed, but the holiday party – **SHAUN**, girlfriend **ORIOLE**, **BEZ**, **KERMIT**, **SMEGGO** and the other two – forgot one vital item: Shaun's Natracalm tablets, the months' supply-a-day secret of chilled-out living. A motorcycle courier was instantly dispatched back to chez Ryder in Hampstead (recently the setting for a soirée attended by **LADY ANTONIA FRASER**, **JOAN BAKEWELL** and **RABBI JULIA NEUBERGER**) and the Grape jumped on the plane with mere minutes to go. Phew!

PICTURE:

Mark Lamarr tells a 'joke', the boys smile encouragement

ALL YOU NEED IS LUVVIE

MARK LAMARR: "It's great here, innit? I haven't paid for a single drink all night!"
JOHN PEEL: "I know! Ripper!"
DAMON: "You're both freeloading wankers and your behaviour is so nauseating that I'm about to throw up in that bucket – courtesy of Fender Guitars, Heineken Export, Rymans Storage boxes and Parlophone Records. Love ya!"

…Three of the kingpins of the music biz enjoy themselves for nowt at last week's Shelter homeless 'benefit'. *Big Issue! Big Issue!*

And so we arrive at the week's Big One: the indie-centric 'Helter Shelter' homeless benefit at the Forum last Thursday. Shout "usual culprits!" and resist the temptation to retch: present and correct were **PULP**, **ECHOBELLY**, **DAMON**, **MARK LAMARR**, **JOHN PEEL** (see picture above), **POWDER**, **SLEEPER**, **THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN** (with **JIM** having just returned from a solo boating holiday in the Norfolk Broads on a leaky oil drum raft – the spirit of **CLAIRE FRANCIS** lives on), **TEENAGE FANCLUB** and millions more – not to mention the night's musical attractions: **ELASTICA**, Gene, The Boo Radleys, **LUSH**, and a decidedly ropey-looking **S*M*A*S*H**.

Edited highlights of the evening included widespread outrage at the attire sported by **JARVIS COCKER** (an undersized woolly jumper, pink 'strides', plastic sandals, and a *satchel*), John Peel handing out spare tickets to the kids, **STEVE'S** (from Gene) mum oozing pride from every pore and revealing that her name is (arf! guffaw!) **JEAN**, and Dave Blur fighting off pen-wielding teenies who were desperate to repeat his Prince-aping antics at the Brit awards.

At around 11, a bizarre ear-splitting episode erupted around **LOUISE** from **SLEEPER**. Accompanied by some-time paramour and drummer **ANDY**, she informed anyone within earshot of her disgust with the other half of the band. "They're mimsy bastards who don't go out 'cos they're too busy doing evening classes in Italian and cooking pasta and being all-round woofters," she squealed. "Sensible fellows," replied bemused onlookers.

Most remarkable of all, however, was the incognito presence of Teenage Fanclub's **NORMAN BLAKE**. After months of ridicule, food disasters and comparisons to Jesus, he has stripped his fizog of the bizarre, krypto-pubic growth that appeared there last year, and joined the ranks of the beardless. "It was dead itchy," he told *Public NME* spies, "and my pulling power was so weak that I was reduced to talking to members of **SALAD**."

The night – which also took in strangely apposite "we've been dropped" moaning from the blighted S*M*A*S*H boys – finally collapsed at around three, according to survivors. News of a bizarre late-night liaison in a Stoke Newington launderette between **SONYA** Echobelly and ex-Sex Pistol **GLEN MATLOCK** was unconfirmed at time of going to press.

The most gobsmacking sight of the evening was the moment when frenzied "sign me! sign me!" banter directed at **SIMON** from Menswear (to be given his own label by those crazy people at East West records) was suddenly interrupted by a veritable stampede.

In the midst of the evening's fund-raising fun, it had just been announced that there was a *Free Bar*! The tramps shivering outside took another glug of their meths, someone bought a copy of the *Big Issue*, and it became yet more obvious that it's 1975 again and the music biz should take to wearing white flares and having cocaine blown up its cash-dripping bottom. Ciao for now!

A HOLE IN YOUR LETTERBOX!

YOWSA! IN keeping with our now-legendary series of competitions giving YOU the unobtainable, we have TEN silver label test pressings of the new Hole single, 'Violet'.

These ultra-rare (only *these* ten were made!) artefacts will bring you untold spiritual riches and sexual kudos. Plus, they play a handy tune when you place them upon your gramophone player!

To be included in the prize draw, just send in a postcard with the correct answer to the following question: What was the name of the first Hole album?

Send your answers to: Blag Through This, *NME*, 25th Floor, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford St, London, SE99 0BB.

Nag NAG

● THE COLUMN THAT WON'T SIT ON THE FENCE…

THERE WAS no obvious provocation. No punch-happy Glasto lads shouting 'bollocks' because the dance tent was closed. No rallying speech from a naked, heat-crazed hippy. It just happened. Seven hours after John Major resigned, ten minutes before sunset and 30 seconds after a lone trumpet player serenaded the Sacred Space with the *Coronation Street* theme, the first section of the fence came down and Glastonbury '95 became a free festival.

The first three people through that gap couldn't have got a better reception if they'd been The Stone Roses. And quite right too, because this was the only event of the weekend that really captured that 'Glastonbury spirit' your T-shirt told you about.

Sure, new age philosophies smothered the sprawling vegiopolis of the Green Fields, but thousands never ventured beyond the 'authentic bazaar' where Richard Branson was granted a monopoly on cola thanks to his "plucky battle against the multinationals in the soft drinks game". Virgin to buy Glasters, you say? You mean they haven't already?

Since travellers were refused free admittance in 1992, the very people whose lifestyle is being celebrated are forced to risk broken limbs climbing the fence. Once inside, they can watch their everyday existence become an amusing sideshow for the pre-Oasis punters. Where's the unity now The Man has realised that money grows on magic twigs?

The most lamentable thing is that Glastonbury is the festival seeker's last hope. Next up is Phoenix. Can we really get excited about another Paul Weller headline slot? Answers on a postcard marked 'NO'. And anyone who can dish out a smidgen of free love while being herded around Reading's claustrophobic sheep pen must be related to Julian Cope.

Even the traditional free festivals, if any will exist in post-CJA '95, will be rankled with the threat of police raids rather than sticky with summer celebration. The vibe is driven underground and the message is clear. If you don't pay, you're not playing.

So Glastonbury is all we've got – an awesome, deranged, exhausting and invigorating experience, gold card permitting. Next year, love-children, bring your sledgehammers.

Mark Beaumont

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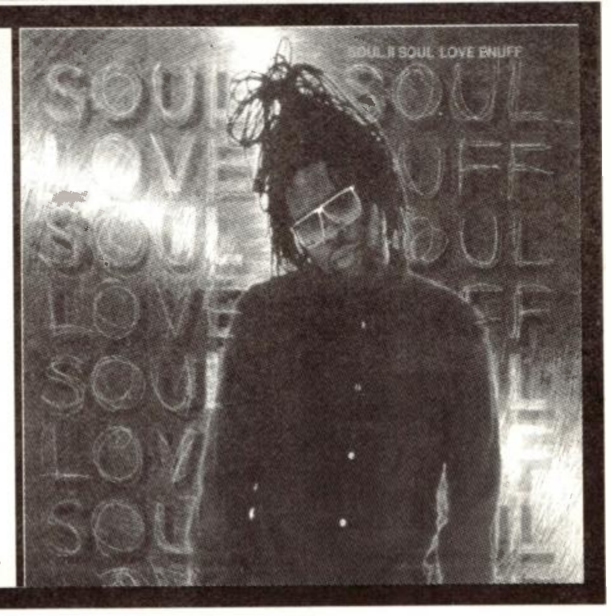


EDITED BY SIMON WILLIAMS

The new wave of new rave

● Are you ready for a glam revival? Sans silver starship shoulderpads, of course. If so HEAVY STEREO may just be the band for you. DUBSTAR are from Newcastle and are miserable, which is understandable. Which doesn't explain why THE MUFFS are raising Hell from sunny California, but then *On* isn't keen on regionalism, only Onanism...

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

Heavy Stereo: amplification terrorists

THE NEW SPEAKERS

HEAVY STEREO breathe a collective sigh and slump back in their chairs with a resigned air. You see, for some reason The People Who Supposedly Know don't trust them; the indie cognescenti has consigned them to the dumper as some kind of Bull & Gate would-be supergroup that are just this year's hype from their label (Creation, the people who brought you last year's hype, Oasis). And Heavy Stereo are having none of it.

"I would hope that every record label has a new band each year that they think is good," says guitarist Pete.

"Credible schmedible!" says singer Gem, somewhat bizarrely.

The main reason for the pointing of various fingers seems to be that the band, formed only this year from various members of Whirlpool and Two Lost Sons, spent their embryonic days away from the London spotlight, realising that their less-than-Earth-shattering track record could indeed make people cynical about their intentions from the start. But there was also another reason.

"Me and Pete had been playing around with some stuff while we were in other bands," Gem explains, "just strumming along together, and we thought, 'F—, let's do something'... er, 'flip' – sorry, I've been getting hassle off me mother – and then we decided that we needed somebody else with us or it was going to be skiffle." So in came bassist Nez and drummer Nick, and it was time for Heavy Stereo to indulge in a heavyweight national jaunt.

"We knew Dodgy and asked them if we could play on their tour," nods Gem. "So we went to the cafe and tried to work it all through, you know, did we know enough people with floors that we could sleep on? And then we only got one gig with them, hahahaha!

"We heard that at our third gig someone from Creation wanted to come along and we were wondering if was too early for people to be seeing us like that. But we thought, well, people are going to see us eventually and we were pretty confident because we had done our strumming homework. They came in and said they wanted to sign us and we thought, 'Yeah!'"

And so they continued playing up and down the country in an effort to improve, playing shows in front of audiences who had never heard of them.

"We just didn't want to start off playing in London to all our mates because it gives you a false sense of security. Now people all over the country know us and that's much healthier than just being a London thing."

But your detractors then say that you went for anti-hype by staying out of London...

"Oh, right, f—ing hell!" Pete cries.

"Oi!" Gem is getting excitable now. "We're doers, not thinkers."

"Yeah, we're not smart enough for a start," Pete concludes wryly.

So what is all the fuss about, anyway? Well, if Oasis are The Beatles played by The Rolling Stones, Heavy Stereo are the Stones played by Slade. Their first single, 'Sleep Freak', is a glamified rock stompalong that has already earned them a single of the week in a metal magazine, but that's only one facet of their music.

The album they're currently recording gives a far more varied display, although even they're not too sure exactly where it's going.

"It's still developing," says Gem. "If you're playing bottom of the bill in Wolverhampton then there's no time for fancy pedals and shit, so with the album it's evolving all the time. It's still early days."

Indeed it is. The band signed to Creation on April 1 and it's only two months since the first single was recorded, pressed and on the radio.

"Yeah," says Nez, speaking for the first time, "we used to joke that we'd be on *Top Of The Pops* before we did 21 gigs. We've had to revise that to 121 now, hahaha!"

"*Top Of The Pops* is a weird one," ponders Gem, "because we've all grown up with it. It's almost like, when are we going to be on *This Is Your Life*?"

"*That's My Dog* more like."

Andy Fyfe

● *The single, 'Sleep Freak', is out now on Creation. Heavy Stereo get stomping in a very real live sense by visiting Liverpool Lomax (July 12), Glasgow King Tut's (13), Newcastle Riverside (14), Hull Adelphi (15) and Norwich Arts Centre (18).*

TURN ONS

What's going *On* the *NME* stereo

1	YOU AND ME SONG	The Wannadies (Indolent)
2	SLEEP FREAK	Heavy Stereo (Creation)
3	IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL CHANGE?	Harvey's Rabbit (Rotator)
4	FINETIME	Cast (Polydor)
5	SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV	Diva (EastWest)
6	SLEEPY EYED (LP)	Buffalo Tom (Beggars Banquet)
7	LIAR LIAR	Credit to the Nation (One Little Indian)
8	DEADSEXY (LP)	Scarce (A&M)
9	BWYD TIME (LP)	Gorky's Zygotic Mynci (Ankst)
10	CLANK	Spooky (Generic)

Sidi Bou Said

NEW SINGLE
ODE TO DRINK
RELEASED 10TH JULY

ALSO AVAILABLE THE NEW ALBUM
BODIES - Out Now
"One of the pleasantest surprises of the year so far" Melody Maker

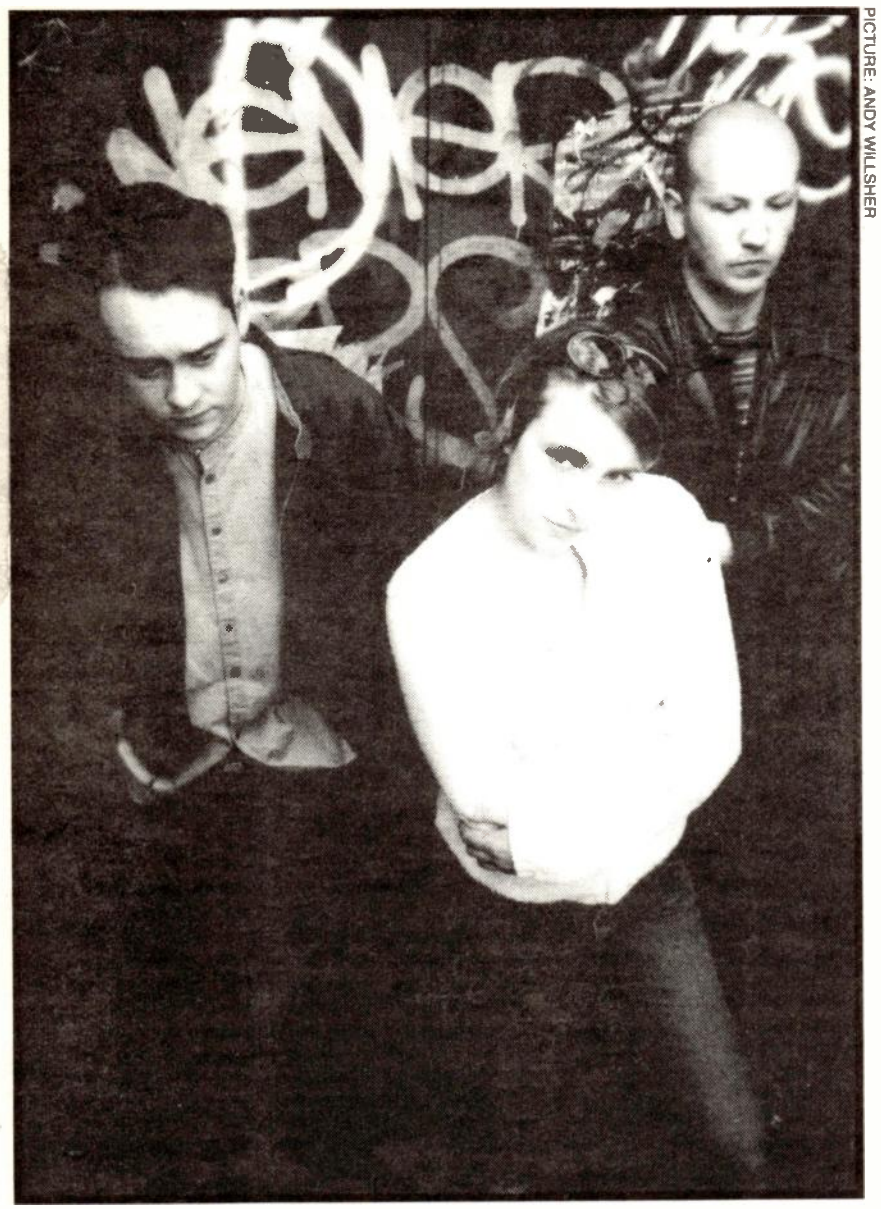
ultimate.
Distributed by Vital

STELLAR ART

ONE OF the greatest paradoxes of the pop world is the fact that having the 'right' connections, critical kudos, and the possibility of a major hit with your debut single – and hence money in the bank – do not make you happy.

Steve Hiller, the programmer and engine room of **DUBSTAR** (cool name alert!), errs on the side of being a miseryguts this afternoon, over cold beers in a Camden pub. Sure, he's sharp, lucid, funny even, but there is a well of misery lurking below the surface. Not of the adolescent angst variety, nor of the poor-little-rich-boy brand, but the sadness of being constantly aware that the world is almost beyond redemption.

Sarah Blackwood, the singer with the distinctive English tones, and Chris Wilkie, the sometimes tacticurn guitarist, try to cheer Steve up and explain the rationale behind this intriguing group, whose Stephen Hague-produced 'Stars' revels in the contrast between melodic synthesised pop and an emotive, devastated, lyrical landscape. To Sarah, the subject matter is alienation. Steve, of course, has a slightly different take on things.



PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Chris, Sarah and Steve share a joke

"When you're first starting out in a band, and you're struggling... it can be your first time..." He falters slightly, "People want to know you and they want to talk to you. They all have an agenda. You could have all these great things happen to you, even in the early stages, but it doesn't mean anything, unless that's what you want. Unless you're looking for your ex-girlfriend to love you more because you've written this great song about spiritual impoverishment...

"'Stars' is about people around you saying that you're great, and you just don't see it, because that's not what you wanted at all. You don't feel you can take sycophancy seriously."

Sarah: "I was just thinking about it as being in a club and singing your heart out and no-one's listening to you."

Newcastle is Dubstar's home-base and the site of their original inception three years ago, with Steve warbling ("Like Martin Gore," says Sarah), until he realised it would perhaps be better if he didn't. Any thoughts that the heavy metal capital of England should be hostile to their flights of fancy and deceptively sweet social commentary are refuted by Steve and Sarah's assertions that the city plays host to indie, dance, techno and jungle scenes as well. Chris just opines that he's only been beaten up twice recently, so things *must* be looking up.

Indeed, for all his preciousness about the group and his immersion in gloom, Steve thinks that Dubstar are ultimately positive, in the sense that other people connecting with the distressing things you sing about can ultimately be uplifted by them.

Sarah claims she'll still go to the same launderette even if Dubstar become mega-famous. But will they succumb to the many other pitfalls of the music business?

Steve: "What do I have to say about the rock'n'roll lifestyle? Coronary. Blood pressure. VD. Unwanted children. Massive expense. Early grave."

"That's Steve's opinion," Chris points out.

And we all fall about laughing. Exeunt.

Dele Fadele

● *Dubstar's debut single, 'Stars' is out now on Food Records. The threesome are lining up live shows for August.*

WELL MUFFED

"You have a very nice butt. It's smooth, and not too lardy."

Kim Shattock, Los Angeles valley grrrl, guitar-toting ultravixen and lead vocalist with popcore power trio **THE MUFFS**, is signing an arse. A passing punter has spotted the band indulging in a little pre-gig quaffing, and pausing only to pledge his undying love, has dropped his strides and produced a pen. Kim is typically unfazed: "You know, I've signed penises before, but never a butt."

After disbanding prototype foxcore band the Pandoras in 1989, Kim formed The Muffs with fellow Pandora Melanie Vammen and psychotic bass player Ronnie Barnett. But after signing to Warners and releasing their debut album, Melanie was unceremoniously ousted ("She wasn't getting better on guitar, and was messing up the sound"), and former Red Kross drummer Roy McDonald was drafted in.

The new streamlined Muffs are rocking even harder (Their latest album, 'Blonder And Blonder', is raw power incarnate) but beneath their gritty punk rock exterior beats a heart of purest pop. Kim's songwriting is a seamless fusion of Joan Jett ballsiness, thunderous Cook and Jones riffing, and the celestial sensitivity of vintage Blondie. Oh, and her guitar solos are refreshingly free of histrionic masturbation, as such phallic self-indulgence would be wholly inappropriate. "I just don't like that style," she says. "It does nothing for my girl willy."

The Muffs are already earning a fearsome reputation for she-devil excess and offstage hellraising. Kim was recently arrested for assault and battery on a police officer in Irvine, California. "I get to the show, I'm late already, and I'm drinking bottled water. And this cop is like "throw your water out, now!" So I just poured it on his crotch."

PICTURE: JOHN CHEVES

Bumfoolery with Kim, Ronnie, and Roy

Ronnie, meanwhile, is enthusing about *The Two Ronnies* ("I worship them! Two Ronnies that wear *glasses*? I freaked out when I saw their record!") and condemning the use of contact lenses. Roy, a long-suffering lens wearer himself, nods his Rutle mop-top in agreement; "During our third song in Boston, my contact lens went right up my eye, floated around the back, and finally came out my ear."

The Muffs' compelling cocktail of bubblegum, popcore, peroxide and horn-rims is a welcome throwback to the geekoid innocence of angst-driven teenage schlock. So expose yourself to California's finest, and you too could have an inky arse.

Muff said.

Ian Fortnam

● *The Muffs have a single, 'Sad Tomorrow', out now on Reprise.*

THE NETWORK ★

JULY

THE REAL PEOPLE
BRING YOU DOWN
(EGG 2) 7"/CD single
Out now.

'Bring You Down' – The stunning new single released on The Real People's own label 'EGG' Records. "BringYou Down" with its inimitable vocals and equally great music is backed with 'Don't Fade Away' on the 7" and the CD includes the infectious bonus track 'Welcome To My World'. The Real People commence their UK tour on June 8th. Don't miss the band live! See listings for your nearest venue.

NILON BOMBERS
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OUT NOW on Almo Sounds

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BIG WHITE STAIRS
NON STAR
(Periscope Records) 7"/CD Single
OUT NOW

'Non Star' – the latest release from Macclesfield guitar pop bands Big White Stairs. 2 minutes of glam guitars, rollercoaster vocals and a chorus that dares you to forget it. Backed with 'Live The life' and 'Electric Music'.

HARDVARK
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3rd July 1995
Endangered

The Debut single from Illinois Electric Power Trio Hardvark (Randy Towner, Ed Giles & Bob Rising – formerly of the Poster Children)–a story of unexpected words, music and lives in harmonic-drenched, pleasantly diverse guitar rock.

Available on Ltd edtion CD and 10" white vinyl.

THE STRAWBERRY ZOTS
FRIENDS FOREVER
Out Now

As a certain wascaly wabbit would have it,"I knew I should have taken that left turn at Albuquerque". The Zots, who's home town has been so famously and frequently checked have rolled the Troggs, Warhole, The Monkees and the B52's into their own irresistible cartoon collision of pop art pop. Friends Forever – Out Now!

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DOLLFACE
HERE COME THE BRIGHT LIGHTS
Kill City label
Out on 10th July

Dollface follow up two glorious EP releases for the Kill City label with an equally 'brilliant' third – Here Come The Bright Lights – out on 10th July. "Methedrine" and "Rockstars" were both 'singles of the week' in Kerrang and Melody Maker. The band release their debut album "Giant" late July. Catch Dollface live now as special guests on Slash's Snakepit tour.

BRAINBOX
PRIMORDIA
(Nettwerk Productions) Album
OUT NOW

Debut album of dazzling Astro-Exotica from Toronto based act. "Hefty beats and cinematic deployment of disruptive (a)rhythmic elements and wordlesss voice make Primordia a vivid journey." (THE WIRE)
"They intersperse their blissful ambience with disturbing chord changes and effects which lifts them above the usual world music wannabes." (FUTURE MUSIC)
CD only.

THE NETWORK ★

PROVING INDEPENDENCE WORKS

TOILET DUCKS

● Wayhaaay!!! What's happened to BRETT ANDERSON? That chubby, sickly singer of six months ago has been transformed, superhero style, into SUEDE's own Captain Invincible. MARK SUTHERLAND wears his pants outside his trousers to meet the man and his three mighty pals. U-bend framed: STEVE DOUBLE

The moment that Brett Anderson's detractors have fantasised about for the last three years has finally arrived: Suede are, in a very real sense, down the toilet.

An all too real sense, actually. For this is an all-too-real toilet: a shabby-looking Victorian public convenience tucked away in London's East End. For reasons perhaps best known to themselves, Suede have chosen this humble facility as the location for their *NME* photo session.

At which point the words "tempting" and "fate" spring, slightly unreasonably, to mind. Because for many people, Suede spiralled down pop's U-bend the day they decided that, yes, jettisoning their guitar genius Bernard Butler in favour of an unknown 17-year-old schoolboy was a very good idea indeed, actually.

And, if you gave up on them then, there's probably not been much to change your mind since. Each Suede single has fared less well than its predecessor. There's been an ominous lack of new material. And Brett Anderson, once the dandiest frontman in all of indie, has looked progressively more haggard with each passing month.

But it is not a dumper-bound Suede we are dealing with in this toilet today. Indeed, they seem in finer fettle than for a very long time. They look great! They crack gags! They even take the piss out of themselves, suggesting Bog Man Star or Killing Of A Flush Boy for the headline to this piece! Now if someone could only take the (stench of) piss out of this toilet…

"IT SMELLS like someone just died in here," grimaces Brett, sniffing the air warily.

"Oh I don't know," smiles Simon mischievously. "There's always a certain something about four men in make-up hanging round a public toilet."

Indeed. Certainly, what tiny minds the locals possess are running riot. Your correspondent is greeted at the top of the stairs by a bewildered Cockney Neanderthal who slurs: "Watch out mate, there's a bunch of poofters taking pictures down there." Furthermore, Mr Neanderthal is wearing the current ubiquitous indie hard lad fashion item: the Fred Perry shirt. Could there possibly be a better metaphor to illustrate how Suede's nouveau glamour and sexual ambiguity have been supplanted in the public's affections by good, old-fashioned laddery?

Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough: Suede loitering where the big knobs hang out

Well, yes there could, actually. For the most visible sign of the rebirth we are here to witness is Mr Anderson's scarcely visible waistline and extremely prominent biceps. Gone is the pasty, pudgy androgynous fop of yesteryear. Gone still further is the double-chinned slob of his last *NME* cover in January 1995. In his place is a tanned, lithe-looking figure with arm muscles that wouldn't disgrace a prizefighter. Bad news for pie manufacturers and chiffon blouse makers everywhere, but he is Effete Anderson NO MORE!

"I love it when clowns from other bands slag us off, 'cos it means they're obsessed with us. And they're obsessed with us either because they're jealous of our music or they've nicked ideas from us." – Brett Anderson

Not that this will actually be news to anyone who saw Suede on their last batch of British dates. Those astonishing shows – special events like Sound City and the Royal Albert Hall – were the culmination of the long, hard campaign to sway the doubters: triumphant occasions that served notice to mouthy Mancs and cocky Cockneys alike that Suede, who looked dead and buried nine months ago and like the living dead three months later, were back. And this time it's with a personal fitness trainer.

They're tougher mentally too. In a world of Sleeperblokes and expendable drummers, Suede still exude a real sense of gangdom. That us-against-the-world spirit stood them in such good stead while the world actually *was* against them that they now resemble a crack unit from the pages of a Boys' Own Adventure Story.

So, loitering louchely by the latrine door is Simon "Ginger" Gilbert, trusty drummer and all-round good sort. Smoking shiftily by the washbasins is bassist Matt "Lofty" Osman, precisely the hearty, hail-fellow-well-met type you'd want beside you in the trenches. Or the urinals, for that matter.

Skulking by the steps, meanwhile, is teenage wunderkind Richard "Mad Dog" Oakes. While already clearly one of the, erm, lads, he remains a somewhat awkward figure in the company of strangers. Hence the others emanate big brotherly vibes whenever he is nearby (ie, they tease him something rotten).

Finally, striking crucifix poses against the tiles is Captain Brett "Butch" Anderson, master strategist of the great Suede fightback. For all the sturdy back-up provided by his doughty cohorts, and the element of surprise contributed by Oakes, it's his shoulders that Suede's fortunes rest upon, and he knows it. Perhaps that's why he's chosen to make those shoulders a little broader of late…

"I bloody well have not!" he protests. "I've done exercises every day since I was 14 – I've not made any special effort lately. To this day I still hold my school's record for the 800m!"

Brett Anderson a middle distance running champion? A year ago, it would have seemed as likely as that nice Hugh Grant paying a prostitute for a blowjob. But hey, it's a topsy-turvy old world and no mistake and the Brett before us today does, indeed, resemble a natural athlete. He's certainly looking better than the last time he spoke to *NME*…

"I was looking like a piece of shit then, wasn't I?" he says sheepishly.

And why might that have been?

"It was nothing to do with drugs," he spits angrily. "That piece was horribly misleading. To imply I was a heroin addict simply because there's a Suede song called 'Heroine' and I had a bit of a cold was like a dagger in the back."

Give over. That *NME* piece was actually stage one of your fightback: it gave you the chance to quash the rumours sweeping the industry at the time.

"There were no industry whispers," seethes Brett. "What happened was some tosspot from another band (*he's talking about Damon Albarn, kids*) got it into his head that he knew anything about my life and decided to comment on it. But true, I did look like a right fat arse. Here, is there any way we can get that cover deleted? You know, do a *1984* on it and make it an un-cover? Let's rewrite history!"

In effect, rewriting history is what we are doing today. Aware that a lengthy period away from the public eye is imminent, Brett will spend the interview deliberately laying the various ghosts that have haunted the last, least satisfactory stages of his career.

The others clearly regard today as a bit of a jolly: a nice break from the hectic round of rehearsals, even if they do spend it in a toilet. Brett, however, takes no part in their boyish larks, remaining aloof and serious at all times.

He won't actually say as much, of course, but it's as if he feels the band's entire future rests upon how he – and he alone – performs, so he wants the decks cleared of excess baggage now. Starting with his physical transformation. He certainly looks like a pop star again. In fact, he looks almost… *macho*.

"REALLY?" he gasps, pretending to be horrified, but actually sounding quite chuffed. "I certainly don't WANT to look macho. I'm not about to turn into a new lad just to fit in with some spurious scene."

Aha. You obviously *know* people will look at you and think you're taking on less effeminate rivals like Blur and Oasis in the most fundamental way possible.

"That's a load of crap," he spits. "Yeah, I go down the pub, play pool, watch football and read the sports pages. Always have. But I certainly don't get my fashion tips from a bunch of clowns."

OK, SO he's in denial over new lad, but Brett does admit that, live at least, Suede have embraced the New Loud. Yes, where once they spanked arse, they now kick it. Or, as he puts it: "We'd been fey for a while and it was time to change."

"I was very worried about self-parody. That's why I stopped spanking my bum – well, that and because I had an enormous bruise on my buttock. But I really liked that move: it was a way of being violent without looking like I was in a heavy metal band."

Does violence appeal then?

"Oh yes. I went to see *ID* (*British film about football hooliganism*) the other night and thought it was f—ing brilliant. That whole culture is fascinating – it will definitely crop up in my next batch of lyrics."

So the "*shitter with the pout who won't be putting it about*" (from 'Killing Of A Flash Boy') now fancies himself as a bit tasty in a street fight?

"Well, I'm not getting my rolled up newspaper out quite yet," he smirks. "And my Stanley knife will remain firmly in my drawer. But there's always been a lot of violence in Suede. There's a very real animalism in playing live – I love that sense of the teenage fist in the face, that guttural stomp. Our next album will be very violent, full of slang and swearing."

This fascination with thuggery (see also: Brett's manic onstage persona, the ultraviolent clip for 'Flash Boy' on the 'Introducing The Band' video) begs the question: are you ever violent outside of music?

"I can be. I've hit people before. I'm the sort of pop star who gets shouted at in the street, and I always hurl abuse right back. I feel pretty untouchable"

When did you last have a fight?

"I used to have a lot of fights with my ex-girlfriend."

"To be honest, it still annoys me that his name (Bernard Butler) crops up in reviews. People should've realised we're a completely different band by now." – Richard

What, physical ones?

"Well, I used to have to lock her in the bathroom. She used to go mad and put bricks through my window and stuff, she was a right tearaway. But the last proper fisticuffs fight I had was at school. I was bloody awful at scrapping then."

He's still a loafer not a fighter, then. But this new found "physicality" should ensure a *tour de force* performance at the upcoming Phoenix Festival. Before, their fragile craft seemed ill-suited to the all-mates-together-in-the-mud "vibe". Now Faith No More will have to work their flabby arses off to be the hardest rockin' combo on the bill.

"We've a lot in common with Faith No More, actually," grins Brett. "We did a festival with them last month, playing to several thousand completely pissed rock fiends. And the disconcerting thing was, they knew all the words to our songs!

"I used to hate festivals. I always think of the Suede world as like a private club: not everyone's invited. But Phoenix is one last chance to show people what's what. Given the right conditions, I can convince anyone Suede are a great band. Even Bob Dylan fans..."

Ah. As you may have realised, after the billing farrago that at one point threatened Suede's involvement in the festival, Mr Dylan is not exactly Brett's favourite rock'n'roll legend right now.

"Ironically, I was a big Dylan fan when I was a kid," chuckles Brett. "I used to draw murals on my bedroom wall – I had one of Bob, one of The Beatles and one of Dennis The Menace. That's why I was happy to have him (that's Bob, not Dennis) on the bill. But suddenly there was a problem, either with his ego or his manager's ego.

"I mean, obviously he is a legend, but I don't reckon kids in DMs have ever even heard of him."

Do you think he's heard of you?

"Probably not, no. That's half the problem. But that'll make it even funnier when our fans boo him off."

On a similar tack, a discussion ensues about Robson and Jerome and how great it is that someone, somewhere had to explain to Michael Jackson

Bernard's gone to see a man about a Dog Man Star: Suede (from left) Simon, Richard, Matt and Brett

A) who the hell Robson and Jerome are,

and B) why they're selling three times as many records as him. "Yeah," titters Brett. "But actually, that Jackson statue made me really angry. It's almost totalitarian."

Don't you hanker after immortality?

"Nah. I once said there should be a commemorative plaque on my dad's council house saying Brett Anderson Lived Here. It was a joke, but the *Mid-Sussex Times* took me totally seriously and printed this big article about why I *didn't* deserve one. I tell you, I moan about the *NME* but *that* paper's really got it in for me."

HIS SUSPICION of the press is about the only aspect of the old Brett firmly in place today. And such is his burgeoning optimism, even that is wavering. He agrees to take a mini-personality test to check his New Lad credentials, telling us of the time he took a 'What kind of lover are you?' quiz in a women's magazine.

"If you answered mostly Cs the panel said 'You are Brett Anderson' – but I turned out to be someone else. I was some politician!"

Proof positive, surely, that we're dealing with a new Brett Anderson. Certainly, he's more relaxed than in recent times. The arduous touring, with its highs ("Thailand – everyone is beautiful, you can live like a lord on £5 and they love Suede. Perfect!") and lows ("Providence, USA. We deliberately did a terrible gig. They had it coming") is behind them. Sure, there's pressure attached to headlining Phoenix but with their current field-storming live form, it shouldn't present too many problems.

"Yeah, we won't play a lot of these songs again so Phoenix is a full stop for Suede," murmurs Matt.

"That sounds a bit final," muses Brett. "How about an exclamation mark?"

"Semi-colon?" barters Matt.

"Oh God," sighs a passing Richard. "We're going to be the first band to split up over punctuation differences."

Despite this grammar orientated jollity, the entire band knows it's AFTER Phoenix that the real work begins. That's when Suede will have to come up with songs to out-dazzle the spectacular 'Dog Man Star'. That's when the untried, untested songwriting partnership

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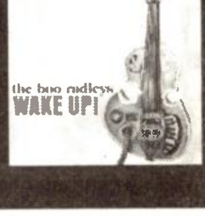

ALSO AVAILABLE: THE NO. 1 ALBUM

WRH

"I'm feeling pretty invincible, actually. I am Superman!" – Brett

"How dare you tell him I'm a toilet trader!": Brett and Simon

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

("Butch" Anderson and the Sundance Kid?) will undergo the critical equivalent of being staked out naked in the desert while buzzards circle overhead. That's when, in short, the gloves come off in the great Suede fightback.

Brett admits as much himself. He describes playing live as "the easy bit. After a while it's just regurgitation, like eating your own shit". Instead, he's looking forward to locking himself away in a rented room and becoming "just a brain and a set of vocal cords in a robot's body". But he stops short of relishing the challenge of topping 'Dog Man Star'.

In fact, he seems determined to duck it. Judging by the songs he and Oakes have written so far, Suede's grandiose introspection left the building in Bernard Butler's guitar case.

"It'll sound smaller than the last one," he says. "A lot less grand, a lot less histrionic and a lot more down to earth. I'm trying to write more colloquially."

That sounds like an admission 'Dog Man Star' went over people's heads.

"Well, it did, didn't it?" he shrugs. "It was a great album – too great really. Those songs were so far removed from the usual T-shirt indie shit that people just couldn't cope."

And is the little feller up to the task?

"Richard has been a revelation," he states, unequivocally. "With the last album, there was so much shit going down it was virtually written by post. But working with Richard is very democratic: quite often he comes to me with something and I completely change it around."

Doesn't he mind? "Oh no," grins Brett. "He's very flexible. He's my flexible friend."

Hmm. What about your inflexible ex-friend? How do you feel about Bernard these days?

A dark cloud of anger crosses Brett's face.

"I don't really have any feelings about *him* anymore," he lies. "The bloke's doing something different now, good luck to him."

What did you think of his record with McAlmont?

"It was alright," he says, through gritted teeth.

Did it grate that he had a bigger hit than Suede have enjoyed recently?

"I didn't know he had," he glowers.

What if you saw him down the Good Mixer? Would you buy him a pint?

"Firstly, I wouldn't be seen dead in the Good f—ing Mixer," he growls. "And secondly, you just over-stepped the mark."

OOPS. LOOKS like one ghost isn't quite ready for its nap just yet. Perhaps we'd better whisk young Richard away from the protective custody of his bandmates (and, more importantly, away from the toilets) to a grassy knoll and discover how nine months in Suede has changed him.

The short answer is that it hasn't. Ask the others if they've corrupted him and they'll sigh "We've tried. *Lord knows* we've tried. We've even forced things down his throat at times. But basically, he's incorruptible."

Ask Richard how he's changed and he'll frown in his Adrian Mole-esque manner and blurt: "I haven't. It's not a dream come true or a fairy tale, whatever people say. Me being in Suede is just a fact of life."

Do you think you've won the fans over?

"I hope so. No-one's come up to me and told me to go back to school. But what's more important to me is I've definitely proved myself as good a guitarist as Bernard Butler."

Steady on, old chap. Bernard was acclaimed as a genius, you know.

"Yeah? By who?" he snorts, before realising how arrogant he sounds. "Nah, I know I've got to prove myself as a songwriter but this time next year I will have. To be honest, it still annoys me that his name crops up in reviews. People should've realised we're a completely different band by now. I remember Suede live being ever so dark and moody. Now we all jump about and have fun."

Yes indeed, the notion of "fun" is finally sneaking back onto the Suede agenda. As far as they're concerned, they spent the last nine months marooned on the hard shoulder of pop's lost highway while everyone from Shed Seven to Elastica sped by in the fast lane. Now, with a lengthy period of writing, recording and reinvention on the horizon, they can at last see the flashing lights of the AA repair man.

Consequently, Brett's fearsome rivalry with his contemporaries is the last bugbear he must slay today. The old Brett always kept his own counsel while suffering jibes from all quarters – but the new one is hellbent on ensuring he *doesn't* turn up at Phoenix with enough chips on his shoulders to start his own food stall. He's rough. He's tough. And he's damn well had enough.

"It's a total myth that Suede are out of step with the current scene," he spits. "We're actually *responsible* for most things going on at the moment. The reason we stood out when we started was we were the first alternative band to write a f—ing tune for four years. Now EVERYONE writes pop songs.

"We got teenage girls interested in guitar bands again. We made bands think about image again. We reintroduced lyrics about everyday life. Even vocal affectations: every record you hear now has one, but when I sang 'The Drowners' everyone was totally shocked. And we invented the wheel…"

Alright, so I made the last one up. But it's a fair point: the current Britpop revolution undoubtedly began with Suede. And if Brett has his way, it's going to end there too.

"I love it when clowns from other bands – you know who I mean – slag us off," he smiles. "'Cos it means they're obsessed with us. And they're obsessed with us either because they're jealous of our music or they've nicked ideas from us."

Are you paranoid, by any chance?

"Very. I think I'm developing agoraphobia. The other night in Soho I just completely freaked out. I get really worried people are staring at me."

They probably ARE. And they'll stare even more if you don't walk it like you rant it. What if your next album flops?

"Maybe I'll move to China," he smiles. "But it won't happen. I'm feeling pretty invincible, actually. I am Superman!"

And as he strides out of the toilet (in both literal and metaphorical senses) there is a touch of the Man of Steel about the figure you have either loved or loathed for the past three years. Is it a berk? Is it a pain? No! It's SuperBrett!

And his New Adventures start now.

SO, NEW Lad – or the same old ponce? Brett Anderson takes the Are You A "Real" Man test. (NB, 'A' answers are for chiffon-wearing bum spankers, 'C' for full-on rock hardmen, 'B' somewhere in between.)

1. Which of the following are you most likely to listen to?
A. Heavenly
B. East 17
C. Oasis
Brett: "East 17 – they're miles better than the other two."

2. Which of the following are you most likely to drink?
A. Taboo and grapefruit
B. Vodka and coke
C. Lager
Brett: "Lager, definitely. But there have been times when I'd have killed for a Taboo and grapefruit."

3. Your girlfriend gives you a cuddly jumper **with a fluffy kitten design.**
Do you:
A. Wear it down the **pub**
B. Wear it round the house
C. Burn it
Brett: "I'd probably **wear it down the pub. Only 'cos I like** cats, **mind."**

4. You have a quiet night in with a
Do you rent:
A. *Bambi*
B. *Sleepless In* *Seattle*
C. *Die Hard*
Brett: "I wouldn't. I'd go and see *ID* again."

5. Someone **spills** your pint. **Do you:**
A. Ignore it and buy yourself **another** one
B. Point it out but not make a big fuss
C. **Threaten to beat him to a pulp**
Brett: "I wouldn't let him get away with it. I'd either get Matt to beat him **up – or I'd call the police."**

The **verdict: It's** official**!** Namby-**pamby cat fetish aside,** Brett **Anderson is now a fully-fledged,** no-holds-barred **Yob Man Star. Yikes!**

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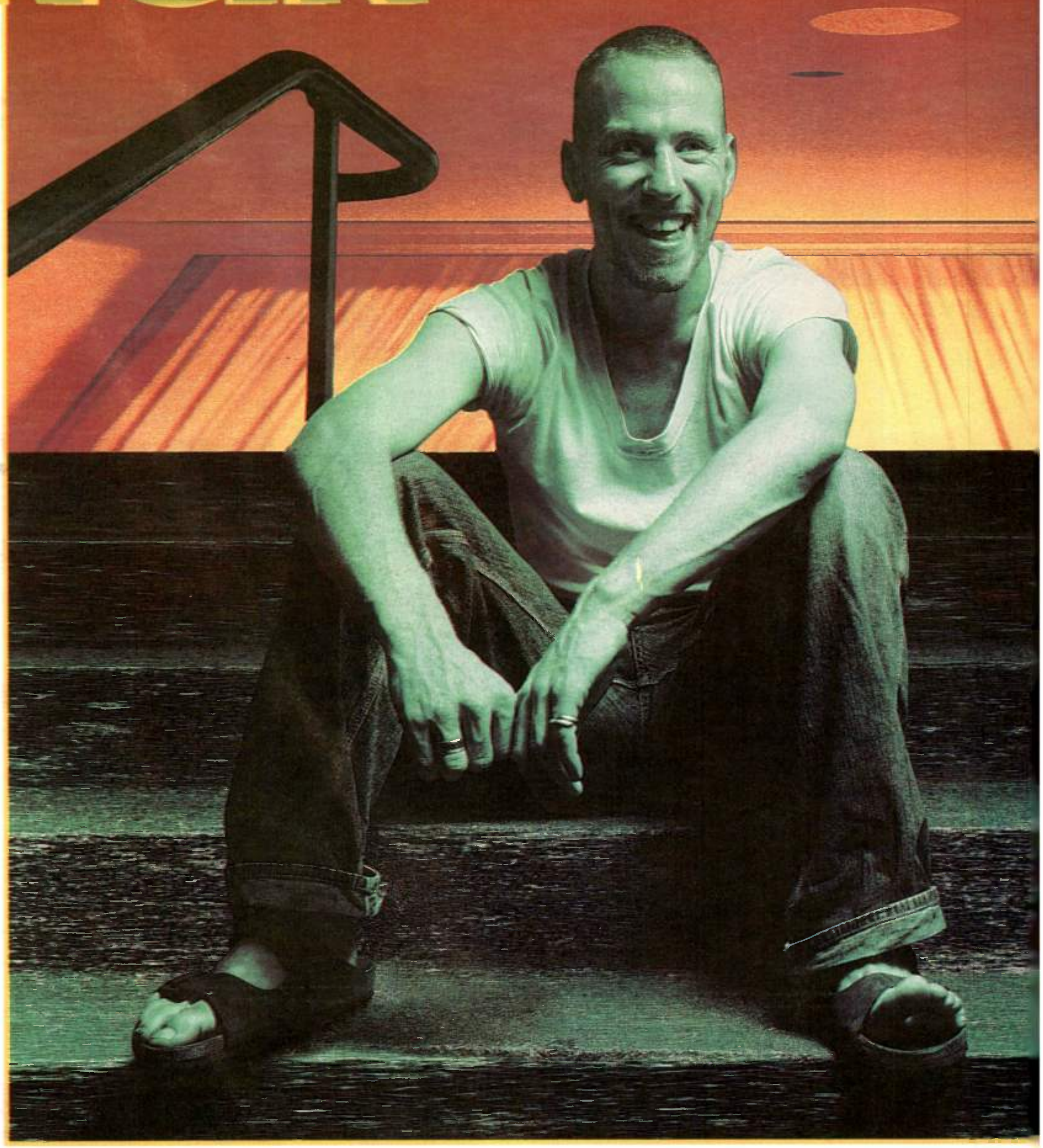
musically, this may be their nevermind or parklife, though that's not to say it'll happen that way. ★★★★ Q

BANGIN' WITH

Two years ago he was cutting hair for a living while tripping on acid. Now DJ DAVID HOLMES is leading the hedonisitic charge with the soundtrack for his newly vibed up native Belfast. ROGER MORTON joins the party.

Stair way: VINCENT McDONALD



"I done a haircut on acid once, man," says David Holmes. "Me and my mate were cutting hair and we were tripping and the hair was going schwiiish schwiiiiiirsh, all over the place.

"I had on this old house record called 'Journey Into A Dream' and it's an amazing trippy record and there's this girl on it going, 'Oh f— me, stick it up my arse, oooh, I love it'. And I love records with a bit of smut on them. And the women we were cutting were quite middle-aged and this record was playing and we were tripping, man. We couldn't keep a straight face, the two of us were just on the floor laughing."

Remember the old movie about life in Belfast? The sombre black and white one with the bombs, bullets and barbed wire? Well there's a new director in the chair now and his version is the full colour sex, drugs and acid house version.

It would be going it a bit to say that David Holmes, DJ auteur, club runner and former hairdresser has spiked the city with his lust for mad music. But strolling in a park by Queens University on a fluorescent summer's day when Belfast has decided to be Barcelona for a while, and even the blue rinsed old dears look a bit psychedelic, it's hard not to attribute a little of the smiliness to Holmes and his fervour.

"He's all peace and love now," says the flame-bearded DJ pointing out a tattooed hardman lazing in the heat. "That's our version of the converted Millwall fan."

The ghettoblasters are out soundtracking the day with mellow house music, clusters of students are getting old drunks to run races for them, everyone's skinning up and Holmes seems to be on chatting terms with at least half the town's youth. It's like wandering round downtown Detroit with Richie Hawtin.

AT 26 years old David Holmes is a clubzine front cover star, hot shot remixer and globally respected DJ. His Sugarsweet club was the top Belfast night for three years. At the hometown Limelight launch party for his debut album, 'This Film's Crap Let's Slash The Seats', hundreds had to be turned away.

'Holmer' is currently unstoppable. In Japan the techno kids queue outside shops to see him. At home he gets asked to fill in the gaps on the new Therapy? album because so many fans wrote in praising his 'Die Laughing' remix. It's only a couple of years since his first tracks were released under the Disco Evangelists name, but with a little leg up from Andrew Weatherall (who gave him the Sabres

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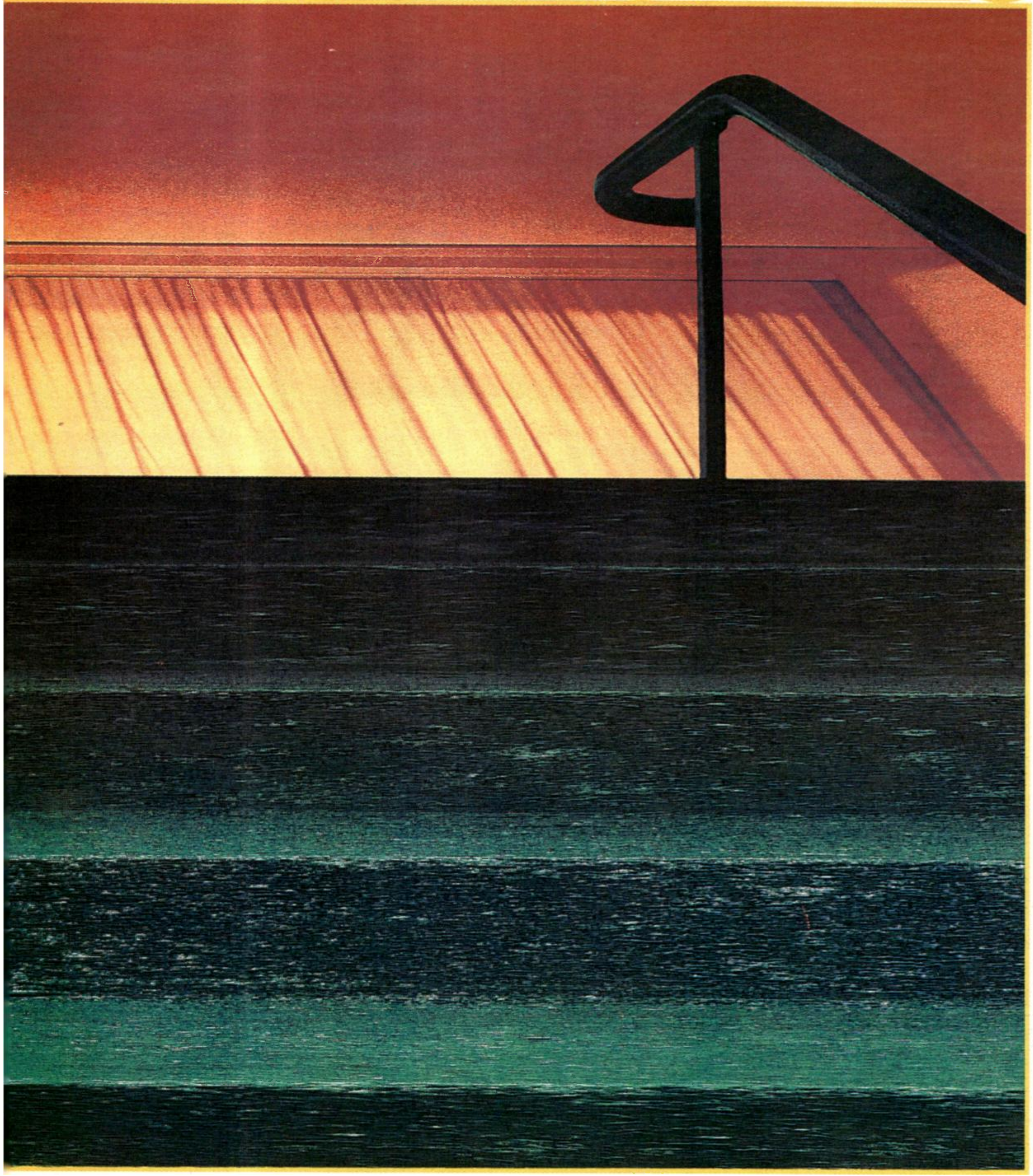

Right hair, right now: ex-hairstylist to the blue rinsed Sweaty Betties of Belfast, David Holmes

Of Paradise's 'Smokebelch' to remix) he's cruised swiftly into the clubland premier league.

Considering his achievements, he ought to be a self-congratulatory piece of elitist DJ jet trash. He isn't. Today, in the park, he's like a fiery music fan kid, coming down off a serious drug experience. That's because he might possibly be coming down off a serious drug experience…

Holmes played the dance tent at Glastonbury a few days before we meet, and he did not zip in and out on a helicopter and stash his fee. He rocked 5,000 people with a wild set, peaking with Green Velvet's 'Flash', then dropped some non-musical acid and staggered into the throng with a bottle of whiskey. Nina Walsh from Slab and Sabrettes saved his life by lending him her sleeping bag, Carl Cox woke him up with his kick drums and all in all Holmes had a brilliant time. But then the art of reckless enjoyment is something he's been practising since he was a nipper.

ONE OF ten kids, he inherited his first two records – The Jam's 'In The City' and the Sex Pistols' 'Pretty Vacant' – from an older brother and set off on a journey to find a soundtrack for fierce living that he's still on now.

At school, innocent of Oi! politics, he had bleached jeans and 4 Skins and GBH posters on his wall. His mum confiscated his bondage trousers after a visit from the police who were after him for indecent exposure (mooning at an old dear in the street).

Before long he was down The Delta and The Plaza, mixing with the skinheads, the rockabillies and the mad cross-dressers, and getting his pre-Balearic anything-goes musical experience thanks to DJs who span The Specials next to Farley Jackmaster Funk. Too impatient to learn an instrument, he started DJ-ing around '86, and moved through indie, Northern Soul and jazz before the house music explosion arrived. Meanwhile, in the grand tradition of Leftfield's Paul Daley, there was hairdressing.

"It was a case of anything to avoid a decent day's work really," he says. "I liked hairdressing, I thought it was good. I won a prize. Northern Irish Young Hairdresser Of The Year sort of thing. I liked the creative side of it rather than doing all these old dears, Sweaty Bettys, as we called them. And then you were DJing and you started taking gear, and then you weren't coming into work. And then you decided 'I don't want to be a hairdresser. I want to do f— all'. I hadn't decided I want to be a DJ or a producer or whatever, it was just 'I don't want to work, I just want to go to clubs and play music and have a laugh'."

Although Holmes' album was recorded at Sabresonic with the Sabres' Jagz Kooner and Gary Burns as engineers, his groundwork studio is still above one of the hairdressers he used to work at. The vibe's good. Snipping downstairs. Tunes upstairs. Holmes has no intention of leaving Belfast.

"The scene just grew and grew and that's why I still live here 'cos it's so good," he says. "And the people are really, really open-minded and they know a good tune when they hear it."

For all the troubling tales of the paramilitaries tightening their grip on the drug trade, Holmes is optimistic about his bit of the culture. Every other kid at the art college has a set of decks now, he says. And it looks like there'll be more music venues opening. His own Shake Ya Brain club is up and irregularly running, following in the footsteps of the legendary Sugarsweet, and Holmes is in the process of getting local kids into his studio for free, and onto his Exploding Plastic Inevitable label. Politics, schmolitics. The mad vibe down at Sugarsweet was not just a matter of 'kids escaping the troubles', figures Holmes.

"If it was, it was definitely subconscious. Because it was a situation where people were seeing it every day. I mean, we'd be sitting in a bar and it'd be 'Bomb scare! Everybody out!' and you'd go (*sighs*) 'Hang on I want to finish me drink'. If you've grown up with people getting shot, it's all a bit in one ear and out the other. Obviously people do want to just go out and have it. But they're not intentionally thinking, 'Right, I've had enough of these troubles, I'm going to go out at the weekend and have a really good time.

"I just think it's like that if you go to any Celtic part of the world. Scotland, for example, they're f—ing right up for it. Mad. And you come to Northern Ireland or the South of Ireland and people are just havin' it. Anywhere outside of London I think, actually."

Do you feel it's your responsibility to lead the hedonism or does it just come naturally?

"It just comes naturally. We just put on good parties, we don't have any reason other than we just want to have a good f—ing time with a good sound system and something nice to look at. I'm a music lover, you know what I mean? I can get off on people having a good time without actually taking any gear. I just like a puff and the occasional tab of acid and the odd whiskey really. That's about it. I never really get messed up any more the way I used to.

"That's one of the really good things that's come out of all this, that the music's so brilliant that you don't need gear. I mean, we're all going to smoke for the rest of our lives. You're going to have a spliff when you're 40, you're not going to suddenly stop and say, 'Right, that's me I'm grown up now'. It's like f—ing eating your breakfast."

A LARGE herbal breakfast is not a bad idea as an accompaniment to 'This Film's Crap…'. From the opening Celtic Morricone-isms of 'No Man's Land' through the Sarah Cracknell sung Portishead-case-isms of 'Gone' it's a mindstretching widescreen travelogue setting off from a house base camp and zooming off into the strangest, creepiest places. Nothing on it is formula. For those who knew Holmes for thundering club stunners like 'Johnny Favourite' and didn't know about his film soundtrack addiction, much of it will surprise.

"The title comes from an old Irish joke about two Irish men that go to a drive-in movie and say, 'This film's crap, let's slash the seats'. And I only found that out about two weeks ago. I was sitting in a hotel room in Amsterdam watching a dirty movie, stoned, having a laugh with friends and someone turned round and said, 'This film's crap, let's slash the seats', and I stood up and said, 'That's what we're going to call the album!' And everybody just went, 'No, when you come down off the skunk man, you'll think it's a bad idea'. But the title of the album's done me loads of favours because it's got so much attention."

"We're all going to smoke for the rest of our lives. You're going to have a spliff when you're 40, you're not going to suddenly stop and say, 'Right, that's me I'm grown up now'. It's like f—ing eating your breakfast."

A lot of people thought you'd make a harder dance record.

"Well yeah, but I'm into so many different types of electronic music and it comes in all sorts of shapes and sizes. I was known there for a while as a hard headf— techno DJ but people know now that I'm not. So the album was just following a lot of moods.

"Like 'No Man's Land' was me coming back from Dublin after a heavy weekend and going to see *In The Name Of The Father*. It was like, f— me, that is completely bonkers, and I just cried at the film. And then I realised that the soundtrack was so f—ing amazing. So I decided to do a track about that.

"But already, the music that I'm making now and that I'm going to make on the next album is going to be ten times better than anything on this one. Just because of the fact that I'm really enjoying it. I'm jumping about the studio at the moment."

Twenty minutes after we finish talking, that's exactly what Holmes is doing – jumping about the studio remixing someone's trip-hoppy track with his head full of this week's fierce sounds, and freaking out the clients in the hairshop downstairs, just like in the old days.

NEXT WEEK IN NME: REM

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

That's him in the spotlight, that is – Stipe and mike

"I don't understand what a celebrity is, what they're for. It's not as if we physically need them. I don't find any solace in sharing the spotlight with the Tonya Hardings of the world."

With the 'Monster' tour set to rumble into the UK any day now, we hitch a lift across the States with the REM roadshow, and find out how Michael Stipe & co are coping with their first tour of the '90s. Is the pressure too much for Stipe? How's Bill Berry in the wake of his aneurysm? Is this the most health-conscious stadium tour ever? Find out next week in *NME*.

PLUS: The remarkable return of **EDWYN COLLINS, ASH** are let loose on Amsterdam, an audience with **SEAL** in LA, and... a FULL REVIEW OF THE **WELLER/SUEDE/DYLAN/FAITH NO MORE** and **PUBLIC ENEMY EXTRAVAGANZA THAT WAS THE PHOENIX FESTIVAL!**

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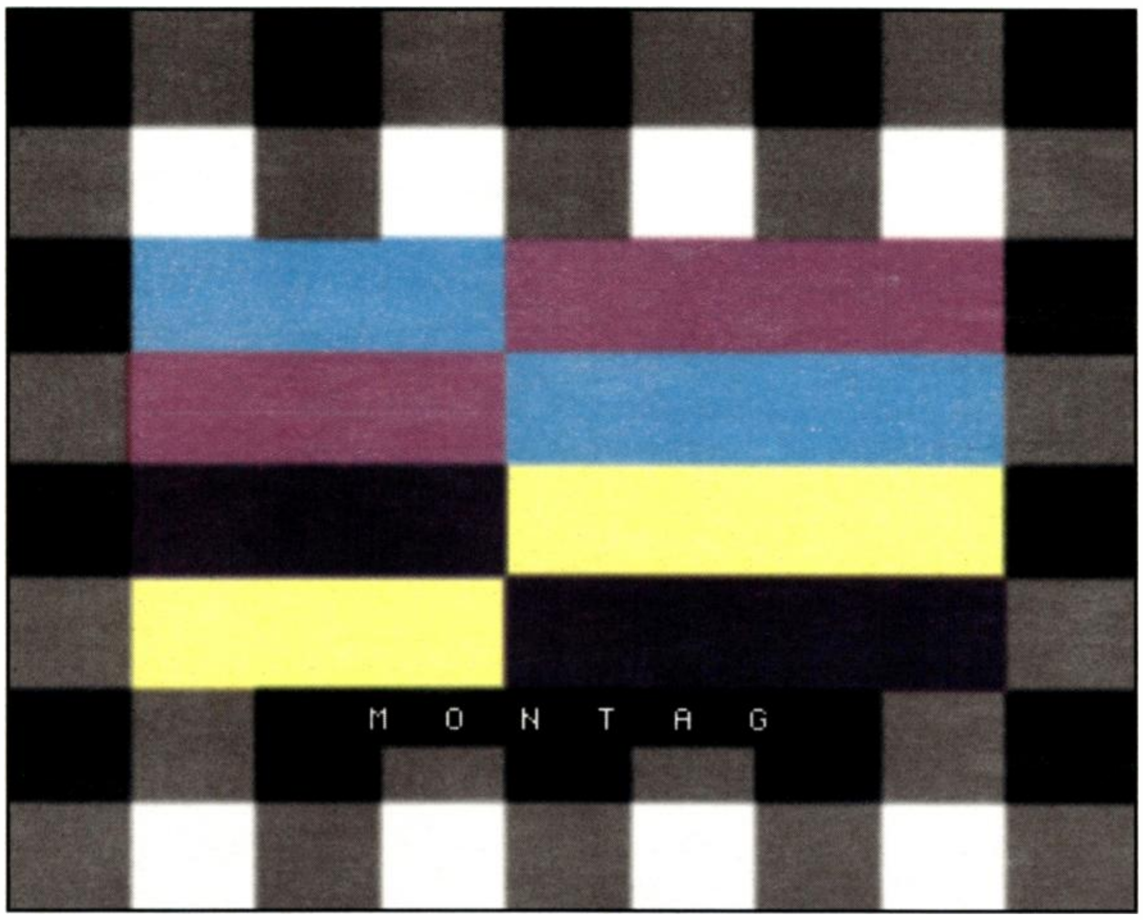

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WRH

● Rev up with *Vibes* this week for a Detroit techno spesh, as we unearth EDDIE FLASHIN' FOWLKES and ANTHONY SHAKIR, two of the city's unsung originators who've decided to dish the dirt on what *really* happened when Motor City gave birth to the babe we call techno, ask NEUROPOLITIQUE what it's like to kip on the floor of techno royalty and head back to Chicago's hard house figurehead ROBERT ARMANI. Drivin'!

Vibes

EDITED BY BEN WILLMOTT

SHAKIRR MAKERR

If the Detroit techno story was ever made into a mini-series, with Derrick May, Juan Atkins and Kevin Saunderson as the three powerbroking patriarchs locked in friendly but deadly rivalry, then the little known **ANTHONY SHAKIR** would undoubtedly play a major role.

He'd be that long lost but vital character who, like Bobby in *Dallas*, steps back from oblivion to set the record straight.

For while Detroit has, over the past 13 years, been a hotbed of electronic innovation, it's also been the site of the sort of wheeling, dealing and swindling that'd put JR, Ken Barnes and Alexis Colby to shame.

And Anthony Shakir certainly isn't holding back; he's talking about how Juan Atkins sat on his first 12" for two years before it surfaced on Metroplex, how he had a track on the very first Detroit compilation ('Sequence 10' on Virgin) but missed out on the press bonanza that ensued and about how Derrick May, now a jungle fanatic, dismissed his early '90s breakbeat work.

"I was doing rap from 1987 on," Shakir says, his sizeable frame wracked by a painful cough as he gulps down a Lemsip in an Edinburgh flat, "so I was gonna put breakbeats in whatever I was doing. I did a breakbeat remix of 'I Believe' by the Reese Project (Saunderson's garage outfit) that had backward loops in and everything – Derrick didn't like it and it wasn't released but everyone else who did a mix took something I did. Little things like that frustrated me."

Shakir's story is of someone who was there from the beginning (well, around 1986), helped out in Juan Atkins' studio, did the edits on Carl Craig's early stuff and later hooked other Detroit movers up to the important 430 West imprint.

But while others have become (techno) household names, Anthony's been struggling to release more than the occasional 12" here and there. But that could change – there's his new 'Live For Friction' EP on his and Claude Young's fledgling Frictional imprint, plus a collaboration with ardent fan Mark Pritchard of Global Communication recorded at Global's Somerset HQ.

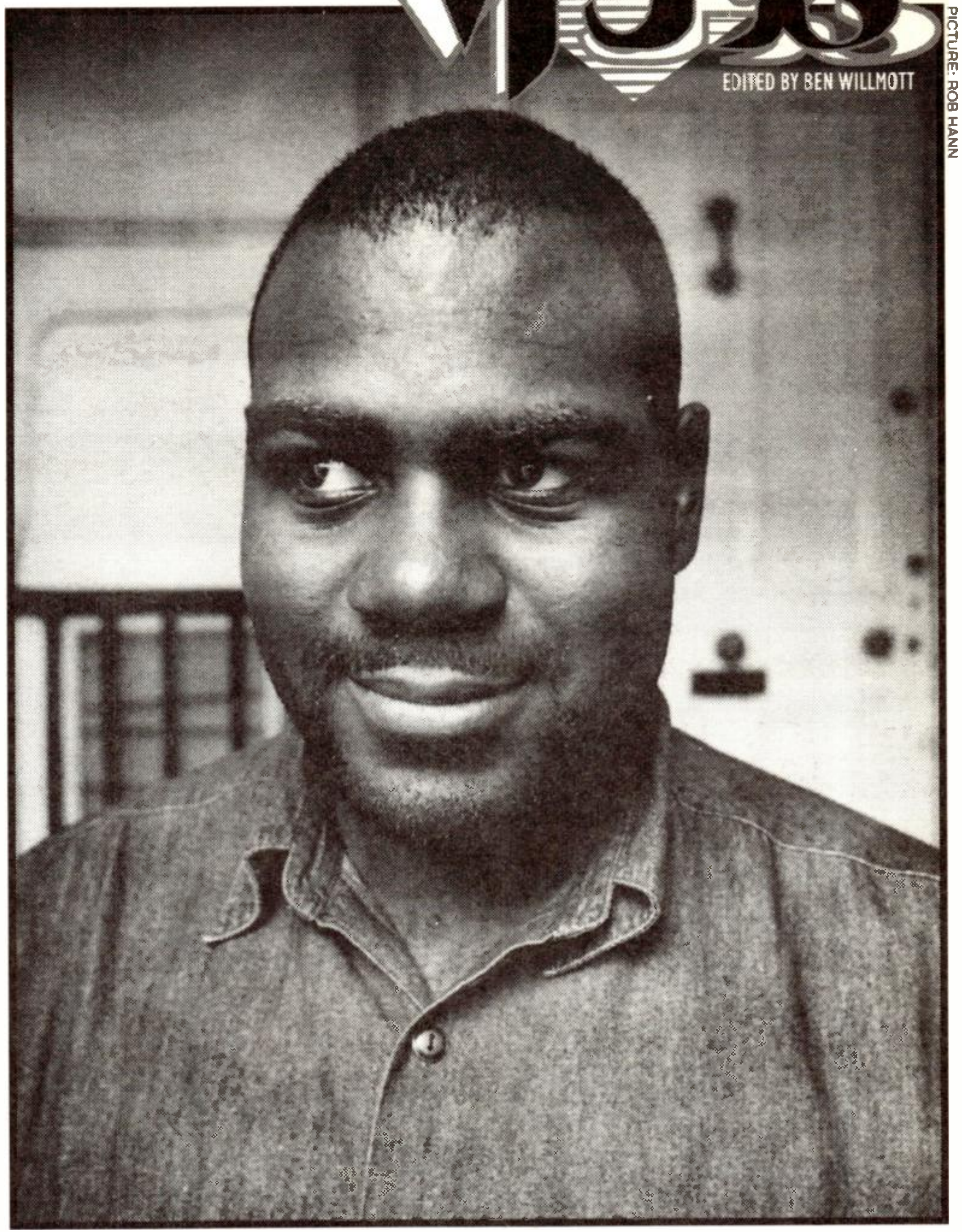
Pritchard gushes about the production and Kraftwerk-esque textures of Shakir's work, but Anthony's more modest. "I like to find little quirky sounds and make them work," he explains nonchalantly, citing neuvo-electroheads Drexciya as his current major influence.

His DJing too, like Claude Young's, has held British techno crowds enthralled; back in Detroit he plays mainly rap, funk and R&B because techno – surprisingly, on home ground – is too leftfield for most.

"Techno's never going away though," he insists, in bashful but animated tones, "it's booty-shakin' dancing music. You put that shit on and the girls get necky (*Detroit slang for a little hot under the collar, we can only assume – Vibes Ed*), then the guys get excited and it all goes off."

We wouldn't put it quite like that, of course, but touting tales of sex, frugs and rock'n'roll, Anthony Shakir is most certainly back in the house. Aaron Spelling eat your heart out.

Bethan Cole



PICTURE: ROB HANN

Anthony Shakir: shakin' booty, Detroit style

Groove Check

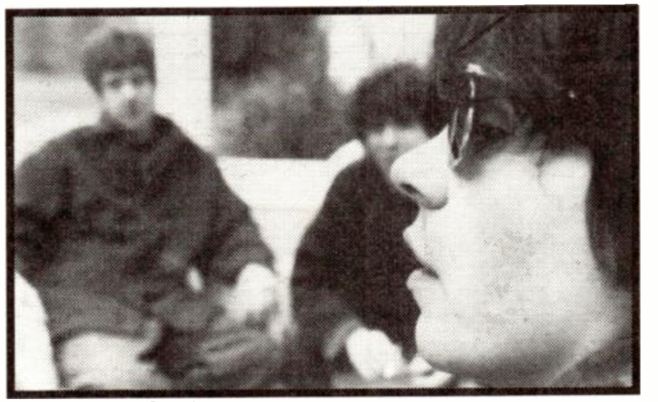
ABERRATION
If You Lose Your Shadow (Dan Curtin remix) *(Flaw)*
FUNK-LADEN but undeveloped original from Red Snapper and The Aloof's Dean Thatcher and Richard Thair overshadowed by a flirty, breezy remix from an on-form Curtin. **(BW)**

BOCHUM WELT
Les Dances D'Ete *(Kromode)*
FOUR TRACKS that sound like Plaid or Aphex mixing electro and analogue rhythms with angelic harmonies. Perfect chillout fodder. **(TM)**

THE CHARLATANS
Chemical Brothers Remixes
(Beggars Banquet Promo)
HEAD-NIPPING dubs and teeth-grinding cosmic rushes transform the thinking Manc's post-baggy survivors' tracks into three slices of heavy psychedelia. Recommended for coming down from 'Leave Home'.**(TU)**

CRANIUM HF
Belladonna
(Blue Angel Records)
STUPID-AWESOME rock tech stompalong with Secret Knowledge's Kris Needs and Wagon Christ giving junglist, funky and lager lout-frugging contexts for HF's horripilant guitars'n'sirens. **(RM)**

THE 4TH WAVE
Touched *(Planet E)*
NOT UNLIKE Carl Craig's classic 'Neurotic Behaviour' with sad strings and lonely sounds; but there's also a sinfully tasty rhythm pattern to tug at the hips. Top class disco for depressives. **(TM)**



Chemicalised Charlatans

SPOOKY
Clank *(Generic)*
FORMER GUERRILLA thrillers resurrect themselves with four slices of major pedigree phuture funk and organic electronics, from the slamming 'Clank', through 'Oblong''s glockenspiel symphonics, 'Thai''s dream'n'bass Aphex-isms, and 'Relief''s angelic B-girl beats. **(RM)**

PICTURE: STEFAN DE BATSELIER

Spooky: clunk clank

PRESENCE
White Powder EP
(Love From San Francisco)
UNWAVERING DEEPNESS on 'Power Chords' (the four-tracker's highlight), a shot of sultry house so palatial you might wish to move in for good. **(AC)**

MATTSKI
Hey Mattski *(Mephisto)*
PSYCHO TRIP-HOP from the US; tough breaks cut with acid, echoes and cheeky TV cop-show effects. **(AC)**

NEW ORDER
Blue Monday 95 (Hardfloor remix)
(London)
IMPORT FAVE finally gets a UK release, with Hardfloor giving the predictable but effective blazing-snares-and-Euro-techno treatment to the NO classic. **(BW)**

PA PRESENTS
Entangled *(Deviate)*
MALE MODEL turned producer Peter Aarsman locks into fantasy techno orbit, slanting head-cleansing ruffs around bustling rhythms, which sure beats hauling ludicrous garments up and down a catwalk. **(AC)**

THE PANTHER MODERNS
Beat Zen, Square Zen and Zen
(White label Dutch import)
SAMPLES OF Farrakhan, William Gibson and Thomas Pynchon collide over an out of control track that touches 200bpm – if 'gabba' techno's popularity seems to be among the bonehead neo-Nazi faction in Holland, The Panther Moderns offer something that's way above them. **(TU)**

PLANET JAZZ
Monster *(Harthouse)*
CHEESY JAZZ organ, congas and full-on hardcore beats in a voodoo brew that sounds like the cut-up theme for a non-existent '60s TV show; not so much trippy as in need of careful attention from a psychiatrist. **(TU)**

JEEP GIRLZ
The Erector EP
(El Chocolates)
MIXABLE CHUNKY house from former Honeydipped japesters on esteemed DJ Ed Lovechocolate's newly-formed El Chocolates label; not as saucily eccentric as their last effort, but valuable all the same. **(BW)**

THE PRUNES
The Plot EP
(Mo'Wax Excursions)
ALMOST MADDENINGLY slow offering from the Scandinavian trip-hoppers; all the Mo'Wax elements are here, but they're still fresh enough not to sound like clichés. **(TU)**

SPACETIME CONTINUUM
Freelon *(Astralwerks)*
ANOTHER WINNER from San Fran's Jonah Sharp as watery jazz chords glow over spiky, deconstructed rhythms. Kind of like Photek meets Martini Dry. **(TM)**

SYZGY
Interchangeable Headlock
(Rising High)
DOMINIC GLYNN and Justin Mackay return with ultra heavy bleepblasts and Eastern wails of 'Kush' and the brilliantly nasty updated old-skool acid trancing of 'Crosstalk' and 'Phantom Power'. **(RM)**

TONE THEORY
Limbo Of Varied Possibilities
(Plink Plonk)
CHICAGO'S DERRICK Carter in fine form with an adventure across garage chords, jazzy moods, sweltering loops and a hushed, soulful vocal. A major deal is just round the corner. **(TM)**

URIEL
Do Androids Dream Of Electronic Jazz?
(Beau Monde)
SCOTT EDWARDS takes a new name and drops his old Detroit sounds to join Patrick Pulsinger and The Mighty Bop infusing cocktail jazz with cool machines and deep beats. **(TM)**

VARIOUS
Invisible Soundtracks Volume 1 *(Leaf)*
FOUR ATMOSPHERIC tracks from Seefeel's Mark Clifford aka Disjecta – in moody, subterranean mood – a delicate, almost Japanese sounding track from Zurich aka Tony Wilson and ex-Slowdive man Neil Halstead, along with Edinburgh's Be-ing and Gescom. Feed yer head. **(TU)**

***Groove Checkers*: Andy Crysell, Tony Marcus, Roger Morton, Tommy Udo and Ben Willmott**

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RISING HIGH RECORDS

FOWLKES, GUY

"Am I gonna be on the front cover? I don't talk to no-one unless it's the cover, man! I've been doing this since 1986 so I think it's about time!"

EDDIE 'FLASHIN' FOWLKES is flashing his rather, er, unique sense of humour from the downtown Detroit house he shares with Underground Resistance's Mike Banks.

It's noon, Wimbledon's on TV and Eddie's recovering from last night's street party. "I'm still blew out from last night," he apologises, though God knows why. A good night's partying and a bad night's sleep don't seem to have affected his motormouth too much.

"Man," he continues, showing no signs of flagging,"you missed a beautiful party last night. There was me and Juan hanging out and the Transmat clique, Derrick and Carl Craig. It was like old times again."

And Eddie should know. He was one of that first classic batch of Detroit techno musicians who took electronica, turned it inside out and changed the course of musical history in the process. So why isn't Fowlkes' name whispered in the same reverent tones that Carl Craig, Derrick May, Kevin Saunderson and Juan Atkins elicit from technoheads the world over?

Nearly a decade after his debut 'Good Bye Kiss' hit the American charts, his records for Metroplex, R&S and Tresor and remixes for everyone from The Pet Shop Boys to Underground Resistance remain well kept underground secrets.

"I didn't take the same route as everybody took, that egotistic thing." Fowlkes explains in a typical Detroit style; animated, vociferous but ice cool. "Back then, I was just drinking, hanging out, talking to girls, driving in my jeep and having fun and that was how I looked at it. I wasn't really interested in the money side of it then.

"In the beginning it was me," he continues, somewhat biblically, "Kevin, Derrick and Juan – we had a DJ group; Juan would come up and do these parties on the college campus and one time, say about 1984, I saw Juan mixing this record and thought 'that's what I wanna do'.

"I told Juan this – and at that time Derrick and Juan were hanging real tight. Juan told Derrick, Derrick told Kevin; Derrick couldn't let me beat him out with a record because I was always drinking, hanging out, you know, always in the street. So Derrick worked his ass off in the studio to make his first record – I came in there, me and Juan smoked about five joints and I busted out my first record in seven hours. And it was the biggest motherf—ing record that hit Detroit at the motherf—ing time."

'Good Bye Kiss' and the records that followed, took a fresh, more Afrocentric direction inspired by the jazz one of Eddie's uncles always played; he remains a jazz fanatic to this day; "I'm a jazz f—ing freak man; George Clinton was a bad motherf—er and Kraftwerk, they's bad motherf—ers too, you gotta give them their props (recognition), but I ain't gonna say the same old thing as everyone else."

But if Detroit's record buying punters went for 'Good Bye Kiss', his competitors took a different view. Derrick May wouldn't play it, Eddie says, until he'd heard everyone else spin it to death. It was the start of the little known in-fighting that threatened to rip the whole Detroit scene apart.

The situation worsened when the British labels moved in, looking for raw talent for UK compilations. People didn't get paid, musicians' credits disappeared mysteriously from sleeves and egos started to grow; "It was real f—ed up."

So he took off to Los Angeles for a year and a half, only returning when the money ran out and the pull of his Motor City roots proved too strong.

"I was broke like the stock exchange baby," he hoots, laughing, "I was still trying to get shit together but I had to sell my equipment."

Since then he's been clawing back, getting a studio together, forging new deals, taking in vocal house, pure Detroit vibes and near-junglist breakbeat techno on an increasingly prolific stream of vinyl, as well as DJing all over the world. All this without a sniff of hype.

"I didn't need no media blitz to help me sell records," he grins, well aware of the contradictory nature of the situation. "When I come over to play I like to chill, I don't like to do interviews, because I'm just a regular person, I don't wanna put a costume on and have pictures. But I want to do this interview for one reason man, because people don't know how long I been DJing – I got my first mixer in '78 (he's now 32) – these days people put one record out and they're a DJ. That's why I don't DJ no more, because it's no fun no more. Anybody could put two records together – it's the selection that counts."

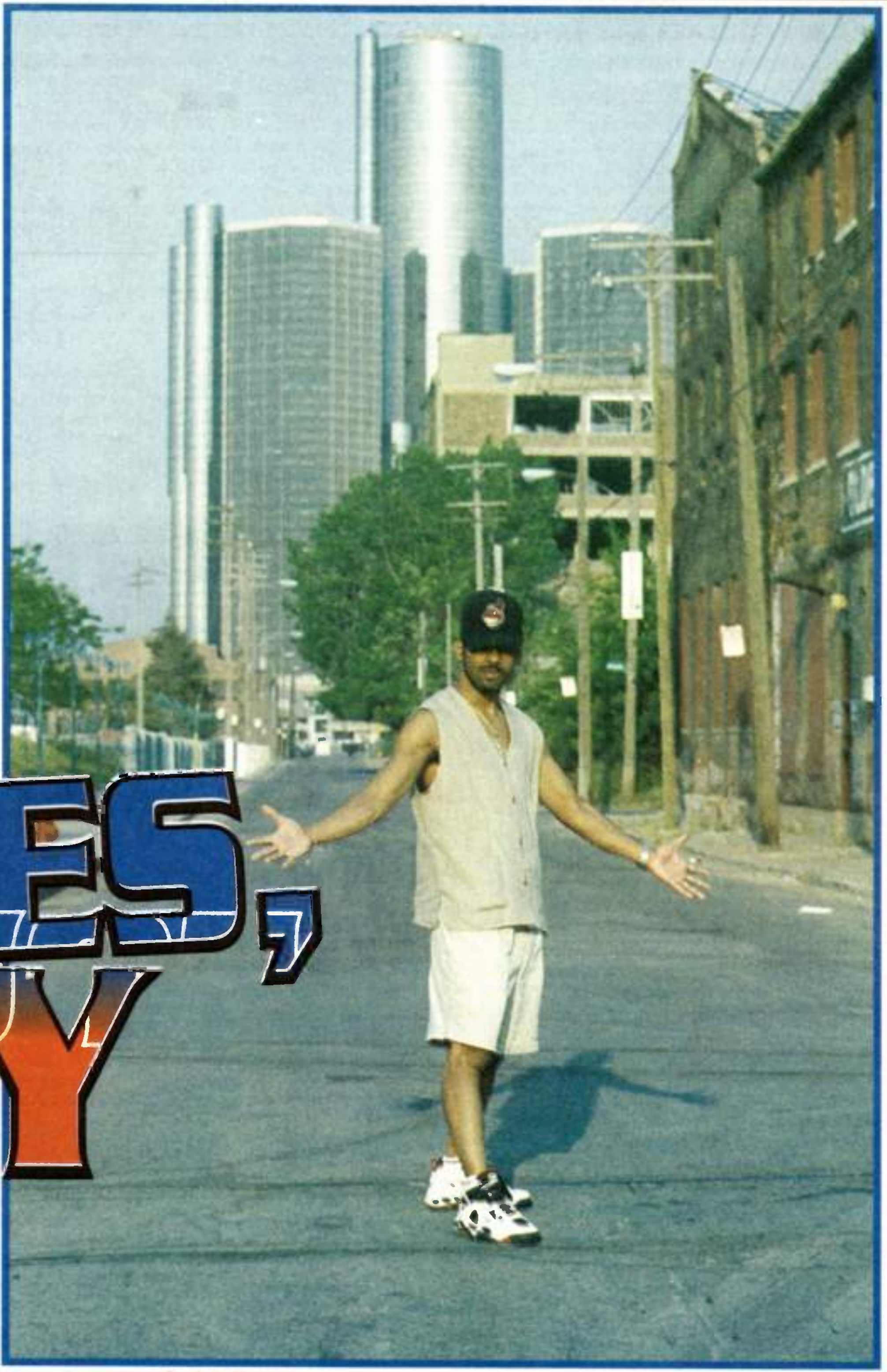
The disadvantages of mere underground notoriety are clear though too – it's probably too late to break long-held opinions about techno's origins now, but Fowlkes is having a good crack.

"You just see this Holy Trinity across the world," he challenges. "You come to Detroit and ask someone who Derrick May is? They'll be like 'I don't know.' Kevin Saunderson? – 'no'. Juan Atkins – yes, Eddie Fowlkes – yes. If you get lost, you ask for me or Juan and they'll say yeah, they live right here.

"Because I'm from Detroit – I was born in Detroit and you'd be surprised how many motherf—ers are spitting out they're from Detroit when they ain't. It's a war and what we started we gotta keep, and tell people it came in this chronological order. I'm gonna tell you the truth about everything. F— the bullshit; that's why I called my new EP 'The Truth', because that's what I wanna tell."

And, for maybe the first time in Fowlkes' 32 years, the world is listening.

Ben Willmott



Eddie Fowlkes: no flash in Motor City's pan

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Simply scour your brain for the name of the Icelandic vocalist who ended up in trouble with Mr Scanner recently, jot it down on a postcard and send it to Lo-Fi Competition, *Vibes* at *NME*, 25th Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE99 OBB.

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THE POLITIQUES OF DANCING

"Me, a boffin? Pah!" Oh dear, **NEUROPOLITIQUE**'s Matt Cogger is not amused. "Horses for courses, mate," he mumbles. "I'd rather be propping up the bar than twiddling away in me bedroom."

Manager of a swanky Soho bar, top lad about town, supreme expert on where to get a drink outside licensing hours and a fetish club freak he may be, but there's more to Matt than boozing, bondage and more boozing. His commitment to the pure techno soundtrack stretches back to a time when only ART's Kirk Degiorgio, The Black Dog and Irdial's In Sync were touching on a similar wavelength in the UK.

"It's the typical druggy story," he says, launching into a tale that's anything but typical. "I got heavily involved in the acid house scene, couldn't hack the office job anymore, jumped on a plane, landed in Detroit and ended up working for Transmat (Derrick May's hugely influential and soon to be reactivated label)."

Simple as that – Matt touched down in Motor City in 1990, kipped on various godlike producers' sofas and encountered the future of music for six months.

He saw it all; both sides of the coin; checking out Derrick May DJing at The Music Institute one night, getting mugged with Juan Atkins the next.

"I think they were quite touched that I'd travelled all that way to see them, just because of this bizarre music they were making," he continues. "Back then, who'd have thought that one day toothpaste commercials would end up using techno music?"

Considering the head start he's had on most European techno producers, Neuropolitique's kept a low profile so far – since his first single on Metroplex in 1990, his output's been limited to three 12"s and a largely overlooked LP on Irdial last year. But thanks to the New Electronica label that's about to change.

Named after a line from cult sci-fi flick *THX11138*, 'Are You Now Or Have You Ever Been' sees him bursting from the underground clutching eight tracks of demented Cuban percussion, scurrying chords, spiky melodies and inventive 909 programming. Not dissimilar to Orbital in places, it succeeds in being as accessible as it is adventurous.

"The boisterous Detroit attitude's present on this album," he explains, "but so's the influence of everyday life in London; the stuff you pick up from communicating with people."

Shamelessly, he owns up to an even more mainstream project he's hoping to piece together, a bonkers collaboration with, erm, one of techno's founding fathers.

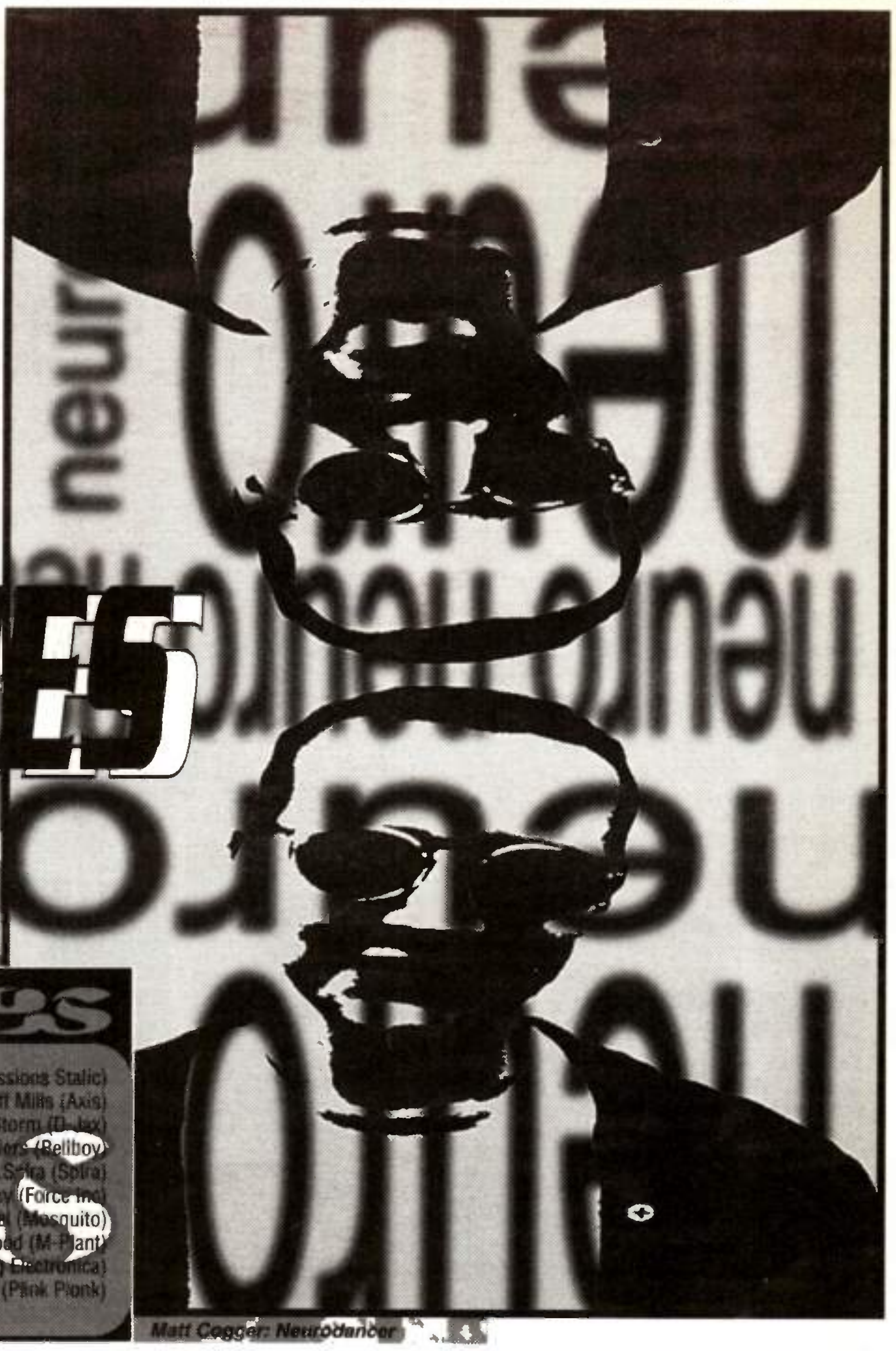
"New Electronica have been talking to Gary Numan's management for me," he admits, "I'm interested in making a camp, menacing pop record with him .Y'know, just to see what happens." He's not drunk, honest.

Andy Crysell

10 WITH

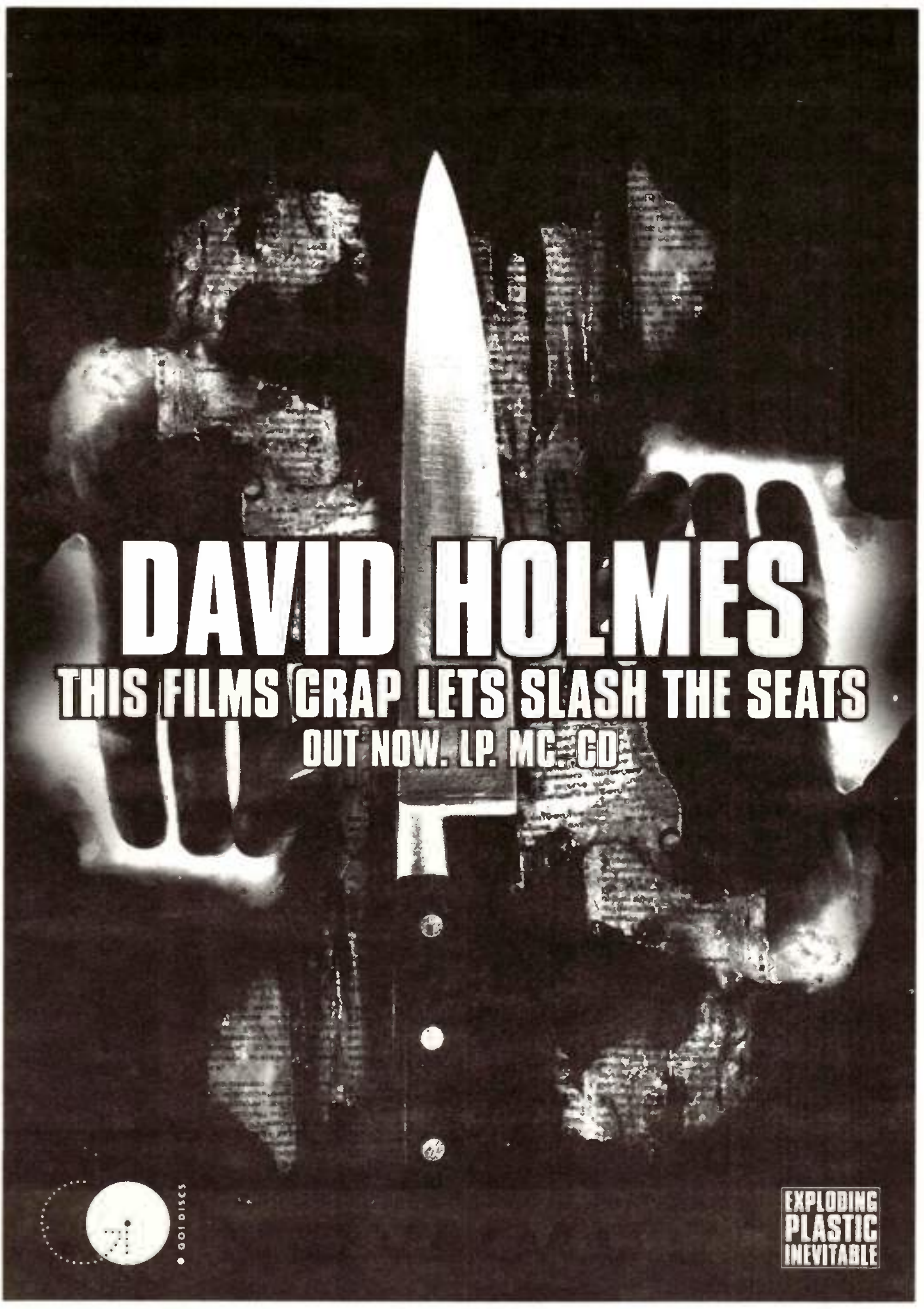
1	BEING 1	Be-ing (Emissions Static)
2	AXIS 12	Jeff Mills (Axis)
3	ION	Storm (D-Jax)
4	DEFUNCTION	Sean Carriers (Bellboy)
5	NERVE JACK	Spira (Spira)
6	CELTIC QUEST (DJ SNEAK REMIX)	Ian Pooley (Force Inc)
7	MOSQUITO 3	Christian Vogel (Mosquito)
8	MOVEABLE PARTS	Robert Hood (M-Plant)
9	RADIATION EP	Acid Jesus (Klang Electronica)
10	AGORAPHOBIA (KENNY LARKIN MIX)	LA Synthesis (Plink Plonk)

Compiled by Claude Young



Matt Cogger: Neurodancer

PICTURE: PETER WALSH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HEY THERE GIORGIO BOY

"**A**rmani's not my real name," confesses Chicago's **ROBERT ARMANI**, letting slip a rare smile, "I got it through wearing a lot of Giorgio Armani clothes – the females started calling me Armani. Before that my DJ name was Mixing W Rob." Let's face it, Armani's better.

When DJ Pierre cut the first acid tune back in the 1980s, Armani was just a teenage DJ watching a scene change and waiting for his moment. These days he's part of the international DJ jet set community; respected by house aficionados, but more importantly, a key producer of the kind of red raw hard house that inevitably ends up on the decks at 3am on Friday night whether you're in New York, London, Berlin or Tokyo.

"When I make a track," confirms Armani, "I try and picture a crowd going off, jumping off. You have to really get your head into it if you want to make a track."

When Armani cuts tracks he's not thinking about melody, harmony or counterpoint. He can see a dancefloor in his head and the sounds he uses are for the body. His most popular tracks, like 'Ambulance' and 'Circus Bells', use no more than a riff and a rhythm. Sometimes the riff is a siren, a keyboard or a whistle, just the minimum to hold your head in a loop. The real action is where the beats shift, jump, cut and twist like they're alive.

"You see," explains Armani, "I'm original, I don't sample shit. I have my own style and I mix down live."

Working from a studio in the basement of his Chicago home, Armani doesn't even use a computer, preferring, like a lot of Detroit and Chicago artists, to jam on his machines. Sometimes Armani's deep voice will sneak out of the mix, booming 'I've Got A Big Dick' or 'I'm Gonna Tear This Motherf—er Up,' easily matching the ferocity of the music.

Like a lot of old-skool US producers he still uses lo-fi and outdated synths. "A lot of the sounds come from really cheap keyboards. Little battery keyboards that people don't know about. That's where 'Circus Bells' came from."

'Circus Bells' emerged from Armani's cheap boxes to dominate half the planet. Like Detroit's Underground Resistance tracks, 'Circus Bells' was hard enough to be accepted by the European rave scene. Like UR's Mike Banks and Jeff Mills, Armani realised he was going to have to whack up the sonic thunder if he was going to sell any records.

And when he plays live he uses the basics and no more. Just one man, a drum machine and a dancefloor.

"Everybody's saying 'where's the keyboards?' and shit," he drawls, "but it's all in that one drum machine."

Armani live is like Armani behind the decks: minimal, raw and hard. But there's also a laid-back side to Robert, which he keeps for his own Dancemania label and airs under aliases like Eric Martin and Mark Bernard.

Dancemania goes right back to the mid-80s; its first releases were classics like Lil Louis' 'Original Video Clash' and 'Wargames', and Victor Romero's 'Love Will Find A Way'. It's a first generation, obscure Chicago label, the kind that trainspotters have sticky dreams about. Armani claims to co-own it, but he'd rather talk about ACV, the Italian label that's released his albums 'Right To Silence', 'Muzik Man' and his current 'Madman Stand' double pack.

"I want people to feel my shit," he smiles before we finish, "so it has to be hard. I want them to feel my bass. The bass has gotta be real hard, I want you to really hear it pump. I blow a lot of speakers doing that but it comes out alright in the end."

His loss is our gain.

Tony Marcus

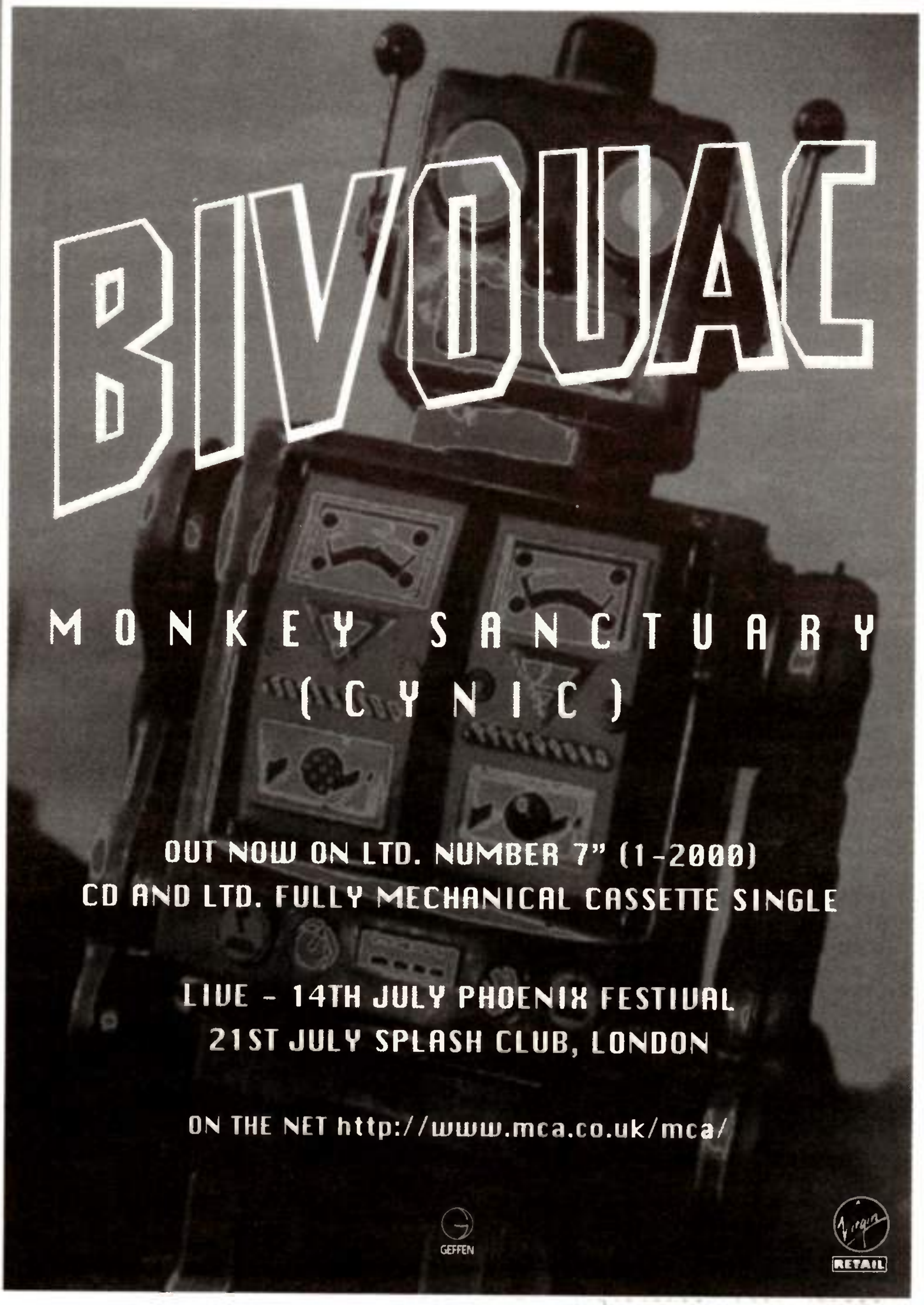
● *'Shout – The Future Tribe', a compilation featuring unreleased tracks by Robert Armani, Dave Clarke and a host of other ACV acts, including a 30-minute mix by Armani, is released on the label this week.*

Robert Armani: "I want people to feel my shit"

PICTURE: GRAHAM PROUDLOVE

VIBES

● This week's 'cool coppers' award goes to the Derbyshire Constabulary, who turned up at the end of **DIY**'s naughty Solstice free party in the depths of the Derbyshire countryside last week – not to arrest the blighters, but to help them shift a speaker stack that'd become lodged between two rocks... ● *Vibes* hears that South London-based hardbag specialists **JEEP GIRLZ** recently acquired the mixing desk handbuilt for longhairs **DEEP PURPLE** way back in 1971, complete with 'Made For Deep Purple' printed on it – expect those house mixes of 'Smoke On The Water' any day now... ● Jungle forerunner **DOC SCOTT** has started a label; one of the first releases on **31 RECORDS** will be the much promoed 'Chill' 12" from Octave 1... ● Danish ambi-techno duo **TOURNESOL** have a new LP 'Moonfunk' due on R&S on August 14... ● Having featured Charlatans' vocalist **TIM BURGESS** on their new LP, **THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS** have returned the favour by remixing **THE CHARLATANS**' 'Toothache' and 'Nine Acre' tracks on a promo-only EP currently doing the rounds. As ever, keep 'em peeled, spotters... ● Having had his 'Icct Hedral' track orchestrated by **PHILIP GLASS**, **THE APHEX TWIN** has remixed 'Sinking Of The Titanic' by similarly acclaimed classical type **GAVIN BRIARS**, part of a whole Briars-related multi-media package to emerge later in the year, *Vibes* understands. Fans of facial hair will be deeply saddened to hear Richard James – the man who makes up for the techno scene's general lack of follicles in one foul sprout – has had his beard severely trimmed and even given his locks a bit of a chop. "He's gone from the Jesus look to executive Bob" one source close to the great man was heard muttering recently... ● **CHILDREN OF THE BONG**, Planet Dog's dubbed up electronicists, unleash their debut LP 'Sirius Sounds' on the label on July 31... ● Jazzy Gallic-house man **ST GERMAIN** has his three 'Boulevard' singles rounded up on to a CD; 'Boulevard 3/3' is released on **LAURENT GARNIER**'s F Communications label on July 26... ● **JIMI TENOR**, Finland's all-singing, all-prancing techno troubadour, releases his second LP 'Europa', on the acclaimed Sahko label on August 7...



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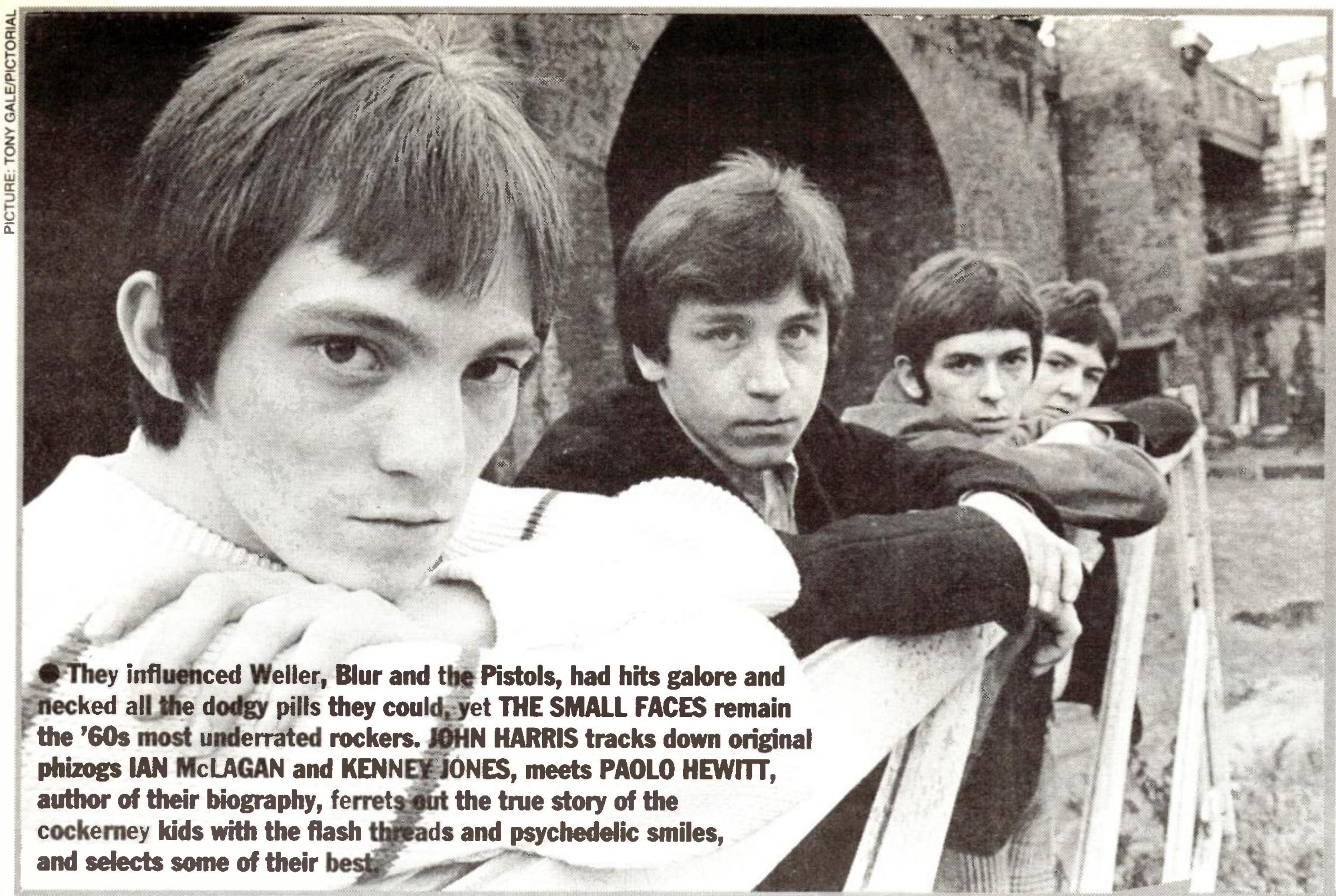


PICTURE: TONY GALE/PICTORIAL

● They influenced Weller, Blur and the Pistols, had hits galore and necked all the dodgy pills they could, yet THE SMALL FACES remain the '60s most underrated rockers. JOHN HARRIS tracks down original phizogs IAN McLAGAN and KENNEY JONES, meets PAOLO HEWITT, author of their biography, ferrets out the true story of the cockerney kids with the flash threads and psychedelic smiles, and selects some of their best.

Cutchy-itchycoo - it's all too moodyful for the Faces of '65

ITCHYCOO

You're 21. By some divine quirk of fate, you're living in a city that feels like it's the capital of the world.

By nightfall, you'll probably have slipped into one of the musk-scented cellars that form the backbone of the new Babylon, before crawling back to a communal residence that's starting to assume the characteristics of a psychedelic zoo. There's no knowing who'll have dropped by tonight: Keith Richards? Marianne Faithfull? Brian Epstein, ruddy-faced and panic-stricken after mistakenly swallowing his first dose of acid?

Whatever, in the context of your life's main preoccupation, all this amounts to mere window-dressing. As everyone knows, you're a member of one of London's more esteemed groups: a band who've moved from being expert purveyors of orthodox R&B to seizing on all manner of influences and producing music that encapsulates its garish, euphoric time to absolute perfection.

Better still, you have a vocalist who's already being saluted as one of the finest singers around. You've written a stream of songs that drip brilliance from their every note. You've also been blessed with the appearance of the archetypal four-piece pop group – you're even the same height, for god's sake.

You are, incidentally, a member of The Small Faces. In contrast to all this, your story will eventually become soaked in sadness, acrimony and justified bitterness – but for now, you're quietly chuffed to bits. Who can blame you?

NEARLY 30 years after the party's close, Ian McLagan – The Small Faces' keyboard player, known forever as 'Mac' – is staying in Los Angeles. A beneficiary, like so many of his generation, of the metabolic gift that's so far ruled out weight gain or hair loss, he's a spritely, squirrel-eyed man who'll dissect his '60s experiences with very little encouragement.

His appointment with us comes on the verge of a pivotal event in the strange, sprawling afterlife of The Small Faces: the publication of a long-overdue biography. Beautifully presented and impeccably researched, it's been written by one-time *NME* writer Paolo Hewitt with the explicit aim of pulling the group out of cultdom, and placing them alongside the Beatles, Stones, Who *et al* as one of the '60s absolute staples.

They were formed along textbook lines – chance meetings, mutual friends – and released their first single in August 1965. A basic splurge of old-school R&B entitled 'What'cha Gonna Do About It', it was a fine statement of intent; driven by the astonishing vocals of one Stephen Patrick Marriott (an alarmingly hyperactive ex-child actor who'd played The Artful Dodger in the stage version of *Oliver!*), and underpinned by a clipped cool that betrayed the group's mod sensibility in an instant.

Its success was soon followed by the ejection of organ player Jimmy Winston – who stood a foot taller than his three compadres (Marriott, bassist Ronnie Lane and drummer Kenney Jones) – and Mac's recruitment.

"I was a fan anyway," he smiles. "Me dad had told me about 'em: one Friday night he was watching *Ready Steady Go*, going "Ere! Come on! Check these boys out!'. He thought Ronnie Lane looked just like me – which he did. I couldn't f—in' believe it. It was so *feisty*.

"They were already a hit. 'What'cha Gonna Do About It' was Top Ten. The next single, 'I've Got Mine' came out and that was a flop, but after that it was non-stop. Like a dream. 'Sha La La La Lee' came next, and after that it all goes slightly vague. I don't really know what fits in where."

There soon followed a debut album, a succession of ever-bigger hits ('All Or Nothing' reached Number One in August 1966), a move to Andrew Loog Oldham's unspeakably cool Immediate label, another album, a burgeoning mastery of psychedelia that resulted in the superlative 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake' – and arrival at one of Central London's more notorious addresses…

"20 Westmoreland Terrace in Pimlico," Mac recalls. "Me, Ronnie and Steve lived there for a year. It was a madhouse. We'd get back from a gig, score some hash and just *go*. The gigs almost got in the way. It was *the* party: people used to come round just to watch us. We had all the best acid and all the best fun."

KENNEY JONES, whiling away a Friday morning in his Surrey retreat, recalls that he was the one member of the group who chose to take selective helpings of the Pimlico life.

"I couldn't get any sleep," he moans, "so I just thought 'F— it!'. I used to go up the Embankment to my parents in Stepney, just so I could get some rest. No-one in that house would go to bed before five in the morning. It was like a train station. But it was really, really exciting: one day there'd be a couple of people you'd never seen before in the lounge, and two hours later The Rolling Stones would be sitting there."

His three colleagues finally moved out in January 1967, just prior to their move to Immediate. In the meantime, they'd split from their first manager, and begun to uncover the blight that bedevils them to this day – the fact that they made practically no money from any of their success.

"We were constantly fighting," says Kenney. "All the time. While we were trying to make music we were having managerial problems, difficulty with money… all sorts of trouble. We were like the Olivers of pop, I suppose: 'Please Sir, may I have some more?'. And it wasn't greed, either. We were just trying to get hold of what we deserved.

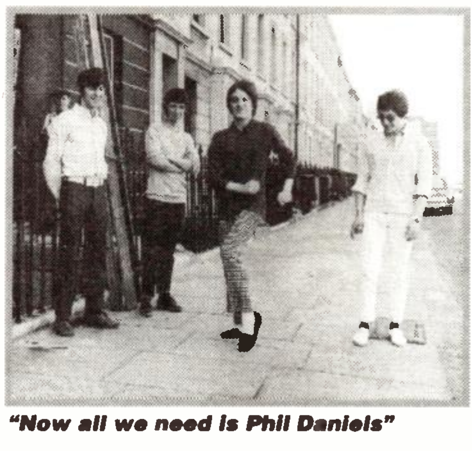
"Our parents eventually tried to do something about it," Mac remembers. "They went up to the management's office at one point, '66 or '67. They could see that none of us had any money, so they got together. All they got was 'Well of course they're broke – they're all on heroin'. My mum and dad were horrified. None of us had taken heroin, but it fobbed them off. I hope all those people rot in Hell."

Their suffering went further. On account of management paranoia, they never visited America, where they would probably have cleaned up (they'd inevitably meet people who'd alert them to how much they should be earning, ran the argument). And they were constantly battling against a clear wish to perpetuate their identity as an ephemeral, giggle-ridden pop group.

"We were always trying to shake that off," says Kenney, "but managers never want you to move away from something that's successful. We were always having to watch our backs. You know, no sooner were we out of the country than they'd put out 'Lazy Sunday' as a single, and lo and behold, we were back in with that jokey, poppy image."

THE SMALL Faces fought back valiantly, but for Steve Marriott, the limits placed by their stereotypical persona (cheeky cockneys, in a nutshell) soon proved to be too much. He eloped in early 1969, to form the testosterone-soaked Humble Pie with Peter Frampton, while the rest of the group cajoled Rod Stewart and Ronnie Wood into forming The Faces.

> **"Our parents went to the management's office. None of us had any money, so they got together. All they got was 'Well of course they're broke – they're all on heroin'." – Ian McLagan**



PICTURE: PICTORIAL

"Now all we need is Phil Daniels"

Both paths led to admirable levels of success, but The Small Faces' story – which took in an ill-advised '70s reformation – eventually plummeted into the realms of tragedy. While Mac went on to play with Bob Dylan, Springsteen and glam/punk ensemble The Rich Kids (among others) and Kenney Jones replaced Keith Moon in The Who, Ronnie Lane, currently resident in Colorado, developed multiple sclerosis.

Marriott, meanwhile, fell back into the London pub circuit, playing R&B standards with a series of inauspicious backing bands. In 1991, he was killed in a house fire in his Essex cottage .

"I hadn't spoken to him in years," says Mac. "I just never called him. I loved him from a distance, and that was the only way I could love him. I'd get to dislike him if I was with him too long.

"It was a terrible way to go. A waste. But he was 900 years old in Steve Marriott years. He *lived* his life: he lived three days to everyone else's one. He was a very… what's the word?… *electric* bloke."

"When you go through what happened to The Small Faces," says Paolo Hewitt, "it's a classically tragic story. It's like *Once Upon A Time In America* or something. You've got these four guys who are unbelievably close, living this amazing life, and then all these things conspire to tear them apart – on top of which you've got everything that happened afterwards…"

In the midst of all the misery, there are a few rays of light. The influential potency of The Small Faces (see Weller, Blur, Supergrass *et al*) has never been greater. Their omission from the annals of the '60s is well on the way to being rectified. And Ian McLagan and Kenney Jones say they're within sight of winning back their lost millions – and ensuring that, rather than being shabbily-executed tat, today's Small Faces albums are the same as the ones that crash-landed so dazzlingly in the midst of the '60s.

They'll arrive within the next few years, apparently. Stick them within inches of your Beatles records.

● Small Faces: The Young Mods' Forgotten Story *is published by Acid Jazz Books, priced £14.99.*

HERE COME THE, ERM. NICE RECORDS

ALL OR NOTHING *(1966)*
KA-POW! ROCKETED to number one on the back of the most inspired 'Ba-ba-ba' segment in rock history.

GET YOURSELF TOGETHER *(1967)*
FROM THE first Immediate album. A driven encapsulation of unrequited obsession later covered by The Jam.

HERE COME THE NICE *(1967)*
HEAVENLY PAEAN to amphetamines that focuses on an extremely reliable dealer who's "*always there when I need some speed*".

ITCHYCOO PARK *(1967)*
"*IT'S ALL too beautiful!*" yelps Marriott. He's taken some funny tablets, and this is ripping.

TIN SOLDIER *(1967)*
AMONG THE best five singles ever made, and decisive proof that Steve Marriott was a five-foot genius.

SONG OF A BAKER *(1968)*
SUNG BY Ronnie Lane. A stirring example of '60s pastoralism that shows why McLagan calls him "a mystic".

AFTERGLOW (OF YOUR LOVE) *(1968)*
FANTASTICALLY EUPHORIC love song that was whispered in the ears of thousands of '60s swinging lovers. Probably.

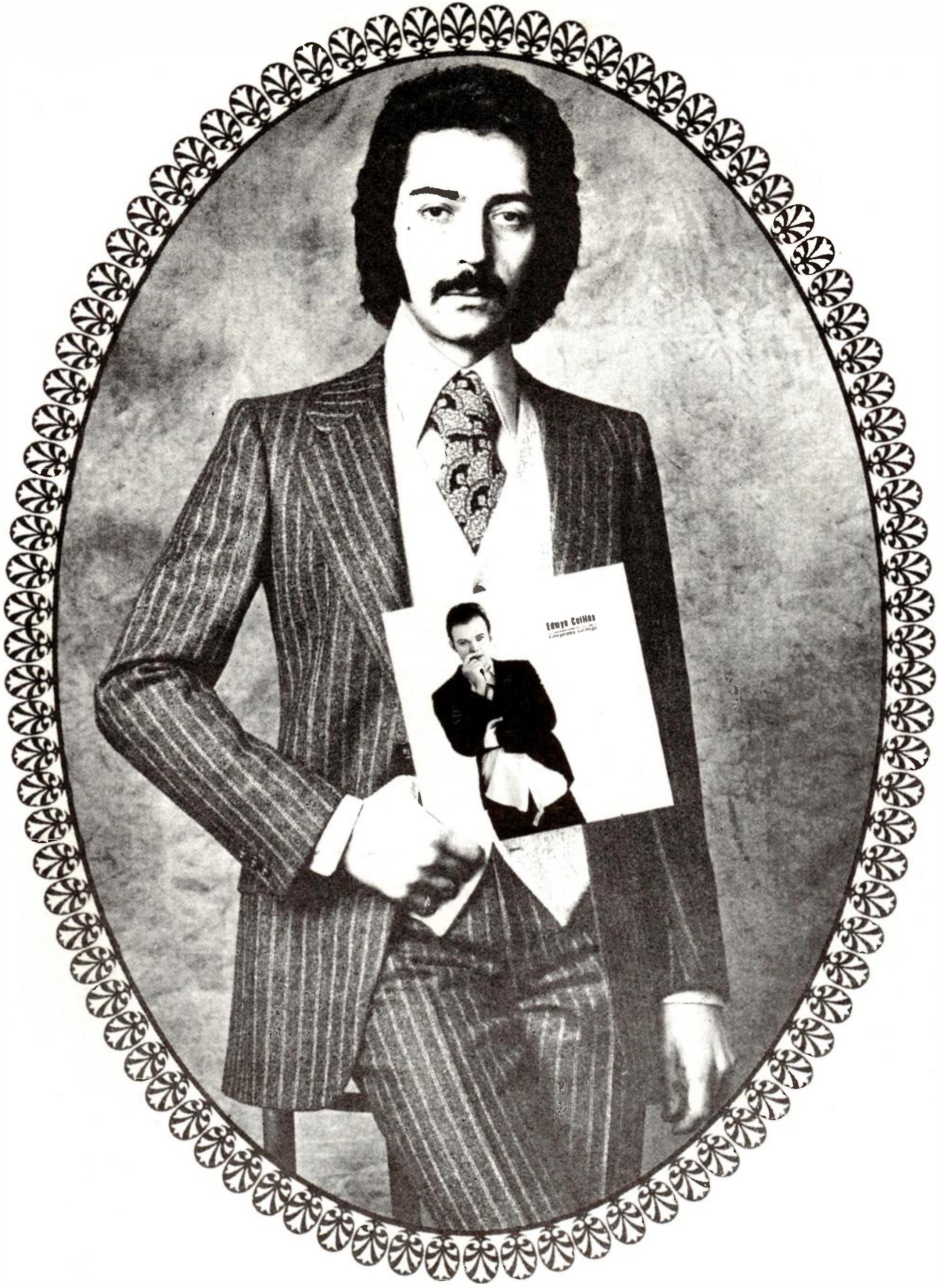
LAZY SUNDAY *(1968)*
EVERYTHING THEY came to despise, but notable for its invention of cockney lad-rock; 27 years pass, and we get 'Parklife'.

RED BALLOON *(1969)*
BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE ballad tailor-made for summer campfires. Providing you've got a 12-string guitar.

WHAM BAM THANK YOU MAM *(1969)*
PROTO-METAL THAT presages Marriott's departure by landing squarely on Planet Raunch. Oo-er!

● Everything here, apart from 'Get Yourself Together' (on a Sequel Records version of the first Immediate album), is available on Castle's 'Ultimate Collection'. See also their reissues of 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake', 'The Autumn Stone' and numerous 'Best Of' albums.

No Crypto Major, No Nepotism, No Hype


Edwyn Collins
Gorgeous George

EDWYN COLLINS'

GORGEOUS GEORGE

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WRH

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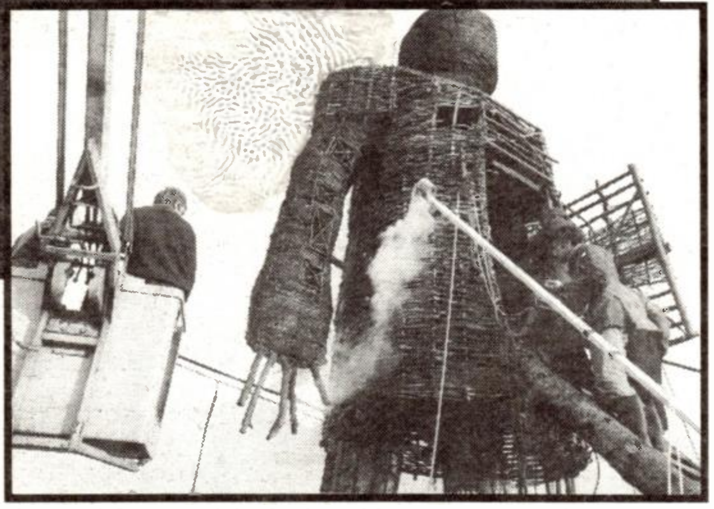
All formats feature two new tracks 'Darling Be There' & 'Maniac'
12" comes with giant colour poster
CD2 includes bonus track 'One Time Too Many'
'C'Mon Billy' is taken from the album 'To Bring You My Love'

ISLAND

VIDEO

PICTURES: MOVIE COLLECTOR MAGAZINE

Peter Snell with Shaffer and Hardy: basket cases



Lighters! Cameras! Action!: making yer actual Wicker Man

● Through a bizarre series of events **THE WICKER MAN**, Hammer's great lost chiller, has never been accorded the respect it is due. Now, 20 years after it was made, **DAMON WISE** finally gets to see the video.

TINDER FLICKS

Deceit, betrayal and arcane practice all conspired to limit *The Wicker Man*'s impact in the UK in 1973 and hide it from American audiences. Even now, a welcome video release by Warners is still missing whole fragments of its original footage.

Director Robin Hardy, who made his feature debut with the film after a lucrative career in commercials and US TV movies, remains remarkably sanguine about the affair. Filmed in 1972, *The Wicker Man* concerns a pompous Catholic policeman, Sergeant Howie (Edward Woodward), sent to investigate the disappearance of a local girl on a remote Scottish island. The villagers deny all knowledge but, as Howie digs deeper, he finds a community bound together by an ancient pagan belief orchestrated by the enigmatic Lord Summerisle (Christopher Lee). Spurred by his faith and integrity, Howie finally solves the riddle – bringing him closer to his God than he'd presumably intended.

But when the film was presented for release, production company British Lion was too busy negotiating a buy-out by EMI. As a consequence, the film went out only briefly here in 1973, with more than 15 minutes cut from its 102 minutes, and was tucked away on a double bill with Nicolas Roeg's *Don't Look Now*. Stateside audiences fared even worse. Under a tax-shelter deal (which later saw its engineer jailed), the film went to a consortium more preoccupied with making money from a write-off. After playing, according to Hardy, "in the middle of the night at a couple of drive-ins", the film fizzled and died.

Or, at least, it would have if the story ended there. Eager to see justice for his film, if only in America, Hardy sued the men behind the tax rip-off and secured a proper release. There was still, however, the matter of the original negative, which British Lion said was "lost" – accidentally sold as landfill for the M4. Luckily, when an American distributor was being sought for the film, an uncut copy had been sent to Roger Corman's company in Los Angeles where an assiduous editor held onto it. As a result, some sequences were reinstated by a creaky technical process, hence the weird or, as Hardy puts it, "soupy" night scenes.

This partially restored version is the most widely seen, but even with so much missing (Howie's first night on the island, Lord Summerisle's keynote speech about his ancestors), most of the film's dazzling, literate ingenuity shines through. In fact, the film's timelessness is as much due to Antony Shaffer's multi-layered, deliciously ironic script ("One has to remember, an awful lot of this film is an elaborate joke," says Hardy) as the underplayed, naturalistic direction.

"Tony and I made it because we were both great horror buffs," he explains, "and we were rather bored with… I don't mean to badmouth Hammer films, but they adhered to a very strict series of rules about good and evil – the cross and the garlic or what have you – everyone understood the rules and the variations. But our idea was to make a film about where all those ideas came from, which predated Christianity."

To emphasise this, Hardy added a hypnotic folk score, which reflects the film's rejection of horror cliches. "I actually added the songs myself, because it seemed to me that music is a big part of any religion's practice. Hinduism and Christianity are full of music, so it seemed to me their religion would be."

The songs themselves were based on the research by 19th Century historian Cecil Sharp, who collected bawdy folk songs in the oral tradition, both here and in the States, and hastily sanitised his findings for Queen Victoria.

"Tony was called away on another film, so Peter Shaffer very kindly stepped in his place," says Hardy. "Pete and his friend Paul Giovanni, who did the music, rearranged these folk songs and made them comprehensible, made them work within the story. But the melodies are all authentic, and many of them – particularly 'Summer Is Icumen In' – predate Christianity."

Hardy's insistence on using traditional instruments underscores the film's intense, primitive fears. How successful he was is proven when, during a scene in which Sergeant Howie rescues the missing girl, an ugly electric guitar track pops up, courtesy of British Lion. "They thought, 'Oh there's not enough hokey music in this', so they put in this terrible piece of electronic music," he winces. "It's awful. Ugh!"

Another added extra made an appearance when Britt Ekland was required to perform a saucy naked dance to arouse the puritanical Howie. But despite tabloid reports of her later husband Rod Stewart's clucking, Britt doesn't appear completely naked in the film; she would only be filmed from the waist up, apparently citing a dissatisfaction with the shape of her bottom.

"Obviously we wouldn't have had her in little pants or something," says Hardy, "so we had to rush down to Glasgow and comb the strip joints for a girl who looked approximately like Britt Ekland. We found this girl, and the owner of the club said, 'You won't take her away for very long, will you? She's one of my best girls'. Anyway, I didn't know this but apparently the crew kept her for two weeks."

Hardy has high hopes of re-releasing *The Wicker Man* in its full, original form, but at the moment he has two movies in production and a career in journalism to keep him occupied. So don't hold your breath though, in the meantime, keep a look out for a strange little thriller he made in Ireland during the late '80s, *The Fantasist*.

"You see, the trouble with all this is that it takes so much time," he admits. "And, you know, we all have to make a living. Tracking these things down is a full-time job…"

DOGS IN SPACE *(Popular Progress)*

MICHAEL HUTCHENCE as a smack-addled wannabe rockstar trying to rise above the squat squalor of the late-'70s Melbourne punk scene. This Australian movie is one of the best looks at the grimy, luckless reality of a subculture turning to shit. And the man currently enjoying a *Big Breakfast* and all the trimmings has one of those made-for-the-part performances (see Bowie in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, Jagger in *Performance*) that proves the exception to the 'musicians shouldn't act' rule.

THE JAMES DEAN COLLECTION *(Warner Brothers)*

THE THREE films – *East Of Eden*, *Rebel Without A Cause* and *Giant* – that spawned the legend and the *Forever James Dean* documentary that celebrates it.

In terms of charisma it's not hard to see why JD had such a lasting effect – the extravagant melodrama of *Rebel* is still the last word in noble teen suffering. In *Eden*, he's the running sore and demon seed in his farming family, exploiting the weaknesses and differences between his mother and father.

***Giant* is a yawning epic barely able to contain his angry, restless and reckless cannonball of a performance. Before that movie finished shooting, Dean was killed in a chicken run car chase but his achievements in these three films are still remarkable, his bruised intensity and wounded view of humanity as eloquent and lasting as anything the movies have produced before or since.**

SHALLOW GRAVE *(Polygram)*

MANNERED AND highly unlikely chiller thriller set in Edinburgh yuppies' flat. When David, Alex and Juliet discover their new flatmate is not only Keith Allen (batten down the hatches, hide your drugs, lock up the drinks cabinet) but also dead *(How did they notice? – Ed)* and in possession of a suitcase full of readies, all hell breaks loose in their hitherto easy-going relationship. Director Danny Cannon shows a knack for energetic mayhem and dark claustrophobia, the performances are good but the self-satisfied script suffocates the whole enterprise.

THE ROLLING STONES: Gimme Shelter/Live At The Max/ Sympathy For The Devil *(all Polygram Video)*

THE ROLLING product revue continues unabated: with all their albums up for grabs and the old men back in town, it's clean-up time. *Gimme Shelter*, the *verite* account of the Altamont debacle is the one worth having here. *At The Max* was made for the 'it's as if you're right there onstage with them' IMAX big screen which makes the video release a bit of a pig in a poke. Jean Luc Godard gets all pretentious and shows some of the growing tension between the lads and blond bimbo Brian Jones in the 1968 recording sessions for 'Beggars Banquet'.

Gavin Martin

THE X-FILES: Volumes 3 & 4 *(Fox Video)*

FOR ANYONE who has spent the last 18 months cocooned in a subterranean chamber by insectoid mutants from another dimension, *The X-Files* is the biggest TV cult in most parts of the planet.

It cleverly combines paranormal cyber-geek themes with *Twin Peaks* atmosphere and several smart new twists on the buddy-buddy cop show formula. Add a dash of sex – the much fancied David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson – and you're looking at potential merchandising opportunities of *Star Trek* proportions.

Hence these latest installments from the first series. Volume 3 is the better bet, with Scully and Mulder battling a forest-dwelling cannibal killer in *The Jersey Devil* and hunting a telekinetic spectre in *Shadows*.

Volume 4 is watchable enough but falls back on schlocky big-screen moves, the sinister supercomputer in *Ghost In The Machine* recalling HAL in *2001* and the Antarctic parasite antics of *Ice* begging unfavourable comparisons with John Carpenter's masterpiece *The Thing*.

Anyway, the best episodes – the killer kiddies of *Eve*, the barmy UFO fable *Space* – are yet to come. And isn't 11 of your Earth pounds for a measly two episodes somewhat on the steep side, humanoid scum?

Stephen Dalton

Chaos from Cash

JOHNNY CASH: The Man, His World, His Music *(Visionary)*

THE OPPORTUNITIES at hand to these film-makers – to present Johnny Cash loose and emotional in '69, could have produced an amazing document. He took them duck hunting and gigging, they followed him to a prison show and to the Indian monument at Wounded Knee. They met his folks and went back to the old house where he watched his brother slowly die. There's a million chances to catch a glimpse into the guy's soul. If only this film crew knew how to work the damn cameras…

Because this is terrible, amateur stuff. Awry exposures, awful editing, great chances fluffed. Even a recording session between Cash and Dylan (they howl together through 'One Too Many Mornings') is frustratingly opaque. We learn something of the ennui and sloppy nature of life on the road, but that doesn't mean the film had to follow suit.

Stuart Bailie

FILM

TAKE BAT AND PARTY

BATMAN FOREVER

DIRECTOR: **Joel Schumacher**
STARRING: **Val Kilmer, Jim Carrey, Tommy Lee Jones, Nicole Kidman, Chris O'Donnel**

IMAGINE HOW easy it must be to play Batman. Monosyllabic, apparently emotionless, easily replaced by a stuntman, no difficult dialogue or nude scenes, and you get to snog the sexiest women in America. But it's getting harder. See, Batman is acquiring a personality.

Hardcore Batman comic saddoes will be dismayed to learn that his enigmatic, existential brooding aura has been breached, not least by a sense of humour, and also due to chinks of emotional vulnerability, physical fallibility and a blurring of the distinctions between Bruce Wayne and his *alter ego*.

Respect due, then, to Val Kilmer in the lead role, and more importantly to Joel Schumacher, who's taken over from Tim Burton at the directorial reins. He has the same love, but just a little less haughty reverence for the world of Batman, and as such makes this film the most cartoonish of the trilogy, the funniest, the most fully drawn, and the best yet.

The great man's nemeses this time round are erstwhile vengeful brain scientist The Riddler, and cop-turned-villain-after-horrible-facial-disfigurement, Two Face (what is it about facial disfigurement in Batman? First it's Joker, now Two Face – what next? Psoriasis Man? Molly Half Face? Surely not everyone who has a bit of an argument with a Gillette Blue II ends up trying to destroy the entire known universe? Anyway…), played by Jim Carrey and Tommy Lee Jones respectively.

Individually they can't quite outcamp Nicholson's Joker, but put in the same screen space they make for manically entertaining slashes of colour. No more than you'd expect, mind, and the same could be said of Nicole Kidman as Chase Meridian, the token piece of snog. But she holds her own easily with predecessors Basinger and Pfeiffer by being less sexy and more Jessica Rabbit cartoon-perfect.

We needn't dwell on the main plot since the sub-plots and themes are far more interesting and give *Batman Forever* much of its winning charm.

The emergence of Robin is a case in point, taken under the Batwings when his family are killed by Two Face, echoing Batman's own origins and further bringing out the theme of Revenge versus Justice – getting mad versus getting even.

While there are plenty of deft strokes of self-referential humour (Robin: "Holy sheets of metal Batman!!!… it's some sheets of metal… they've got holes in them!") the real world is also gleefully mirrored satirically, TV escapism, media mind-control and pop psychology being the favourite targets.

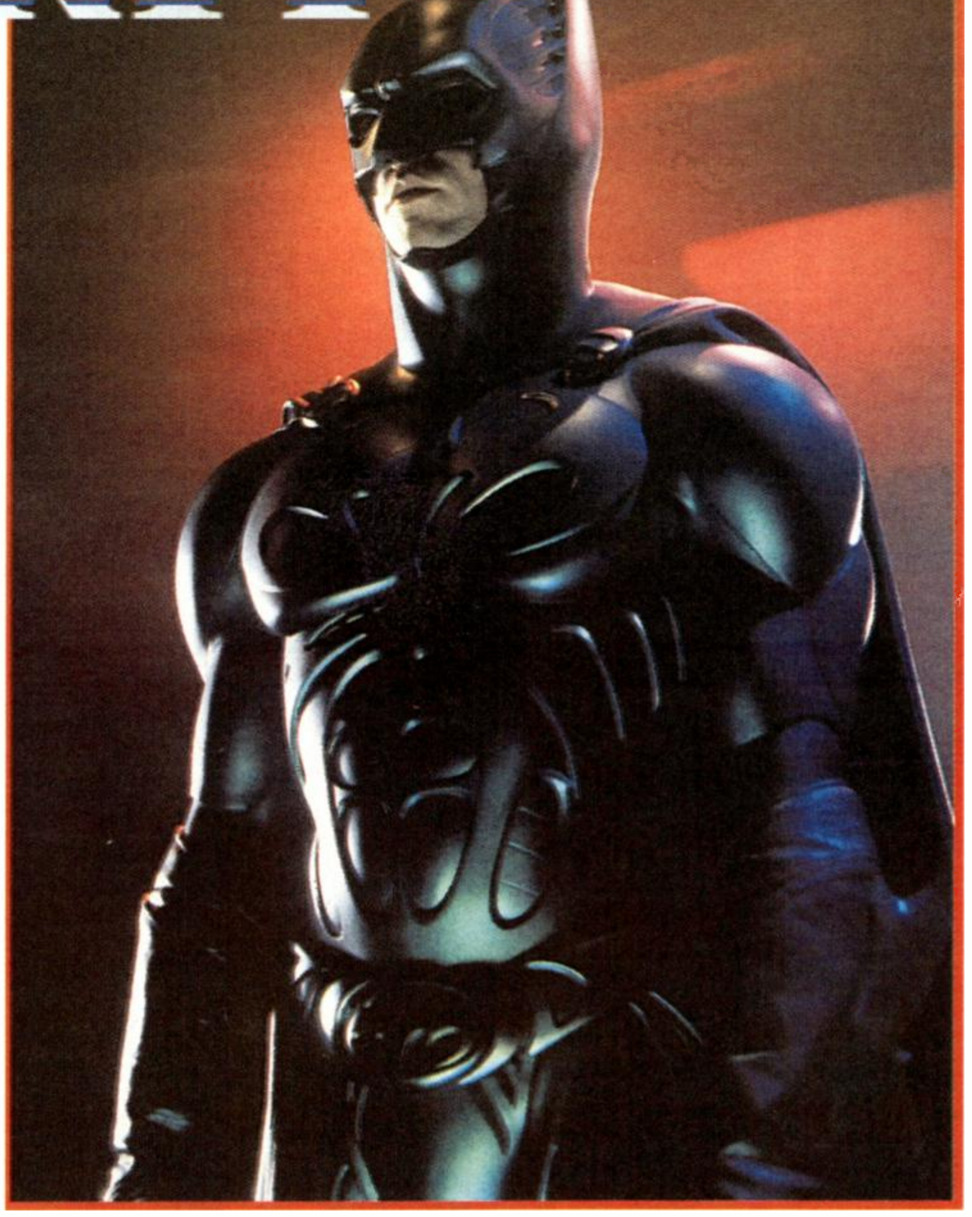
You could even see the whole movie in distinctly Freudian terms, what with split personalities a-go-go, traumatic childhoods and dead parents. Everyone here could do with some serious therapy. But thankfully, all this is flirted with playfully and without a hint of pretension.

In less skilled hands, all the characters, background stories, irony, sub-plots and sub-themes would over-egg the pudding to an uncomfortable extent. As it is, we're knocking on two hours long, and only perhaps the love scenes seem squeezed in for good measure.

The only major gripe is the lack of real suspense here. So busy are they making a subtle and affectionate pastiche of superhero stories that they forget the cliffhanging bits. Obviously anyone over the age of five knows roughly what's going to happen in the end, but a few hair-tearing thrills wouldn't go amiss.

Strangely enough, though, you hardly notice their absence, since your head is already comprehensively scrambled by the Formula One pace of all the other action crammed between your ears. And if it's too daft, you're too old.

Johnny Cigarettes



***Prannet of the capes:* Batman Forever**

WIN WIN WIN

BONE UP on the caped caper so far with the help of this week's fab competition. We have five sets of videos to giveaway courtesy of Warner Home Video – *Batman* and *Batman Returns* in sumptuous widescreen format and, just for good measure, because it's you and because it's less than six months to Christmas, a similarly presented version of *Bladerunner The Director's Cut*. Too good to be true? Not if you answer our question and get drawn out of the mailbag first!! Just name the actor who played Batman in the Tim Burton directed movie?

Send your entries to *NME*/Beyond Vision Comp, Parkes Print, 86 East Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex UB3 2HR.

MIAMI RHAPSODY

DIRECTOR: **David Frankel**
STARRING: **Sarah Jessica Parker, Mia Farrow, Antonio Banderas, Gil Bellows**

IT'S ALL looking rosy for Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker), your average neurotic, Jewish advertising-copywriter, when her good ole boy beau Matt (Gil Bellows) pops the question: they're successful, in love, living in Miami, everything, in fact, which would make them ideal targets for a Beautiful South lyric.

But Gwyn puts the brakes on as she wakes up to the fact that all the relationships which seemed so sturdy are falling to pieces around her ears – like her mother (Mia Farrow) who's partaking of extramarital fancies with a smouldering nurse (Antonio Banderas) while dad (Paul Mazursky) shacks up with his secretary. And that's before the movie even gets to Naomi Campbell (and believe me, you'll be sorry when it does).

Despite some snappy one-liners and generous performances, nothing can dispel the profound sense of familiarity which hangs around *Miami Rhapsody*. It never looks less than sumptuous, and writer-producer-director Frankel has clearly toiled to capture some of the stinging accuracies which make up the film's fibre – particularly fine are the Farrow/Banderas scenes; her invigorated by the attentions of her young suitor, him charmingly bemused.

But Parker cannot carry a picture yet, she eventually becomes an ingratiating presence, and after 30 minutes, you'll be itching for Crockett & Tubbs to blast in to the sound of a pulsing Jan Hammer theme and bust the entire cast for drug offences.

Ryan Gilbey

JASON'S LYRIC

DIRECTOR: **Doug McHenry**
STARRING: **Allen Payne, Bokeem Woodbine, Jada Pinkett, Forest Whitaker**

DELUSIONS OF grandeur, misplaced biblical overtones, crunching misogyny – but once you get over all these things, Doug McHenry's study of a love affair trying to survive in grimy Houston is actually a searing, powerful work, despite the fact that it makes you want to bury your head in your hands and holler "Oh God, why was I born into this wretched world full of nothing but pain and despair?" Or something.

Jason (Allen Payne) and Joshua (Bokeem Woodbine) grow up in the ugly shadow of their violent Vietnam vet father (Forest Whitaker) and while Jason escapes his traumatic childhood to find a respectable job, and a sensitive girlfriend named Lyric (Jada Pinkett), Joshua wades deeper into the seedier side of life, dealing drugs and doing time. But Jason, who has stuck diligently to the straight and narrow all his life, finds his loyalties torn between Joshua and Lyric, as his brother's gangland activities encroach on all their lives.

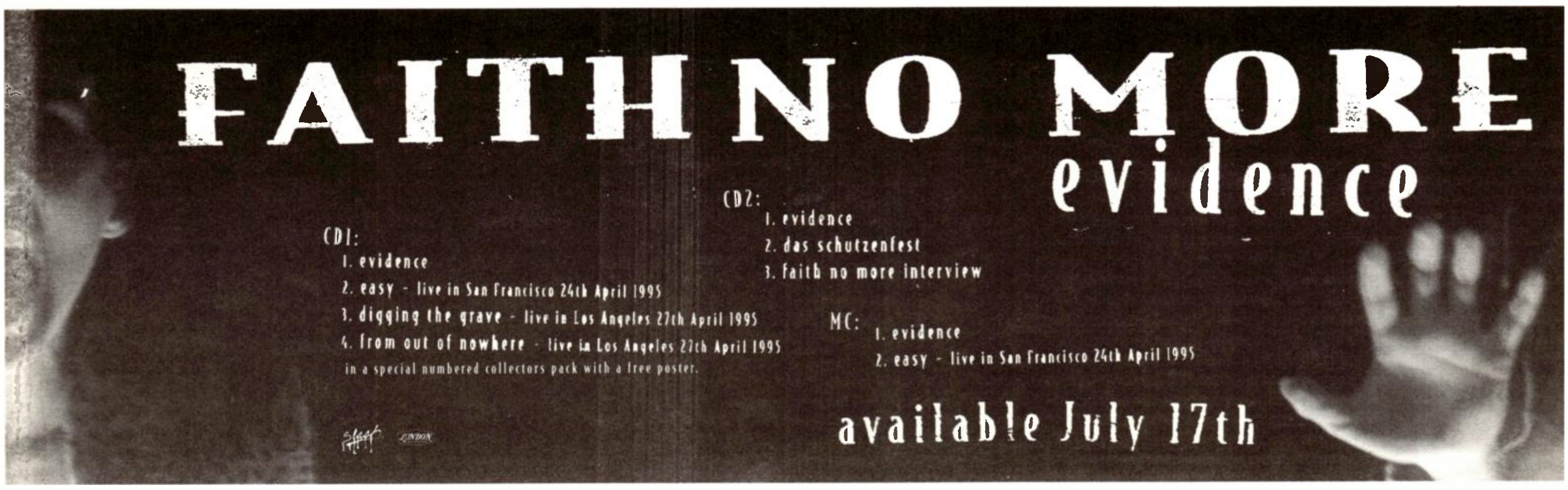
There's no denying that this is a grim trip, but there are some surprises along the way. McHenry might be heavy-handed when it comes to manoeuvring epic themes in a confined space, but he's deft with his actors, and the scorching sex scenes have a wonderfully frank, fresh aura.

'Listen asshole, that's my brown paper bag!'

It feels more pastoral than any of the 'hood stories we've seen so far – Francis Kenny's keen photography offers plenty of variations on the old concrete-and-shelled-cars view of black America. But it's Woodbine who truly dignifies the movie. Consolidating the promise he displayed in the similar but little-seen *Strapped*, he prowls the screen, desperate eyes alight, the depth of his rage and passion dwarfing the picture. It's not that he's a selfish actor, just that his performance suggests a range beyond the monotonous script.

It's a film of great misjudgements and small pleasures, but Woodbine burns a hole on the memory – he needs a film bigger than this to roam around in.

Ryan Gilbey



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3. faith no more interview

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SOUND AND VISION

WEDNESDAY JULY 12

LIKE, GRUNGE out! Jonathan Ross explores the touristic appeal of Seattle in **The Travel Show** (BBC2, 9pm), and ends up clutching a cup of industrial strength coffee and loudly extolling the virtues of Lubricated Goat. Those interested in more ethereal climes may like to know that this week's **Lonely Planet** (C4, 9pm) takes a goggle-eyed tour of Israel – while the world and his wife will doubtless breathe a hearty sigh of relief at the news that **Blackadder Goes Forth** (BBC1, 9.30pm) features Miranda Richardson and a subplot involving heinous German espionage. Rejoice!

THURSDAY 13

HI-YA! TELLY Savalas, Terry-Thomas and The Men From UNCLE star in kitsch action thriller **The Karate Killers** (BBC2, 6pm). More workaday thrills are promised by **The Likely Lads: Entente Cordiale** (BBC2, 9pm), the show that spawned a '60s/'70s sitcom legend. Cutting-edge urban desperadoes smear their presence all over **One In The Jungle** (R1, 9pm), a self-explanatory examination of the cacophonous racket that's ruling the nation's backstreets – and **True Stories: Airplaneski** (C4, 9.30pm) chronicles the hilarious story of Aeroflot, the world's worst airline. Da!

FRIDAY 14

LAUNCHING HIS usual volley of cynicism, insight and Caledonian profanity is **Rab C Nesbitt** (BBC2, 9pm), swiftly followed by **The All New Alexei Sayle Show 2** (BBC2, 9.30pm). Continuing Beeb 2's monopoly of cathode ray pleasure, **Monty Python's Flying Circus** (BBC2, 10pm) crash-lands in the nation's living rooms, engaging in a brief bit of 'what shall I watch' type fisticuffs with war-tastic classic **The Dirty Dozen** (BBC1, 10.20pm). The night ends as the Gods Of Rock intended, with **A Tribute To Rory Gallagher** (BBC2, 11.50pm) – mystic, guitar deity and esteemed longhair.

SATURDAY 15

BRITAIN'S MOST underrated rock band are given a welcome break by the Beeb when These Animal Men contribute a dose of in-concert lunacy to **Johnny Walker** (R1, 2pm). The **Brookside Omnibus** (C4, 5.05pm) works its usual magic, the high watermark of the '80s is commemorated by **African Summer: Live Aid 10th Anniversary** (BBC2, 6pm – see panel), and TV dinner connoisseurs the world over yell "Oh no! Not while I'm eating!" in response to the repeat-style return of **Casualty** (BBC1, 8.15pm). Finally, the freshly-baptised junglists who were converted earlier in the week can tune into **All Junglists! A London Somet'ing Dis** (C4, 2.25am), which apparently translates as "Attention youngsters! This is going to be a chinker documentary!".

SUNDAY 16

IT'S HIS eyes! Look at those eyes! Jesus impersonator and hypnotic staremeister Robert Powell stars in the 1978 remake of **The 39 Steps** (BBC1, 2.55pm), John Cleese provides another masterclass in comic wonderment with yet another episode of **Fawlty Towers** (BBC1, 8pm), and **Billy The Kid** (BBC2, 11.35pm) finds Val Kilmer collaborating in a new twist on the age-old Western chestnut, based on a Gore Vidal screenplay. Before that, Robin Williams turns in one of his most triff performances in **The World According To Garp** (C4, 10pm – see panel).

MONDAY 17

THE BIRDS eat rubber bands, the dogs keep disappearing into the garden shed to invent things, and the cats are purple. Welcome to the '70s cartoon world of **Rhubarb And Custard**, featured – along with the seminal **Ivor The Engine** – on lunchtime kidfest **Gumdrop** (C4, 1.30pm). **Shopping** (BBC2, 9.45pm) takes in a compulsive examination of the post-'60s phenomenon that is 'lifestyle' consumerism, Gorky's Zygotic Mynci are the in-session guests of **Mark Radcliffe** (R1, 10pm), and **The Light At The Edge Of The World** (BBC1 12.15am) finds Yul Brynner and Kirk Douglas representing the forces of good and evil and battling for control of a far-flung lighthouse. Creepy!

TUESDAY 18

WE'LL DO this one briefly. **Public Eye: Suffering In Ignorance** (BBC2, 8pm) focuses on chlamydia, a sexually-transmitted disease that has apparently infected thousands of unwitting victims – so watch it, just in case. **Witness: For The Love Of The Leader** (C4, 9pm) follows the progress of recruits to Colonel Gadaffi's personal bodyguard, the not-half-bad **Ruby's Health Quest** (BBC1, 10.20pm) zeros in on food, and **United States Of Television** (C4, 11.40pm) is a cut-and-paste compilation show highlighting just how out-there those crazee Americanos are getting. And that, if I'm not mistaken, is me finished. So see ya!

John Harris

TV MOVIE OF THE WEEK

THERE'S SOMETHING evil in the suburbs. The World According To Garp (C4, Sunday, 10pm), one of the only films in which Robin 'rubber-faced loon' Williams contrives not to annoy the tits off the viewer, is the tale of marital betrayals, a man stalked by psychotic feminists and horrible knitwear.

He calls this triple-headed spectre 'The undertoad', and it follows him everywhere. It all starts off happily enough, though: he is the son of a nurse (Glenn Close) who has written an autobiographical treatise on sexuality, made a fortune, and then set up a communal dwelling to shelter abused women.

Here, as he chats with a transsexual American footballer (John Lithgow), he suddenly becomes aware of the acutely odd turns his life has been taking without him noticing. And it becomes still odder. Comic, yet still a genuinely terrifying parable of hysteria and mutilation. *Garp* also contains the most powerful argument against in-car fellatio ever filmed. Watch your step, now.

John Robinson

TV PROGRAMME OF THE WEEK

SHINING CULTURAL touchstone or prologue to the creation of the nauseating Liberal Rock Consensus? Big-hearted example of laudable generosity or Capitalist con trick? Thrilling musical beanfeast or celebration of '80s tat that reached a nadir with the appearance of Nik Kershaw?

Whatever, Live Aid made a fairly astonishing historical mark. With this in mind, the BBC's African Summer (BBC2, Saturday, 6pm) series begins with a six-and-a-half hour retrospective that takes in interviews, punter-centric anecdotes, edited highlights…

…And, one assumes, Bob Geldof leering at the entire planet and yelling "Give us the fockin' money". The wag!

John Harris

PICTURE: RELAY PHOTOS

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UNHOLY

● **With six wives, including one marriage to his 13-year-old cousin, serious drug and drink problems, accusations of domestic abuse and racism as well as repeated family tragedies, JERRY LEE LEWIS has to be one of rock'n'roll's most unconventional and outrageous stars. As he gets to tell his story with the help of 'Rock Doc' CHARLES WHITE in new biography *Killer*, GAVIN MARTIN delves into his murky world.**

Jerry Lee: he did it Steinway

PICTURE: PHIL IN PHLASH

"I came into this world naked, feet first and jumpin' and I've been jumping ever since. I just am what I am. Jerry Lee 'screw up' Lewis. I got rhythm in my soul, music in my veins and a whole lotta thunder in my left hand. I am an artist."

In the broad sweep of history, the 20th Century American musical revolution may be the place where the maverick characters and voices of the Old South have had their fullest flowering, lasting effect and greatest revenge. Dirt poor, black and white, nuttier than a bag of badgers, a product of primal and Dionysian conflicts, the roll call of alien invaders and outlandish creations includes Elvis, James Brown, Little Richard, Ray Charles, Chuck Berry, Al Green, others too numerous to mention and of course the biggest braggart of them all, the piano-playing son of a gun they call Jerry Lee Lewis.

Already the subject of possibly the greatest ever rock'n'roll biography, Nick Tosches' spellbinding tongue-talking *Hellfire*, Lewis has survived with his raging, morally dubious, musically redoubtable legacy intact. Along the way he's lost two sons, one brother and two wives to the Grim Reaper, millions of dollars to an industry alternately tightfisted and outraged by his antics and said goodbye to half his internal organs as well as developing an intimate relationship with mind-altering chemicals and the surgeon's knife. Most recently he's been cleaned out of house and home by the IRS, FBI and National Guard and forced to flee America for tax exile in Ireland's Wicklow Hills. With the scurrilous soft-soaping of his legend in the *Great Balls Of Fire* biopic behind him and his warmly received new album on the market he has probably earned the right to tell his own story.

'Rock Doc' Charles White, the professional chiropodist come diehard fan who was the conduit for Little Richard's quasar of rock memoirs, lets Jerry Lee, family, friends and former associates tell the tale on their own terms. The book that results is not for the investigative minded, nor journalistically

THE BLACK CROWES
good
evil
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body
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vice
honor
disgrace
ecstasy
pa
give
take
true
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WISER TIME
ANGELUS ENTERTAINMENT
american

new single
WISER TIME
Out Now
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live acoustic tracks
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CD2
featuring "Chevrolet"
(previously unreleased) and
"She Talks to Angels"
(acoustic)
WISER TIME is taken from
the album "AMORICA"

Crowes Live: Wembley Stadium
on 11th, 15th and 16th July
(with The Rolling Stones)
SECC 12th July &
Sheffield Arena 13th July
(with Page & Plant)

ROLLER

scrupulous. Like Lewis himself, whose egotistical, contradictory ramblings and fulminations provide the book's bedrock, it is ragged arsed, given to flights of fancy, self-mythologising on a grand scale and never really looks into the obvious dark, scary and repugnant recesses the stories upturn. Amidst the arrogant grandstanding Lewis spews out, there is shocking abject confessions that remain unquestioned and unprobed.

"Sure I can drink," he says early on, "but I know it's wrong. Everybody always thinks they can handle it but no-one can. Folks say I can handle it but I go home and beat the wife." This life story is a mix of sick farce and bad jokes. Bred in a hothouse of know nothing sexism and shotgun shack racism, the young Jerry Lee was soon inducted on a Bible-bashing, alcoholic, pill-popping roller coaster of confusion, the stains and trials of which will never leave him. His mother performed exorcisms "sometimes they (the demons) would come out of the leg and it would just bleed" says sister Frankie Jean. As a child he sat rapt in fear as a nest of snakes poured through the roof into his bedroom and screamed for his daddy, Elmo, to come and blast them all to hell with his shotgun. Years later, old man Elmo's twilight rages in his son's entourage would overshadow even his, The Killer's, exploits.

"Sure I can drink, but I know it's wrong. Everybody always thinks they can handle it but no-one can. Folks say I can handle it but I go home and beat the wife."

The Lewis clan, torn between wild forces and feverish beliefs, moved to their own rhythm, cutting a swathe out of the backroads, staking a bloodied claim on the world. Together with his cousin, future television evangelist and disgraced (now rehabilitated) demagogue Jimmy Lee Swaggart, Lewis would soak up the potent music of performers like Duke Ellington, Muddy Waters and Ray Charles, regulars at the local juke joint. Simultaneously their minds were warped and lives forever f—ed by literal interpretations of Uncle Son Swaggart's favourite apocalyptic biblical texts, words that burned eternal damnation in their souls.

A wild gnarled family – Jerry's grandfather encouraged him to bottle a school mate and, when a gang came looking for him, his big sis scared them off by firing a shotgun between the leader's legs. His closest friend outside the family became Doc Stone who was tough enough to rip a parking meter, iron set in concrete, out of the ground when they went to town with no parking money. And it was his mother, taking time out from exorcisms, who nicknamed her little boy Killer.

He grew quickly. Determined to savour sex in the sanctity of marriage he got hitched to a preacher's daughter at the age of 15. Soon he was off to study and not long after that expelled from Bible college for infecting the hymns he played with the boogie woogie, blues and much else besides; the blurring of categories that would soon cause cultural meltdown. Jerry Lee slammed down the piano lid and left the school, warning the scholars that "you might as well accept it because someday that's how it's gonna be."

At 18 he married again, making him a bigamist, but only after his new lover got pregnant and her brothers had come looking for him armed with whips and shotguns.

His arrival into the centre of the new music scene in Memphis was curtailed, first by imprisonment for stealing an antique pistol and then by wasting his time trying to get a break in Music City Nashville. Eventually the Lewis family risked starvation, selling 33 dozen eggs to finance Jerry's trip to Sun Studios where he auditioned to disprove producer Jack Clement's contention that rock'n'roll was all sealed with the success of Elvis.

Lewis talks endlessly about Elvis in different parts of the book, his praise laced with competitive venom and vicious putdowns. Calling him "King Kong, the world's biggest trained monkey" while attesting to his musical skills and wonderful quality as a human being, he makes it clear that Elvis always deferred to The Killer's pre-eminence. Soon after The Million Dollar Quartet session in December 1956 they became fast friends. In one barely believable reminiscence, Jerry Lee has himself and Elvis riding through Memphis buck naked on their motorcycles. "If anybody had seen us they'd never have bought another record," he enthuses.

Ditching wife number two, he was a 21-year-old superstar when he came to England with a 13-year-old bride, his cousin Myra, in 1958. Deep South traditions didn't go down too well faced with the combined transatlantic vituperation of British and American press. Even so, Killer can still roll out boyos like Tom Jones to stand testament to Jerry being hard done by. "Jerry Lee didn't think he was doing anything wrong and he wasn't," claims the King of Wales.

It all fell to pieces after he was chased out of England. Rock'n'roll was in the dock on all fronts; to Jerry's mind you could only get a hit if you were a Bobby – Vee, Darin, Rydell or Vinton. He fell out with Sam Phillips over money, a dispute that rages to this day (Lewis claims an $8 million shortfall in monies owed). Frustratingly this is one of several occasions where White stands back and allows Sam and Jerry Lee tell completely different stories and makes no attempt to mediate or sort out fact, fancy and fiction.

IN ENGLAND in 1962, Lewis was hailed as a returning hero, but a call from home showed no respite from the family curse – his young son had died in the new swimming pool. Onstage he vowed to drown his sorrows in music and he cast lasting images of fevered mastery. Greeted by crowds of fans in France when his ship docked in Boulogne harbour, he led them to the dockside venue in a white mac and shades like a general with his own army. White recalls a Granada TV special where he mounted the piano, blond curls tumbling in a Medusa cascade, mike-gripped like an Old Testament prophet's staff, as being like a tortured soul reaching from hell to heaven or Lewis' hero John Wayne planting the flag at Iwo Jima.

The Lewis clan gathers round the piano (l-r): Mrs Lewis One, Two Three...

But what sort of hero or leader was this? The divorce court case launched by Myra in 1970 claimed abuse of many kinds – from adultery to death threats to constant blame for their son's fatal accident. His sister is almost boastful when she tells of how Jerry Lee was so outraged by Southern gal turned demon seed Janis Joplin's manly behaviour that he "slapped" her and had her thrown out of a dressing room. The infamous incident where he had a bust up with Chuck Berry on a '50s package tour is passed off as being more to do with his father Elmo's racism (he took exception to Chuck being with a white girl). But at an all-star session in London 1973, it was a member of his entourage who attempted to stop the producer's choice of backing singer Madeline Bell, telling him that "Jerry Lee ain't going to sing with no negras".

The line between tragedy and culpability is seldom negotiated. The still prevalent talk about the murky circumstances around the death of wife number five, Jaren, in 1983 is only inflamed by the explanations offered here. Dismissing the award-winning *Rolling Stone* article that implicated Jerry Lee in a cover-up as "frothy and insubstantial journalism" hardly gives reasoned balance to the horrible episode.

But with *Killer* you don't get, nor should you expect, reasoned balance. What the whole story makes obvious, with its descent into unfathomable drug abuse and death-defying ulcerations of the '70s and '80s, is that there's a genuinely dangerous, unfettered macho bollocks element to Lewis's iconic appeal. Something that nonetheless caused John Lennon to kiss his feet when he met him in 1973 and Kris Kristofferson to say "Jerry Lee Lewis should be given an award for simply being himself."

With such support and the recent accolades from the Irish music mafia to go with all the rest, Jerry will never repent or apologise. He'll be remembered as the guy who admits that after 12 days and nights without sleep on Desmetol ("the greatest drug of them all") he could, finally, feel nothing. His response? "I'll never try it again, next time I'll keep it at 11 days and nights". When you hear that his final wish, expressed in these pages, is to open a gamepark in his Louisiana bayou birthplace, "a place for all those old critters in the backwoods" your sympathy immediately goes out to the alligators of the region. *Killer* is proof that being a musical genius and a great bloke don't necessarily go hand in hand.

● Killer *is published by Century.*

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REFLECTIVE GLORY

Thirty years on and unbowed by the pressures of the music industry, NEIL YOUNG is possibly the last great musical outlaw, though he seems to think Pearl Jam may just be able to carry the torch when he's gone. STEVE SUTHERLAND finally gets his dream interview with the warrior chief of the great rock'n'roll plains. Neil Young and a tree: KEVIN CUMMINS

It is said of Crazy Horse that, in preparing for battle, he'd sprinkle a little dirt thrown up by a burrowing mole over his hair and over his pony so that the mole's blindness might be transmitted to his enemies and render him invisible. He was never captured or defeated in battle.

Crazy Horse was an Oglala Teton Sioux who always wore a rock on a thong between his heart and the enemy. A bold warrior and a brilliant military tactician, he slaughtered the vainglorious Custer at the Battle Of Little Big Horn but he would never allow any sketch, painting or photographic image to be taken of him, lest he surrender a part of his soul.

Crazy Horse is also reputed to have said that, when he died, his bones would turn to rock and his joints to flint. In moments of crisis, he could dream himself into the "real world", thus evading the pain and dangers of this temporal one.

When he was finally murdered by "friendly" soldiers on September 5, 1877, he refused to lie on a prison cot to ease his demise, electing instead to remain on the floor. As Ian Frazier says in his book *The Great Plains*: *"Lying where he chose, Crazy Horse showed the rest of us where we are standing. With his body, he demonstrated that the floor of an army office was part of the land, and that the land was still his."*

It was surely no accident that, way back in '69, when Neil Young felt the need of a rock'n'roll band, he named his hirelings after Crazy Horse. Young was on the run from a lot of things at the time. From the shallow pop success of Buffalo Springfield. From the constrictions of a folksy first solo LP that failed to deliver the sounds he heard in his head. From his first terrifying realisation that he suffered from epilepsy. From the narcs who were combing LA to bust prominent examples of degenerate youth.

Crazy Horse was the point where Neil Young stopped running, the place he made his stand. He's been standing thereabouts ever since. And, judging by the number of young musicians who, to paraphrase his mighty 'Cortez The Killer', have come to gather round him like leaves around a tree, it's the strongest place to be right now.

Thirty years after starting out playing his native Canadian folk club circuit with his band The Squires, Neil Young wakes up on an azure blue San Francisco morning to discover himself the most important rock icon in the world. He scratches the bald bit at the back of his head, the bit he hides under his cap (his sole concession to vanity) and laughs heartily.

"Yeah, they've started calling me Don Grungeone. I kinda got this fatherly thing happening right now. Don't ask me why. I'm just here, where I always was, doing what I love to do." It is precisely Young's steadfastness, his refusal to compromise, his rugged belief in the robust mystery of his talent, his dogged pursual of his own shooting star, his sheer joyful addiction to noise, and his firm sense of dignity that attracts these young disciples. In times of shifting brand loyalties and corporate, soul-owning sponsorship, a floundering generation is drawn to Young like a drowner to a rock.

Budding stars who wish to proceed without guilt, and those who need to believe that rock'n'roll can still be a renegade's hideout, have found things have grown so rotten out there that Neil Young may well be their last and only refuge, their sole resource.

He has achieved this status without surrendering one morsel of his decency or giving one inch of his ground. Young is justly perceived as a true hero in a time when heroism has been confused with celebrity and people are revered for their public image rather than for what they have actually achieved. Like the leading man in a John Ford western, Young has always done what he had to do. And here he is now, 50 years old, his hair long and grizzly grey, laughing like a crone, showing off teeth that have seen better days, understanding all this intuitively. It's not about thought processes for him, it's about being struck by the urge, like lightning strikes a rod.

Young is semi-aware that he has just recorded an entire album about the nature of heroism. It's called 'Mirrorball' and it's about how we all feel the need for heroes and how they always let us down because they're only human and that's what humans do. It's also about how life is the most precious gift of all and yet there are still some causes worth dying for.

'Mirrorball' is an album about these mighty contradictions and more, themes Young has hacked at throughout his career, articulating them as best he can but endlessly arriving at the only possible conclusion: that there is no solution. So live with it.

On 'Mirrorball', though, the natural incompatibility of these forces has been raised into shocking relief by one disciple choosing an unfeasibly extreme interpretation of Young's message. When Kurt Cobain quoted, "It's better to burn out than to fade away" in his suicide note, citing Young's lyric as artistic justification for ending his inconsolable anguish, Young was shaken to the bone. Always an advocate of allowing the listener his or her own individual path through a record, he was so devastated by Cobain's personal reaction to a song that was basically written as a celebration of punk that he was impelled to record the 'Sleeps With Angels' album in lament.

Perversely, it is testament to Young's emotive power that Cobain should choose his words as an epitaph, but it is something Young still visibly shudders from. Once a song is out there on the radio, he reasons, it's not anyone's responsibility anymore.

"It's the machine and the fuel. It's over now. I'm not behind the wheel at all. It's gone. It's over."

As for Cobain, he mutters: "I don't wanna talk about that. I just don't know what to say. Obviously his interpretation should not be taken to mean there's only two ways to go and one of them is death."

He laughs a cold, dry laugh.

It's rumoured that Young was trying to contact Cobain at the time of his suicide, that he somehow foresaw the tragedy coming.

"I don't wanna talk about it," says Young. "I really don't because I respect the fact that he's a guy who did what he did and, y'know, he did what he had to do and I don't wanna get any..." He falters and recomposes himself behind alarming blue shades. "I prefer to not be involved at all. Y'know, I certainly don't wanna take advantage of talking about something like that for the interest of somebody else I've never met and selling myself in papers in the process. I'd rather you just left it out. It's just distasteful to me."

> "I was in danger of self-parody in 1969 with my second record. But I've got a good track record of not being a self parody... unless your viewpoint of me is that I am. And then, of course, I've been doing it for years!"

Rappin' in the free world

WHAT NEIL Young is talking about when we first meet him is golf. He's a half hour late when he appears, waving cheerily, around the bend at the wheel of a curvaceous powder blue '50s Cadillac convertible. As he pulls into the Mountain View Restaurant, his local bar on the hushed, piney slopes of Skyline, some 20 miles south of San Francisco, he is engaged in a conversation about golf with his longtime manager Elliot Roberts, a man who, over the years, has also worked with Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Laura Nyro and Jackson Browne.

"Shhhhh," says Roberts theatrically as the Caddy pulls up in the lot out front. "You can't talk about golf. The press is here!"

"It's OK," we say, remembering how much Young appreciated Dinosaur Jr's version of his 'Lotta Love' on the Young tribute album, 'The Bridge', "J Mascis plays golf."

"Yeah," laughs Young. "And Pearl Jam plays golf."

Ah, Pearl Jam, Young's chosen backing band on 'Mirrorball'. There must surely be some measure of making amends on Young's part in the forging of this mutual appreciation. It surely cannot have escaped Young's notice that Pearl Jam – and in particular Eddie Vedder – were both Kurt Cobain's complement and nemesis. Courtney Love has publicly bemoaned the fact that it wasn't Eddie rather than her husband who took that awful option. And, in recoiling from the limelight in horror and grief, it surely isn't too fanciful to suggest that Vedder is seeking solace and strength from Young's battered resilience.

Young says he met the band, "two or three years ago on tour" and immediately established a rapport. "It wasn't just that they were good, I could relate to what I would do if I was playing with them. And I could see myself doing it. The music worked. It had this drive. There's this big machine in there. I like that power."

Pearl Jam, like many of their contemporaries, were already covering Neil Young songs in their live set when they met him. But it was only after the shared trauma of Cobain's suicide that they teamed up. Initially, Young invited Pearl Jam to join his annual Bridge School Benefit Concert last year and marked the occasion by reintroducing the "*burn out*" song 'Hey Hey My My (Out Of The Blue)' into his set despite reports that he would never play the song again. Poignantly placed in the set just after 'Sleeps With Angels', Young's requiem for Kurt Cobain, it was a symbolic statement of his intent to reclaim rock music from the darkness. Working with Pearl Jam on 'Mirrorball' can be taken as his next regenerative step.

There is a song on the album that couldn't say it much plainer. It's called 'Throw Your Hatred Down'; one of those songs in which Young miraculously turns the negative into positive through the cleansing power of his sheer physical exertion and his unerring grasp of an epic melody. In other words, like many of Young's great songs, it sounds exactly like what it is saying. It works.

"Throwing your hatred down is kinda hard to describe visually," says Young, struggling to articulate what comes naturally to him. "It is a physical thing that might have been in my head. I still can see this..." He lunges forward, bringing his arms down from over his head like he's wielding an axe "...but I can't see what it is."

Young is such a physical guitar player that I once described watching him play as like watching a labourer dig a road and 'Mirrorball' is harder than anything Young's ever recorded. It sounds as if it's a work detail breaking rock'n'roll on a chain gang of fame. Can you picture the movie? Young as the seasoned lag teaching the rookies from Pearl Jam how to keep their noses clean while still bucking the system to keep the spirit alive?

The sessions that produced 'Mirrorball' were raw, quick, sweaty and cleansing; just the way Young likes it.

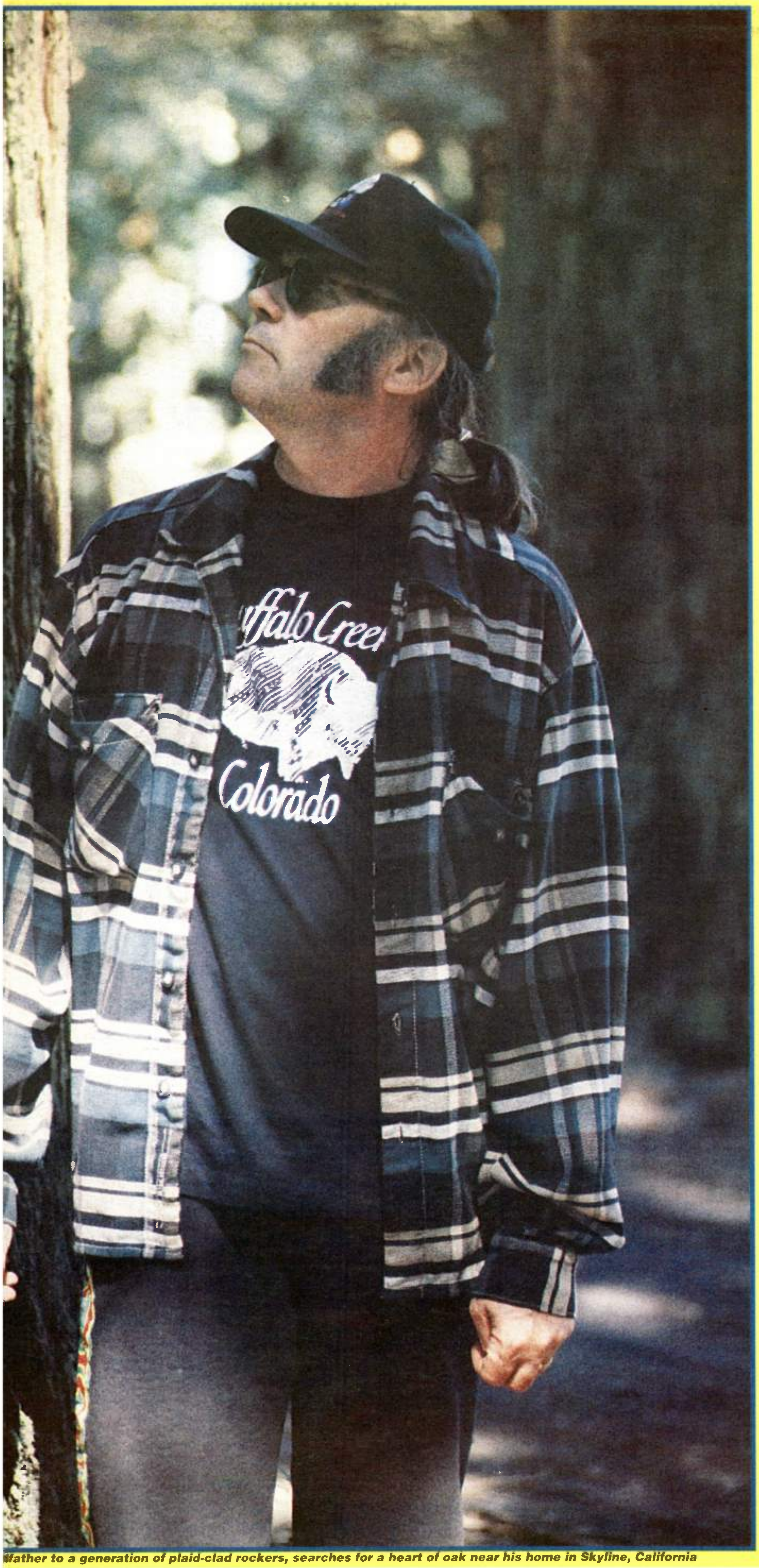
"That's great. It's not a macho display like, y'know, some bands have this strutting thing where they get up there and move around and they sweat and they pose and they need to work out just to be in shape to go through all that. I mean, those guys are in great shape!

"But the sweating we do is because we're so far into it that we've forgotten how to not sweat. Y'know, I'm thinking about the breathing and everything. I start hyperventilating, my nose gets really cold and I feel this cool breeze blowing in my face when it's about 110 on stage. It's like you just get to that point where nothing else is there, it's just all gone and you're taking off and everybody is way into it and then the whole crowd goes with you.

"You see, in the '60s, that used to happen a lot. That's what music was all about. Every band would jam on everything and the crowds would go berserk. I don't mean they were yelling for hits. I mean they just became a mass and they were lost in the music. It was truly an idealistic kind of musical experience.

"And I think that happens more today than has happened in the last 25 years, because of this movement and Nirvana and Sonic Youth and related bands like that who have come along

A man needs a glade: Neil Young, T



father to a generation of plaid-clad rockers, searches for a heart of oak near his home in Skyline, California

and made a big turn away from the mainstream while retaining all the values of pop music. It started turning all of it on the establishment. All this pessimistic music that says, 'You created it, now listen to it', y'know?' And now people are hearing it.

"It makes a lot of sense to me to do it the way they're doing it. Now people go to a show and people are listening and they're playing and it's one thing. It's a bond that's consistent with the '60s… Or maybe I just don't have any f—ing idea at all what's going on and this has been fine for years and everybody was doing this!"

He laughs. "The Sex Pistols, yeah, they were getting together, right, and everybody was into it and I didn't notice and I just woke up from a big dream!"

Young laughs again. It's his defence mechanism, his self-deflating decoy whenever he gets uncomfortably close to articulating how it all works. You see, Neil Young doesn't trust words, never has. The Cobain thing served to justify his suspicion that words and thoughts are not to be relied upon. Feelings and actions are what Young believes in. Put up or shut up.

"What I'm really happy about is that I can see people relating to people who are singing directly to them and they feel the same way about things, about the commercialisation of their world and everything being sold before it's even finished and everything being kinda out of control and that their dreams probably won't come true as opposed to, in the '60s, everybody's dreams were gonna come true, y'know, eventually. But here, these kids, they know. You can go all the way through school and not get a job. You can do all these things but things that we used to rely on are not there."

Young sees in Pearl Jam a genuine attempt to discover a new set of values. Pearl Jam see in Neil Young a man who has, at worst, survived and, at best, positively thrived on sticking to his guns.

"I think becoming cynical is the first step of reaction," he says of the much-publicised slacker/grunge ethos. "But, after that, you can only be cynical for so long, then you move on. It's not that being cynical is not good because it's an expression of this pessimistic thing. It's good to get that out – this is how you feel, then fine, you gotta say that. Better that than carry it around. You might as well unload it. But then, after you've got that out, OK, great, now what's next? That's where Pearl Jam is going and it's good."

'MIRRORBALL' WAS recorded in two short sessions in Seattle's Bad Animals studio back in January and February with Pearl Jam's producer Brendan O'Brien in charge. Young had performed 'Act Of Love' with the band at a Pro-Choice benefit in Washington and the original intention of the sessions was just to record that song. At least that's what Pearl Jam thought.

"I don't like to go in the studio and work on just one song. Some people work for months on one song but I think I'd go nuts. I wanted to try and get more. So I just started thinking about them, who they were and who I was and we tried four songs – got three the first day and one the second day. Left. Booked two more separate days and got three more the first day. I had no songs, just ideas. For the second day, I was writing the songs the night before and on the morning of the session." He laughs. "They were there, though. They were there OK. Sometimes I have to do that to myself to jar it loose.

"The beauty of the record, for me, the thing that really gives it a depth, is who's playing and when. Where they decide to play is so great and shows so much more wisdom than their years. You see, there was no direction. There was not one word spoken to do with, y'know, 'You play here, you play there, let's do this, let's do that'. Nothin'. Not one word. We just started off, I'd play it a little bit on the guitar and show them the changes and then play it and sing it and by the fourth time, it was over.

"We'd do it and then we'd stop for a minute and people'd move their equipment around and then we'd come back in and do it again. And then you'd notice that one of the guys wouldn't be playing or somebody else would be playing it. Sometimes everybody was there, sometimes only three guys from the band, sometimes five, sometimes four, but we never talked about that. It was like they knew what they could do and it was really great.

"Y'know, I think Pearl Jam's older than I am. Listen to the way they play. It's not a matter of age. To me they play with the wisdom you get over time. I don't know where they got it."

All the songs on 'Mirrorball' were written by Young alone except 'Peace And Love' where Eddie Vedder chips in with some lyrics. While Young sings about being deserted by heroes and being strangers in our own land, Vedder talks about having it all but giving it back, about not sharing in the take. It's a song about the impossibility of retaining your soul when everything is up for sale and the nobility of fighting that good fight despite its ultimate futility. It's in the effort you see, it's in the trying, that's where the heroism is.

"There are heroes all the way through the thing," Young concedes. "Some of them seemingly have this moment of glory that they're sort of left in. And other ones just disappear and leave stuff around kind of like debris. But, y'know, I'm discovering what it means myself… or what I think it means, because I don't know. I can interpret it but I'm just like anybody else, trying to figure out how it all goes together or even if it does go together. Maybe it doesn't… Fine too.

"It's just a bunch of images that came out and that's why I like the name 'Mirrorball', because it's a bunch of little squares or rectangular mirrors and you look in and it's a different thing in every one of 'em and it's twirling around. That's sort of what's happening with the record. That's how I rationalise it anyway." He giggles like a naughty schoolboy trying to get away with something.

"If things are planned out too much and everybody knows what's going on and what's gonna happen, there's almost no reason to do it then, is there?"

To elucidate, Young describes the genesis of 'Downtown', the album's most full-on shit-kicking rocker and the prospective first single.

"I had this part in 'Peace And Love' but I couldn't find how it fit. So I put on the guitar and turned the amp up real loud so no-one could hear me whispering to myself while I'm singing this thing and I started in and I played 'Downtown' for the first time and I was going, 'What the hell is this?' It's a completely different groove!' There I was thinking, 'What am I gonna do

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

with this song?' and the music just told me 'Forget thinking. Music isn't thinking.' and literally I wrote the song right there in as long as it takes to play it."

The song is a nostalgia-fest of memories of the late Bill Graham's legendary San Francisco venue, the Fillmore. Now Young comes to examine it though, it's another testament to the transportive powers of rock'n'roll.

"I'd just played with Led Zeppelin at the Hall Of Fame. There was all these crazy people there that I recognised from all different periods of time in rock'n'roll. I guess that's what the whole thing is really about. It's like, they're there. They're all there still singing and playing. It's just a place you can only go to in your mind – Downtown, and whoever you like the best is gonna be who's playing in that club.

"On one level it's like a very blatantly commercial, Sam The Sham And The Pharoahs kind of a song, but it came out so naturally that I guess part of me is right here with Sam. 'Woolly Bully' – it's not a bad place to be!"

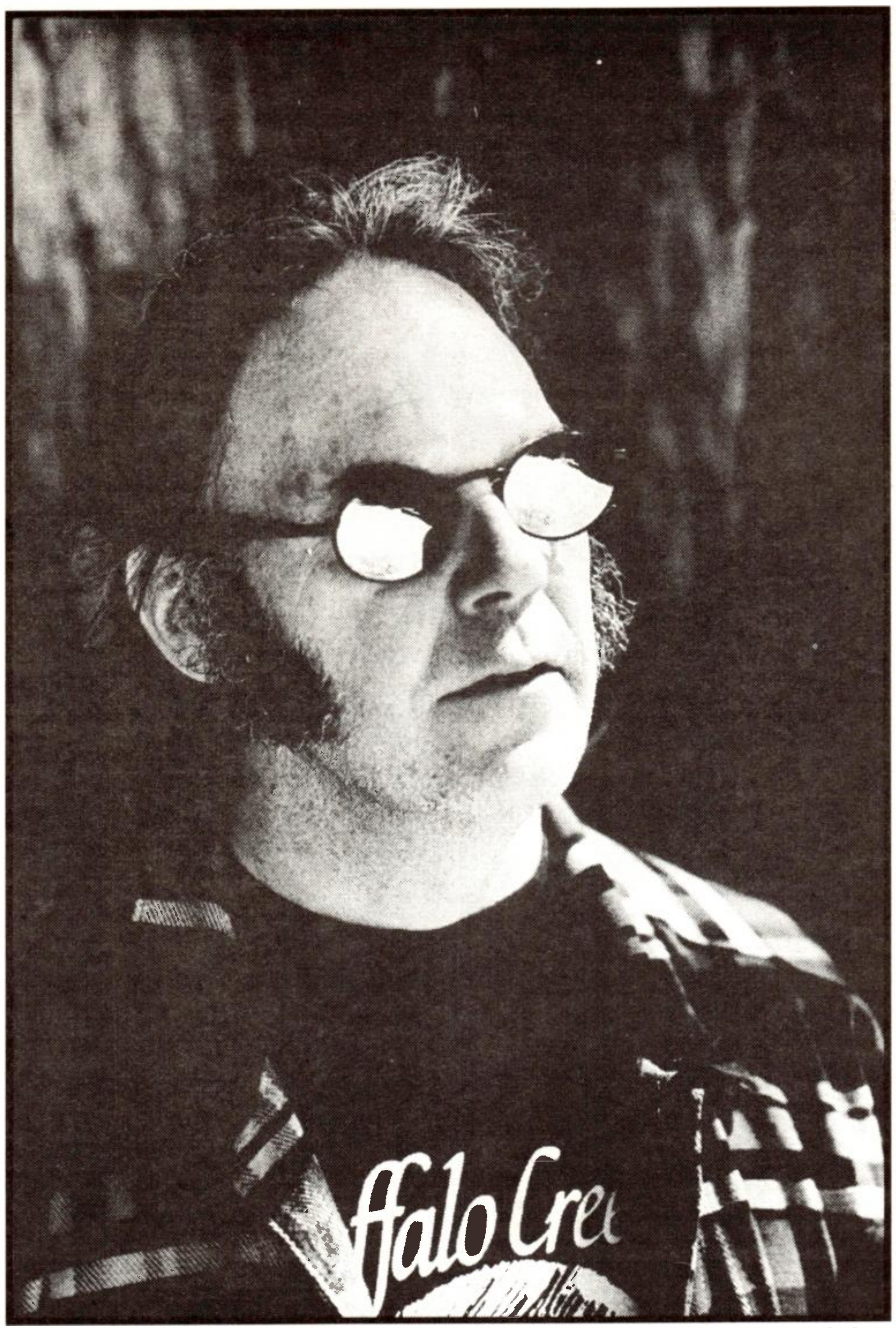
A FAR better place than it was to be around Neil Young for most of last year. Apart from the Cobain tragedy, 1994 was one rough ride, a fact reflected in the graphic mixture of anger and sorrow that led to a song like 'Driveby' on 'Sleeps With Angels'. It's a song about an innocent girl being randomly shot for no reason bar bad luck.

"That's part of those things that happen to people's lives and it's like, 'Shit! I'm tuned into this station and all the other ones are cut off!'. Y'know, all of a sudden that's it, out of nowhere you're part of that thing. And it seemed like last year was a big year for that. There was this little kid up here, a little girl, that got kidnapped out of her house and they tried to find her for a long time, and it was kind of like she stood for this whole lost child movement. And then one of my friends, his little girl was the girl the song 'Driveby' is about. So, it's like all these things at once!

"But that's what music's for. You put out whatever's happening. After I got all that out, 'Mirrorball' was easier. I don't know what's next but… as long as I keep 'em coming and don't spend too much time trying to make 'em, cool!"

Young laughs again. He is full of laughter today. A successful man just turned 50 soaking up the sun, a man who may be his own boss but is never foolish enough to think he's in charge of his own destiny. How could he when he has two paraplegic sons by two different mothers – an enormous medical improbability? How could he when he has agonised on record and in concert over the drug-related deaths of Crazy Horse guitarist Danny Whitten and roadie Bruce Berry – two close friends who slipped away right under his nose? How could he when Cobain did that dreadful thing?

It is precisely Young's stoicism in the face of such setbacks, precisely his ability to take all the bad and burn it up in the white heat of totally committed musical performance, that has established Young as a hero to three generations. Just think about our most popular image of him, the tour footage from the mid-'70s reshown recently on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. Young is taking a jackhammer to 'Like A Hurricane' when he walks to the side of the stage and immerses himself in the gale emanating from a wind machine. Whipping back and forth under its blast, his hair blown back flat on his scalp, he is bent and buckled but never broken, a tree that stands rooted firm as the elements rail against him.



'Young men, look at my life': Neil 'Don Grungeone' Young revels in some shaded glory

Neil Young, like all true heroes, is a symbol of himself. Think for a moment of his contemporaries in the infamous CSN&Y and what they're up to today – David Crosby, an original Byrd, recording with Phil Collins and recovering from a liver transplant; Stephen Stills, a marginal MOR blues recording artist nearly as corpulent as Crosby; Graham Nash writing cosy yuppie protest songs to play while you're mooching around Habitat. Only Young still lets his freak flag fly. Only Young still keeps the flame alight. What makes him so special, so prolific, so relevant?

"I don't know. I guess – and I can only guess – that it's that I really like what I do and that I'm interested enough in the form. At an early point I got fascinated with, 'Where's all this stuff coming from? What's the mechanism for this? How am I creating all this?'. And I started studying that – y'know, watching myself, trying to make that happen, trying to figure out what made it go.

"And then I started trying to make everything as good as I could for that to continue. Trying to keep things out of its way. If I feel like playing, everything else stops.

"And you see, I've just discovered that the way to make music for me is just to make it when it's really trying to come out. That's when I drop everything else and call whoever I need to call to get it together, whoever I can get at the time. It's more important to get it than it is to have my crew or my people or anything like that. It's important to just grab the moment and go for it."

The way Young sees it, the world is full of crews, ready to be called on when the time and feel is right – crews like Crazy Horse or Booker T's MG's or CSN or Pearl Jam or The Stray Gators, who can challenge and channel his concepts and keep him vital, growing and fresh.

For the recording of 'Mirrorball' he is proud to have surrendered all responsibility to producer Brendan O'Brien, revelling in just being the singer, songwriter and guitarist.

"They're out there and they go where they go and I go where I go but there's a network, y'know. Things work together and usually it can happen," he says of his crews. "If it's meant to happen it won't take very long for it to happen."

If there is a downside to the regularity of Young's output, it's that he's always so much himself that he can descend into self-parody. Indeed, last year a bootleg of great lost Neil Young songs was on sale at all the record fairs. It was a fake, as it happens, but it was damn hard to tell.

Young laughs for the hundredth time in an hour: "Well, I have been singing the same song for 30 years. I really have. Now I'm old enough, I look at it and it does seem like one big song and I just play different parts of it.

"I was in danger of self-parody in 1969 with my second record. But, y'know, I got a good track record of not being a self parody… unless your viewpoint of me is that I am. And then, of course, I've been doing it for years!"

> **"I prefer to not be involved at all. I certainly don't wanna take advantage of talking about something like that for the interest of somebody else I've never met and selling myself in papers in the process." – on Kurt's use of *that* lyric**

NOT ONLY has Neil Young come through three decades of feverish musical change with his head held high, not only is he making music as vital, if not more so, than at any time in his career, but Young is such a stylist that his technique is instantly recognisable. Even though the exhilarating honesty and boldness of his lumberjack guitar style is much copied, a few seconds' exposure to a prolonged note leaves you in no doubt when it's Neil.

What was once said of Hendrix – that his guitar playing was an extension of his very being, a function indistinguishable from screaming or screwing or running – is also true of Neil Young. He's a natural guitarist, brave enough never to betray a melody with noodling, always seeking to wrench some new nuance from a chord, always searching for that great release in noise.

Unsurprisingly, Young adores Hendrix: "I think the origins are real important. I don't know who Jimi's roots were but he ended up sounding so great. As soon as he touched it, it was amazing. But he's hearing something, he's hearing it. That's why his thumb comes down the way it does, that's why he used finger picks or no picks or whatever, y'know, because he heard a certain sound. And the fatness and the distortion of the thing. He heard it because of who he listened to. He formulated this sound in his mind from probably listening to BB King and Robert Johnson and all these Leadbelly kinda things."

Young never got to play with him, never even got to see him perform, but Hendrix recordings had a profound effect.

"When Jimi's first records came over, me and Jack Nietsche *(Young's sometime collaborator and co-producer)* listened to them over and over again. Y'know, 'Wow! What the hell is this? This is great!' He's my favourite. Jimi and JJ Cale. Jimi and JJ got that feel. They can be real light with the guitar and there's that airy thing that happens that sounds so big and so good, so controlled and natural.

"I also listened to Hank Marvin. Back in the early days of The Shadows, he had a hell of a guitar sound. Who else? D'you remember at the very beginning, when Steppenwolf first came out, they had a guitar player in there, I think his name was Dennis Edmonton? He was, like, BAD! Telecaster, distorted, slinky. And Link Wray. And Wes Montgomery…" Young drifts off in a reverie of recollection.

There have been times when even Young has appeared vulnerable. Incredibly enough, at one stage he was even being sued by his label boss, David Geffen, for making an album considered unrepresentative of himself! At other times – notably during the mid-'80s when he experimented with electronics – even his staunchest fans deserted him. He may be riding high today but was he ever so disillusioned that he contemplated jacking it all in?

"Never."

That's remarkable over a 30-year career.

"Well it's been good. I've had a good time. And even when people didn't particularly like what I was doing, which I can tell because people don't buy it and don't go to see you – it was still a challenge that was rewarding. It's always fun to just do what you feel like doing and watch the things change around you."

Looking at Young today, dressed like you would to sweep the yard in his promo T-shirt, Fishbone trackie bottoms and sarcastic Woodstock '94 baseball cap (upon which a cash-hungry vulture has replaced the dove of peace), there's no question that fashion and Young have seldom been bedfellows since his patched arse famously adorned the back of 1970's 'After The Goldrush'. Young was never going to fall victim of trying to keep up with the Jaggers, was never going to look daft shaking his wrinkled tush in a leotard.

"Yeah, right!" he howls. "If that's what people do then it gets to look a little funny after a while. But if that's not what you do… then it looks funny in a whole other way! It's kinda fun to watch. It's not an uncomfortable funny. It's like you're looking and you don't know what you're seeing – y'know, 'What the f— is this? Is this the Forbidden Planet or what? I mean, what am I watching here?'."

Rock'n'roll is learning to cope with old age and Young says he's comfortable with that so long as it keeps its teeth. Talking of which, has he seen the Stones on The Voodoo Lounge Tour?

"No. But I love the Stones. Did they play the Paradiso *(in Amsterdam)* and broadcast it in the park? That's a good concept. They should do that in London, outside Wembley or wherever it is. Now that they've done that big thing, they should really play small places so that people who really wanna see the Stones can see 'em. They should do it for themselves, so they remember what it's like to play. They don't need that big shit any more.

"The first time I went to The Fillmore was with Buffalo Springfield in '66," he reminisces. "We played The Rolling Stones show at the Hollywood Bowl and then got in a Lear Jet and flew up to San Francisco from Burbank and played at The Fillmore the same night. I don't think we were very good. I think we were a little… LA."

He chuckles, doubtless recalling those ego-feuding years with Stephen Stills which bust up the Springfield and turned Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, the world's first supergroup, into a one-upmanship farce of legendary proportions. In *Bill Graham Presents*, the autobiography of the late, great American promoter, CSN&Y bad vibes puncture the Summer Of Love like so much buskshot.

There are tales of all four demanding food from separate continents on their backstage rider, of threatening to pull out of a performance because, firstly, there wasn't a Persian carpet onstage for them to stand on, then, secondly, because the carpet retrieved from a Ravi Shankar show was deemed not clean enough.

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young may have brought him to national prominence at Woodstock but they also provided Young with some of his most trying times. Youthful, rich, arrogant and out-of-it, they lorded it over the West Coast scene in an orgy of excess that eventually sickened Young into maintaining his independence and keeping his feet on the ground.

Today he lives happily, with his wife Pegi, not five minutes from this roadhouse bar in the mountains. Tonight he will play baseball in a woodland clearing with all his neighbours. "Everyone plays," he assures us. "Kids, grandmoms, everyone. Eighteen-a-side sometimes. We cook hotdogs, have a beer…"

A long run from Altamont then?

"Yeah. Altamont. We got outta there fast!"

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young were part of The Rolling Stones' vanity trip that wound up with a man being murdered in front of the stage by Hell's Angels, effectively suffocating the Summer Of Love in a dark narcosis of greed, ego and hate.

"That was a ridiculously, absurdly, psychedelically bad day. Bad vibes. It was terrible even before we got there. It was terrible among US! CSN&Y was not having a red ribbon day. It was like a day to stay home, y'know, and cover your head."

He laughs again, a long, satisfied, cackling laugh that echoes away among the pines.

Neil Young has been there, done it and seen it all. And still, as he leaves to play ball with his friends, the man they've dubbed Don Grungeone has one last parting shot for *NME*.

"Rock'n'roll should never die. It should just keep on going. And I'm there. I'm having a good time."

WRH

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME REVIEWS

GIVING SHELTER TO THIS WEEK'S RECORDS AND LIVE REVIEWS

LIVE: *From Page 35 – 38,* **SINGLES:** *Page 45* **LONG PLAYS:** *From Page 46 – 49*

NON-TENANTS EXTRA

LIVE

EDITED BY TED KESSLER

PICTURES: ANDY WILLSHER

ELASTICA/THE BOO RADLEYS/GENE/LUSH/S*M*A*S*H

London Kentish Town Forum

WHEN THE Stone Roses lent their support to homeless mag *The Big Issue* last year, the ironies weren't obvious straight away. But with hindsight, you see that half-buried in the words of 'Second Coming' is a discourse on the enslavement of pop life, and the idea that once rock stars fall out with their leaseholders (the record labels, the kids), then the trip from penthouse to pavement can be swift and terrifying.

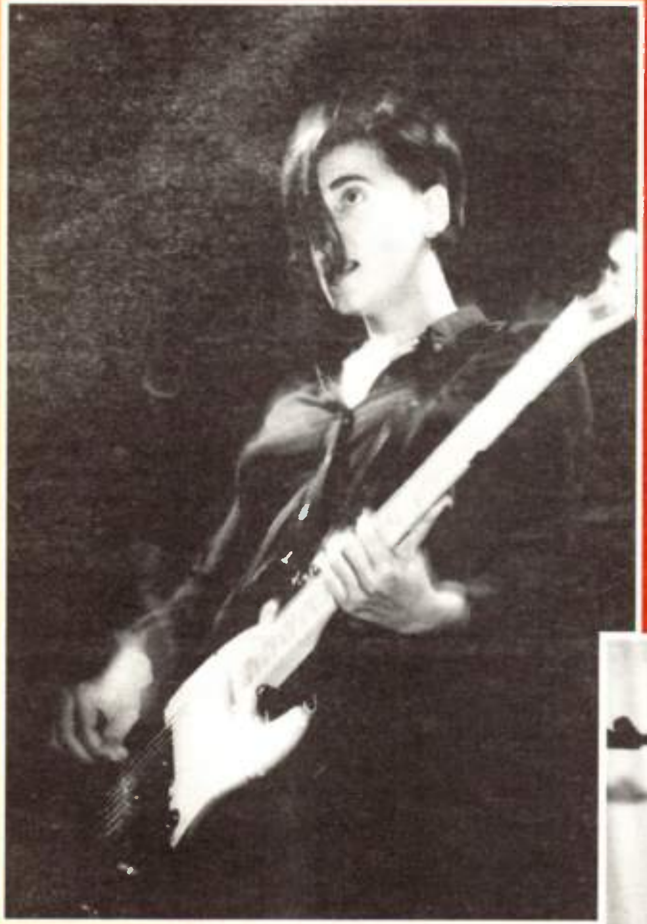
So it's gruesomely appropriate that tonight's charity benefit should begin with S*M*A*S*H. Nobody's completely sure if they've been dropped from their record label, but the huge 'Shelter' banner above their heads is awfully apt. Later, Ed starts jabbering about "high-rise ivory towers" and unnamed "poison people", and you realise that some spiritual cancer has got to him.

S*M*A*S*H were always about betterment and *hope*. Tonight, it seems they have none of the latter, and so the whole meaning of the band is in question. It's a heartbreaking display.

Ed has gone introverted and sad. The new drummer does his stuff alright and Salv is still willing them all on, but no joy. Still, this is the same, bleak position Blur had reached in '92 when they headlined the Gimme Shelter show, and they managed to turn it around.

Lush cause a mini-stir when Miki walks on and strums a few chords of Ralph McTell's 'Streets Of London' on her acoustic. She chortles, and then does a bit of Phil Collins' 'Another Day In Paradise'. But again, it's a tease. Either song would have been weirdly topical, but instead, the two singers do some of their own tunes, campfire stylee, and they're not much cop without the pedals and stuff.

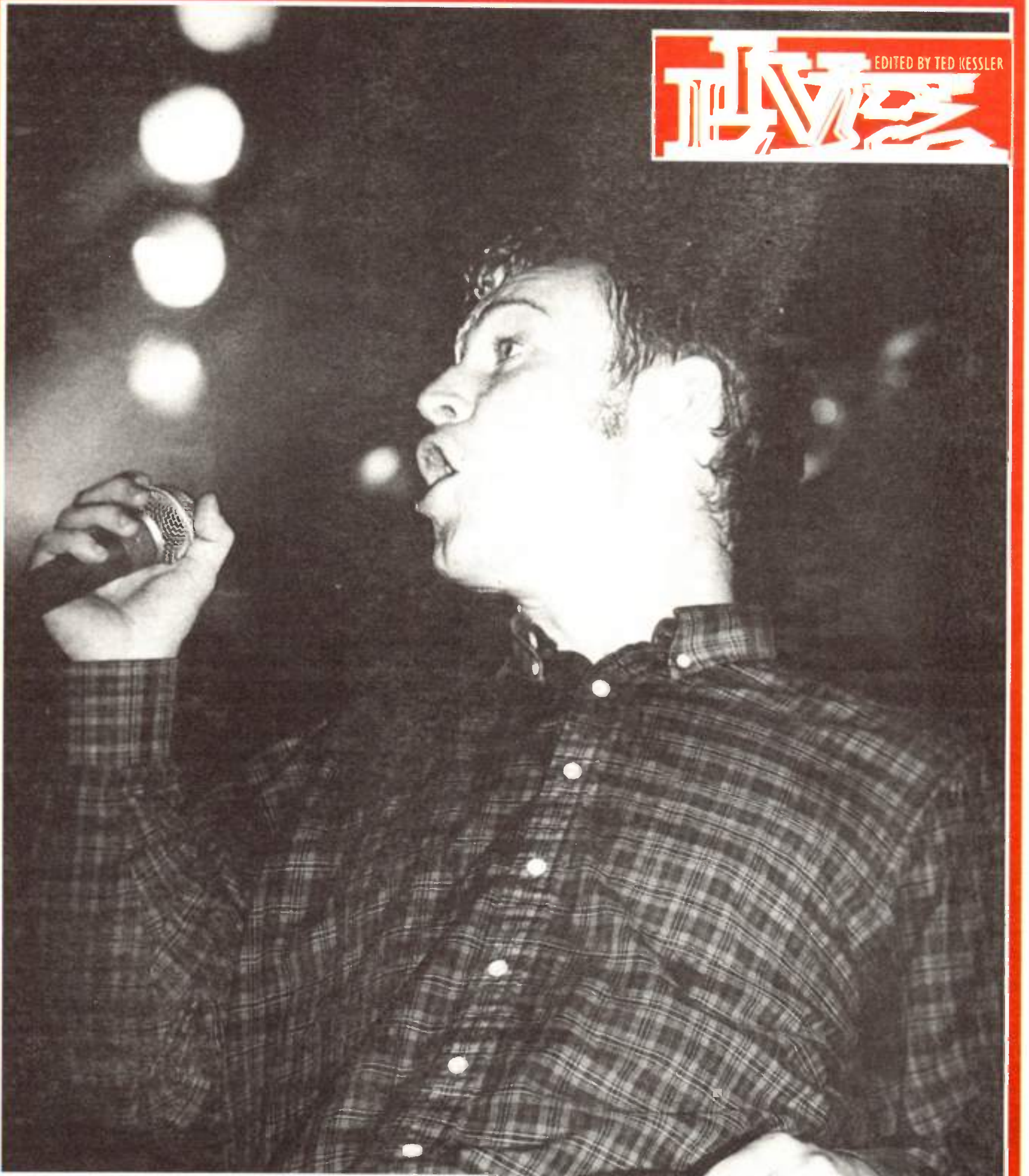
Gene, however, are completely up for it. If tonight is the indie Live Aid, then Gene are Queen – squeezing every bit of sentimental juice from the crowd. Martin mounts the monitors and pulls Herculean poses, and the crowd goes barmy – triumphantly caught by the Rozz.



Justine Elastica: "Cheairs!" missing

If we're to carry on the housing analogy some more, then this is the show when Gene proved they weren't another bolt-together job, a pre-fab four. Some of the worst affectations have gone, replaced by masses of goodwill and joy. The songs that some of us once scorned have become anthem-strong, and the man with the most muscular neck in pop will be a star regardless of the eviction notices we serve on him.

After this, a manky orange settee is wheeled out, and The Boo Radleys install themselves for a bit. Rob twats some congas and Sice (happily recovered from his Glasto *crise-de-foi*) sits on the sofa's arm and croons like Perry Como. New ballad, 'From The Bedsit Belvedere' is charmingly low rent – if only Smokey Robinson had recorded for Creation, then he might have sounded this way. The Boos in residence is a lovely sight. 'Find The Answer Within' is a proper wow, and you're again reminded of The Love Affairs' 'Bringing On Back The Good Times' – a tribute to the mood-altering power of words and tunes and common values.



Acoustic Martin Boo: sofa so good

Twee will rock you: the indie ,ahem, Queen – Gene

Elastica have calmed down some since their Glasto spectacular – Justine no longer shouts "cheairs!" between songs. Nevertheless, they are massively in demand, their equity as positive as you'll get. But...

You still want Elastica to loosen up some more, to let more of Donna's impulsive style be felt. Because the rest of it is more an exercise in control rather than any proper rock'n'roll spree. The slamming crowd makes you feel like you're watching a supremely wild show but, Donna apart, the band are like a bunch of cryogenics lecturers.

Justine is school marm-ish the way she lectures her fans. The uniform black gear is oddly vampirical. And even the most feisty of Elastica songs is about solo survivalism – at odds with tonight's theme of helping the downtrodden and less fortunate.

Yet a new song, 'Keep It On Ice', which Justine declares is about "being away from home", may yet do the job. It rides another monster, stop-time riff, and the musical signatures aren't hugely different, but the feeling is far stronger – a bit to break away from the sub-zero emotions of before.

Either way, of course, their future is secure. Safe as houses, as some of the lucky folk say.

Stuart Bailie

SPEARHEAD
Sheffield Leadmill

"BEHIND YOUUUU!"
"Where?"
"He's behind you"
"Oh no he isn't!"
"Oh yes he is..."

Spearhead in the house, y'all. And they're on that funky pantomime tip. At any moment you expect Michael Franti to lead a spotty cow onto the stage and swap it for a handful of magic beans. You never got this with Hiphoprisy, did you?

Spearhead have to be the direct antithesis to Franti's last Disposable project. It's laid back, organic rap; straw-hatted kissin' cousins with the Daisy Age vibes of Arrested Development. But more inportantly, it's loads of *fun*. Not that polemics like 'Televison' or the GCSE metalwork antics with his previous band weren't amusing, mind, it's just that Spearhead seem to be having such a good time, you want to jump on your space hopper and bounce around with them.

Which brings us to Michael. He's loose as a goose tonight, smooching with "the ladeeeez" down the front like Slimfast Barry White. The messages are still there but when they're wrapped in the skinny groove of HIV parable 'Positive' *("was it really all that magic/the times I didn't use a prophylactic?")*, even the comedy call and response cliches can raise a shit-eating grin.

Only on 'Of Course You Can' does Franti over-egg the pudding, eagerly chucking in a taste of everything from *a capella* gospel to Chic funk. But recipes like the dancehall skank of 'Love Is Da Shit' prove only that experiment gives Franti's sherry trifle a much richer flavour. He may have swapped his hair-shirt for a party-hat, but point them in the direction of the jelly and ice-cream and Spearhead are simply the biggest, phattest, pin the tail on the donkey hip-hop band in the world.

Oh yes they are.

John Perry

FLUTES YOU, SIR

MERCURY REV
London LA2

PICTURE: HAYLEY MADDEN

Quickly! Bring back David Baker, this bloke's knackered (that's what posing swigging Jack will do for you): Mercury Rev

GAUNT AND swaggering, clutching a totemic bottle of Jack, Jonathan Donahue cuts a fine rock'n'roll figure. The bollock-clenchingly tight jeans and unbuttoned polka-dot shirt look like they were filched straight from Bobby Gillespie's wardrobe-of-ages and, as he sings, he does the same shuffling dance, wasted but euphoric. That it is support act The High Llamas who are playing – rather than his own band, Mercury Rev – does not seem to bother him. That he is cavorting wantonly on a deserted dancefloor clearly worries him even less. Truly, Jonathan Donahue is a man lost in music.

The fact that Sean O'Hagan's blissed-out archivists should have the same intoxicating effect on the Rev's mainman as his own band have on the audience is fitting. For nowadays – and you can check the recent 'See You On The Other Side' album for proof – Donahue is crafting an intense and elaborate kind of music that is, quite simply, some of the highest around. The element of pantomime that the band's departed co-singer David Baker – a sweaty, child-frightening Meat Loaf on *very* bad drugs – brought to the party has gone, to be replaced by a consistently breathtaking noise that sends psychedelia hurtling into the next millennium.

So imagine Sun Ra's Arkestra scrapping it out with Spiritualized. Imagine the MC5 at their most free-form and ballistic. Imagine a motley collection of arty avant-rockers, jazzers, feedback wranglers and wannabe rock gods off on some flaming, exhilarating, cacophonous tangent. That's Mercury Rev tonight. Bloody astonishing, mate.

Often, they're a triumph over your worst fears about this kind of wildly ambitious music. *Don't worry* that there is a flautist: she sounds nothing like the beardy from Jethro Tull, and is playing her instrument through an array of effects gizmos – strapped round her waist like a utility belt – that makes it sound, for the most part, nothing like a flute anyway. *Don't be scared* of the ageing hippy – receding shock of hair, pencil-thin pimp moustache, hideous cream flares – who practices tai-chi between his saxophone parts; when he plays, squalling frantically, it's as if Ornette Coleman is chasing some new, volatile sonic scheme. And *always remember*, at heart, beneath the whole blessed racket, the HUGE tunes: 'Car Wash Hair', ludicrously ornate, an anthem for addled cult-kids too flakey even for the slacker mainstream; 'Empire State', parping and tempestuous turbo-rock that keeps accelerating to ever more frenzied extremes; and, above all, 'Racing The Tide', the ultimate oceanic – and sorry, but they're a band who positively demand the most extravagant adjectives – Rev song, that climaxes with the drummer slamming out breakbeats and most of the band blowing whistles, boggle-eyed refugees from some unusually sleazy backstreet carnival.

And Donahue? By the end of his set he has: crooned dozily through 'I Only Have Eyes For You'; slumped hopelessly on his mic stand, a crumpled wreck; flung lit fags at the drummer; and knelt on the floor, determinedly slapping his effects pedals as if they were percussion instruments. He is a boffin composer roughing it as a debauched rock'n'roller *or*, just conceivably, a debauched rock'n'roller who has stumbled on a far more complex form of genius. Whatever, like his toxically-styled twin Gillespie did on 'Screamadelica', he is currently making a grandly excessive, cosmic American music that has few peers. Out there, man, *totally* out there. And still, more or less, in control.

John Mulvey

JESUS AND MARY CHAIN
Glasgow Arches

Jim Reid: evolution rock

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

WE'VE TRIED subtle hints and mischevious jibes. We've dropped references to ear trumpets, walking sticks, and superannuation schemes. We've gone all out with the snide comments but the stubborn buggers just won't listen. No-one's going to tell them to put a sock in it and retire gracefully. And it's far too late in the day for a spontaneous combustion rock and roll exit... so Page And Plant are still with us.

And by golly, so are the blessed Jesus And Mary Chain, and it's clear that they're not leaving the party until the last Twiglet has been trodden into the carpet. So we're just going to have to get used to having them around. Oh sorry, we already have. And there's the rub.

Despite the bile of current single 'I Hate Rock'N'Roll', The Jesus And Mary Chain are no longer the cool pointy boot of indie rock, they are the carpet slippers. The brothers Reid arouse *fondness* in their audience, most of whom look like they've followed the group through a good many rebel campaigns and some of whom exhibit a a distressing allegiance to the Mary Chain look; boys with bird's nest hairdos and pseudo-goth girlfriends.

Three options, then: get all rheumy-eyed and treat the gig as you would an Echo And The Bunnymen reunion tour, in which case the band are reduced to a touchstone for nostalgia, or ditch the baggage and judge them on current form next to the upstart competition, in which they sound like competent outside contenders who might rock your world a bit but won't change your life. Or take on both views and end up feeling ambivalent.

Still avoiding 'Psychocandy' like the crowd-pleasers they are, they breeze professionally through a medium-voltage set which casts its net wide over the back catalogue, as if to illustrate there's always been either a melodic or moody element to their music, and there always will be, too, so don't be giving them a hard time about diversity or nothin'.

'Happy When It Rains' pops up like a cheery stowaway, 'Sidewalking' sneers the same as it ever did, but doesn't carry off the sleazy grind of yore. 'Reverence' sounds like just as much of a Mary Chain lyrical cliché as ever.

Noel Gallagher has the right idea, fixing a specific lifespan to Oasis. He knows there's only so long you can write songs peppered with the same vocabulary. Just as Oasis make continual references to *"Light/shine/live/various weather metaphors"*, the Mary Chain have long since exhausted their lexicon of *"dead/head/dark/various weather metaphors"*.

The Mary Chain can still do it in the song department but for years there's been a feeling that we *know* what they can do, and that they should tell us something we don't know. With the realisation that they've come full circle with their feedback harmonies, it's time to evolve or die.

Fiona Shepherd

HOLE
Out Next Week
Violet
all formats include previously unreleased tracks
GEFFEN

THE HIGH LLAMAS
London Camden Dingwalls

OK, OK. The ragged ensemble on the stage look like postgraduate physics students, they stand stock still, and ooze an outlook that's downright academic. Somewhere buried deep in the music is the faint murmur of conversations about ninth chords, augmented fourths, and why three-part harmonies have such a jarring effect on the human psyche.

Menswear they definitely ain't – only the majesty of The High Llamas resides precisely in the fact that nights like this come over as a scruffbag pop masterclass. Every note has been pored over; every eddying nuance of the string section analysed beyond belief; every soaring vocal part and knowing lyrical twist fine-honed until it's just so.

Small wonder. Head Llama Sean O'Hagan (ex-Microdisney, sometime Stereolab and Boo Radleys accomplice) is a renowned disciple of pop music's most esteemed practitioners of music-as-intellectual-quest: The Beach Boys. Accordingly, The Llamas constantly teeter on the brink of being a transparent act of homage, hell-bent on simulating the majesty of their heroes.

But! So marvellous is the result – witness 'Gideon Gaye', 'The Dutchman', 'Peppy' – that any accusations of blank-minded grave-robbing disappear into irrelevance within seconds. Besides, there are other dazzling forces at work here: large traces of Steely Dan, spoonfuls of Sean's own skewed persona, elements that elude any critical pin-down and simply sound soothingly marvellous.

They hurtle into the realms of unquestionable excellence within the opening bars of current single (and future classic) 'Checkin' In, Checkin' Out'. Their eyes are still cast floorwards, the shirts are still creased and manky, and they're probably on the verge of running home and studying 'Surf's Up' for the 564th time. No-one should stop them.

John Harris

HEAVY STEREO
London Covent Garden Africa Centre

YUP, IT'S that time again. The biz glitterati are assembled here tonight to dip their fingers into pop's latest taste and see if they like the flavour. Forget Supergrass, Menswear and The Bluetones – old hat one and all to the scene-chasers – tonight we're here for the sound of Heavy Stereo.

It's all been immaculately stage-managed of course. Having first appeared propping up The Bluetones on a string of dates outside London, the band duly caused the appropriate A&R lemming-chase, played a couple more gigs in obscure satellite towns and promptly blagged a deal with none other than Creation Records. Cue even more cranked up "they shall be as big as Oasis" gossip-mongering. And yet...

Listen. On the face of it, Heavy Stereo are as good as anyone else who's currently offering themselves up for a place under pop's limelight. They're four-square rockers through and through. Singer and guitarist Gem has seen action all the way back to the late-'80s, most notably in the likes of the Contenders and Food flash-in-the-pan Whirlpool. They look and sound like the Britrock survivors they are. The lead guitarist *is* Mick Jones circa BAD '88, the bassist is Mat Osman auditioning for say, Subjagger. Neither provide any backing vocals or the hoped-for onstage mania, which leaves singer Gem, the man with all our hopes pinned to his satin tour jacket, to thrash away in the middle of the stage and attempt to win us over practically single-handedly. A couple of times he almost manages it. 'The Mouse' is potentially a classic, all minor chords and Plastic Ono Band self-examination, 'All Right Flavour' is titanium rifferama not unlike the blueprint for perennial whipping boys Kinky Machine. But when they come back on after a splintered, 25-minute set and do a cover of the Osmonds' 'Crazy Horses', everything feels just a little bit more wrong again.

When Oasis covered 'I Am the Walrus' it was because they were telling us that they were dreaming of the stars – that even by association, they had greatness within their grasp. When Heavy Stereo end with 'Crazy Horses' it tells you that maybe they've just been waiting too long to blast us away and have forgotten why they started in the first place. That they're adhering so strictly to biz-rules at the moment they've forgotten that they're meant to *terrify* us out of our complacency at least once in a while.

At its close the assembled glitterati start casting their votes in time-honoured fashion. Those of us who wanted something genuinely thrilling to happen tonight just turn and leave disappointed.

Paul Moody

PICTURES: ANDY WILLSHER

Suited 'n' booted: MC Fusion makes a clean (single) breast of it

CREDIT RATED

CREDIT TO THE NATION
Milton Keynes Woughton Centre

MC FUSION ambles through the foyer, a black suit is slung over his left shoulder, an expression of discontent draped across his features. His surly eyes stare straight ahead, his mouth is turned down at the corners and he walks with a nonchalant slouch that highlights his unease.

Fusion's mood is understandable. The Woughton Centre is a soulless, obtrusive venue on the edge of Milton Keynes. It houses a swimming pool, wooden-floored sports hall and satellite TV set that tonight screens boxing. The venue itself is worse. It's an oppressive, disinfected school hall-type block with huge black drapes and day-glo wall hangings of Strawberry Switchblade, Ned's Atomic Dustbin and Megadeth. Backstage, Fusion, his drummer Caspar and dancers Mr T and G Swing can hear the relentless pounding of Woughton's 'Mentalheads' disco; a steady diet of Pantera, Metallica and Motorhead.

But tonight is the first gig proper of Credit's comeback. The first night of the post-breakdown, post-management-sacking, pre-second album tour. And it's faultless.

When MC Fusion takes the stage he looks formidable. His body is lean and he wears a stylish open-chested suit, rather than the injudicious T-shirt and baggy jeans of old.

He doesn't bother with introductions, they don't seem appropriate. Instead he slams straight into the uplifting soul/rap anthem of 'Liar, Liar'. It's as significant a departure for Credit as Primal Scream made with 'Screamadelica'. 'Liar, Liar' is rousing, inspired, witty and triumphant. It's a mark of Fusion's new-found confidence that he can throw away a track of such quality at the beginning of the set.

Older songs follow; 'Sowing The Seeds Of Hatred' is a vengeful anti-Nazi clarion call with harder hip-hop raps and fat beats, 'Teenage Sensation' is a fantastic frenetic pop song while 'Come Dancing' is fast and manic hip-hop. But it's the new songs that are the most impressive. 'Make Me Wonder' is classic soul; a swinging love song with lite raps, a lush chorus and the rare opportunity for Fusion to sing – not rap – in a beautiful and deft voice, 'Minor Point Of View' is a slow, swingbeat groove while 'Feel Your Mind' is a dirty hip-hop track. But the highlight is 'Mad Dog', a track that starts with sampled dog barks and ridicules the bullshit values of machismo against a vibrant soul/rap backdrop.

Credit return for a single encore – the typically brilliant 'Call It What You Want' – and then leave. They've been on stage for an incredible 45 minutes and played nine songs that are joined only by their magnificence. The Credit of 1995 bears little resemblance to the star of 1993/94. Then, he basked in the glow of a thousand and one accolades; released the best new single, became the best new act and established himself as an iconic figurehead in the struggle against racism. Oh, and he managed to smoke his way through a forest of dope.

But now he's mellowed. His new songs are far removed from the previous Public Enemy-style political rants. He is no longer everyone's best friend and the owner of a patronising 'Little Credit Bloke' tag. Instead he has spanned the divide between hip-hop, swingbeat and soul. He has broken away from the soul-destroying ghetto of indie and forged his way into the mainstream; to a place where he will appeal to fans of East 17 as much as fans of Nirvana.

In earlier times, Credit gigs consisted of half music, half rant. Tonight the only words he utters are: "I ain't got that much to say really, I ain't being doing much so I'll just get on with the set." It didn't matter. The music spoke volumes and it was an awesome return.

Andy Richardson

VOODOO YOU LOVE

THE ROLLING STONES
Sheffield Don Valley Stadium

PICTURES: MARTYN GOODACRE

Ooooh nasty! A quick windchange catches Mick Jagger unawares (Inset) Ron Wood, Keith Richards and their perennial 'guess which chord I'm playing now' game

"'SCUSE ME gents," yelps the security man, descending on a row of desperate young males poised within inches of a patch of shrubbery. "You're going to have to put those away – before you're arrested."

Thirty years ago, five self-styled reprobates from the suburbs of London weren't allowed the privilege of such a warning. Lined up against the wall of a provincial petrol station, some of them nonchalantly emptied their bladders, came face to face to face with an irate and suitably elderly proprietor, and found the trifling sin of urinating in public blown up to the status of minor treason.

Tonight, The Stones are – one assumes – enjoying the benefits of bespoke mobile hospitality and receiving projections of the Voodoo Lounge Tour's net profit (£125 million by the end, apparently), while their public takes on the role of the hounded *pisseurs*. And there are telling truths in there: in the notion of these four trans-national superbeings crash-landing back in the petty-minded, tight-arsed environs of industrial England; in the idea that the latter-day Stones are playing in the shadow of the kind of inconsequential suburbs that spawned them; in the fact that the chances of them ending tonight peeing on a garage forecourt are about the same as the Pope finishing Sunday prayers and adjourning to McDonald's.

Fair do's, frankly. Within minutes of their arrival (32 minutes late: contrived proof of the survival of their outlaw spirit, perchance?), these four gnarled warhorses present their audience with irrefutable proof of their undimmed majesty. In response, we scream and bounce and clean forget that their last consistently satisfying album was released 17 years ago. For two hours spent in a strange municipal contrivance that lies somewhere between a futuristic amphitheatre and a prefab Pagoda, under the light of fireworks, lasers and god knows what else, it really doesn't matter.

That's not merely the starry-eyed product of being in their presence, either (although that inevitably counts for something). The odd moment of detached observation is enough to supply a crucial revelation: that the onstage Stones are, quite simply, much better than they've been for aeons.

Think about it this way: 14 years ago, they were crawling around the world on the 'Still Life' tour, launching an endless series of pub rock sprints through an ill-conceived set that had nary a care for capturing the spirit of the original songs. They were shambolic, tacky – for some inexplicable reason, the image of Mick Jagger wearing kneepads and fluorescent tights will forever epitomise this phase of The Stones' progress – and the deserved recipients of a welter of post-punk abuse. "You're diseased, burned-out deadbeats," went the barbs. "Make way for your heirs, quick." The 'Steel Wheels' tour began their hard-faced fightback; and now...

Most of the 23 songs that they play tonight are seamlessly delivered by a group in wondrous possession of its senses (Bill Wyman, incidentally, is not missed). There are occasions – a suitably pared-down reading of 1973's 'Angie', their transcendent stroll through 1978's 'Beast Of Burden', a fantastically knockabout 'Honky Tonk Women' – when such clinical thinking goes to the wall and you can only bask in the fact that they still make the most amazing man-made noises imaginable. And through it all, you revel in the quiet delight that comes from not knowing exactly *how* they manage to do it.

Like, how come Woody and Keith look like they're versed in nothing more earth-shaking than aimless anarchy, yet stumble upon such a marvellous racket? Why, if Mick Jagger should be among the 12 most irritating men on the planet, does he carry tonight with an authority that's unimpeachable? Why, given 'Dirty Work', the aforementioned onstage heresies and the iron rule that supposedly says "out the way, greying human jukebox, you cannot excite me", are they so f—ing good?

Enough praise, anyway. Their wing-booted flight (other arbitrarily selected highlights: 'Tumblin' Dice', 'Rocks Off', the much-discussed cover of 'Like A Rolling Stone', even a surprisingly convincing 'Satisfaction') inevitably encounters the odd bout of turbulence. Though 'You Got Me Rocking' and 'Rock And A Hard Place' sit perfectly comfortably with the more established segments of the set, there's little excuse for latter-day guff like current single 'I Go Wild' and 'Sparks Will Fly'. 'It's Only Rock'n'Roll' is the victim of a carefree demolition that momentarily evokes the slapdash spirit of the old days; and 'Gimme Shelter' loses its aura of doomy potency and gets reinvented as a plodding showcase for backing singer Lisa Fisher. Talking of whom...

The theatre of the absurd that accompanies 'Miss You' is unforgivable. The song minces into the ears of the crowd with unspeakable grace, but one glance at the gargantuan screen suspended over the stage is enough to smash its spell into small pieces. At one point, Ms Fisher (a nightmare amalgam of every overblown 'diva' in history – worse still than the female unfortunate who did her job on the last tour) simply wiggles her rear at the camera, while Mick makes a series of comments about "shaking your body". She follows all this by sucking one of his nipples (True! True! Unfortunately! True!) – only to do the "funky chick up for a bit of action" act in front of a rubbery, guitar-wielding figure who looks decidedly unimpressed. His name is Keith Richards, and we salute him.

There is, thankfully, more in store. There is Keith's solo interlude ("It's good to see yer – they don't let me in here too often"), which slips into a fantastically engaging rendition of 'Slipping Away'. There is the moment when a gaggle of vast inflatables are filled with air, and Elvis, the Virgin Mary and a Hindu idol (among others) wobble around to 'Sympathy For The Devil' and 'Street Fighting Man'. There is the minute-long passage during which Bobby Keys steps into the midst of 'Brown Sugar' and plays the saxophone solo to which crazed hedonists have been miming for 24 years...

...And there are closing pyrotechnics, a bulgy-eyed race through 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' and an impeccable exit that sees a black limousine and a huge white coach speed on to the motorway before we can blink.

Most of the audience have been here for at least five hours. They have heard epochal music played exactly how it should be, beheld a middle-aged man singing of adolescent degeneracy and political rebellion and not batted an eyelid, and shelled out on every item of merchandise available.

And they can't be blamed: faced with this astonishing spectacle, there's little option but to smile like an idiot, traipse back to your car and seize on one sentimental thought: When they're last spotted, both the moneyed, pampered Stones and the beered-up *pisseurs* still standing by the shrubbery are wearing mile-wide smiles. Heartwarming, isn't it?

John Harris

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OUT NOW

RECORDS

45s

MARC ALMOND: The Idol (Mercury) Second single from forthcoming album, co-written with ex-Sigue Sigue Sputnik man Neil X – out now ● **STEVIE B:** Dream About You (Edel) Heavy on the cheese macho smoocho R&B ballad – out Monday ● **BAILTERSPACE:** Splat (Matador) New York by way of New Zealand sonic groovers new EP – out Monday ● **DREADZONE:** Captain Dread (Virgin) The dub/sea shanty crossover movement gains unstoppable momentum – out now ● **EZIO:** Wildside (Arista) Acoustic duo's latest from debut album 'Black Boots On Latin Feet' – out Monday ● **FLUKE:** Bullet (Virgin) New single inspired by '70s cop shows – out Monday ● **THE LOST MINDS:** Now I'm Alone (Detour) Soulful French mod band – out now ● **KIRSTY MacCOLL:** Days (Virgin) Reissued thanks to the Sony Handicam ad on TV – out Monday ● **BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS:** Easy Skanking (Tuff Gong) You may already have this one… – out Monday ● **ZIGGY MARLEY & THE MELODY MAKERS** Free Like We Want 2 B (Elektra) Son of Bob, competent songwriter, unfortunately named band – out now ● **ALANIS MORISSETTE:** You Oughta Know (Maverick) Canadian female hopeful backed by Chili Peppers Flea and Dave Navarro – out now ● **THE PRAYER BOAT:** Dark Green (Almo) First single in four years from Irish band – out Monday ● **POLYPHEMUS:** Stonecutter (Beggars Banquet) Mojave desert-based psychedelic duo named after the one-eyed giant of Greek myth – out Monday ● **THE PRUNES:** The Plot (Mo'Wax Excursions) Heavy stoner trip-hop from Copenhagen – out now ● **SHUDDER TO THINK:** X-French Tee Shirt (Big Cat) Acclaimed US hardcore band with wild vocalist release to coincide with Phoenix appearance – out now ● **SOUL II SOUL:** Love Enuff (Virgin) New material from the ever popular Jazzie B, but minus the production magic of Nellee Hooper – out now ● **SPEEDBOAT:** Satellite Girl (Shoe Shine) Norman Blake-produced debut from Glasgow band – out now ● **SPOOKY:** Clank (Generic) Survivors of the Guerilla collapse and underground darlings return with new EP – out now ● **SPOONFED HYBRID:** Scary Verlaine (Le Tatou Colerique) New single from Ian Masters (ex Pale Saints) and Chris Trout (former AC Temple, now in Bear) with limited edition seven-inch; for details write with SAE to Spoonfed Hybrid, 55 Ritherdon Road, London SW17 8QE – out now ● **SYT:** Deep Drift EP (Magick Eye) Scott James of Shave Yer Tongue fame returns with an atmospheric ambient workout – out Monday ● **THE WALTONS:** End Of The World (East West) Canadian acoustic duo named after the worst TV show ever made – out Monday ● **THE WILDHEARTS:** Just In Lust (East West) Second single from 'PHUQ' LP – out Monday.

PUBLIC ENEMY: So Whatcha Gonna Do Now? (Island) Taken from last album 'Muse Sick 'N' Hour Mess Age' to coincide with their UK visit, the other tracks include 'Black Steel' – out Monday. In the same week the seminal albums 'Yo! Bum Rush The Show', 'It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back', 'Fear Of A Black Planet', 'Apocalypse 9', 'Greatest Misses' get a timely re-release by Def Jam to celebrate the label's tenth anniversary – out Monday.

LPs

THE 6THS: Wasp Nest (Factory Too) Intriguing album by Stephen Merritt featuring Lou Barlow, Dean Wareham and Mitch Easter (Let's Active, REM producer) – out now ● **BAD COMPANY:** Company Of Strangers (East West) Bad Co, minus Paul Rogers, but with original members Ralphs and Kirke, trade on past glories – out Monday ● **BEASTIE BOYS:** Licensed To Ill (Def Jam) Reissue of seminal trash metal hip-hop debut – out Monday ● **DFL:** Proud To Be… (Grand Royale) Raw punk unit with Ad Rock/Beastie Boys seal of approval – out Monday ● **FUN-DA-MENTAL:** Intent To Pervert The Cause Of Injustice (Mantra) Uncompromising instrumental version of their acclaimed 'Seize The Time' featuring an array of pan-global samples – out Monday ● **DAVID HOLMES:** This Film's Crap Let's Slash The Seats (Go! Discs) Not only the best title for any album since David Peel's 'The Pope Smokes Dope', but a white knuckle ride through the mind of Belfast's techno supremo – out now ● **LL COOL J:** Radio; Bigger & Deffer/ Walking With The Panther/Mama Said Knock You Out (Def Jam) Re-release of classic mid '80s hip-hop – out Monday ● **MAN OR ASTROMAN?:** Intravenous Television Continuum (One Louder) Yet another from prolific Southern instrumental combo – out now ● **RON SEXSMITH:** Ron Sexsmith (East West) Canuck singer songwriter compared to Leonard Cohen, Beck and Jackson Browne… not with that name, pal – out Monday ● **MARK TSCHANZ:** Blue Dog (WEA) The man who wrote the soundtrack for arty kid murderer movie *Fun* – out now ● **VARIOUS:** The Basketball Diaries OST (Island) Soundtrack from the movie based on Jim Carroll's book featuring The Cult and PJ Harvey – out now ● **VARIOUS:** Batman Forever Original Score (East West) Following on the heels of the soundtrack album, this is the full orchestral score by Elliot B Goldenthal – out Monday ● **VARIOUS:** Crumb OST (Rykodisc) Classic blues and ragtime tracks from the documentary about cartoonist Robert Crumb – out now ● **VARIOUS:** F—ing Hardcore Part 3 (Mokum) Compilation of 'gabba' techno, the Dutch hardcore sound is said to be house's answer to death metal – out Monday ● **VARIOUS:** Mighty Morphin Power Rangers – The Album (East West) Red Hot Chili Peppers, Van Halen and Devo are among the names associated with this shameful exercise – out Monday ● **VARIOUS:** The Best Summer… Ever (Virgin) Annoying compilation where classic tracks ('Summer Breeze' by The Isley Brothers) rub grooves with camp shite (Sylvia's 'Y Viva Espana') – out now.

TOUR

ELECTRAFIXION, moody Ian McCulloch and Will Sergeant rock band, join **THE BOO RADLEYS** at Nottingham Rock City (October 4), Sheffield Octagon (5), Cambridge Corn Exchange (6), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (8), Southampton Guildhall (9), Exeter University (10), Cardiff University (11), Stoke Hanley Victoria Hall (13), Newcastle University (14), Leeds Town And Country (17), Manchester Academy (18), Liverpool Royal Court (19), Reading University (21) and London Shepherd's Bush Empire (22).

EMF precede their Phoenix appearance with a warm up at London Ladbroke Grove Subterania (July 13).

KING L, featuring ex-Danny Wilson singer Gary Clark, play two dates before setting out as support to Del Amitri at Northampton Roadmenders (July 19) and Bristol Fleece & Firkin (24).

KIRSTY MacCOLL plays shows at London Clapham Grand (July 21), Stoke Wheatsheaf (22), Leeds Roundhay Park Festival (23), Warrington Parr Hall (24) and Cardiff Summer Festival (August 12).

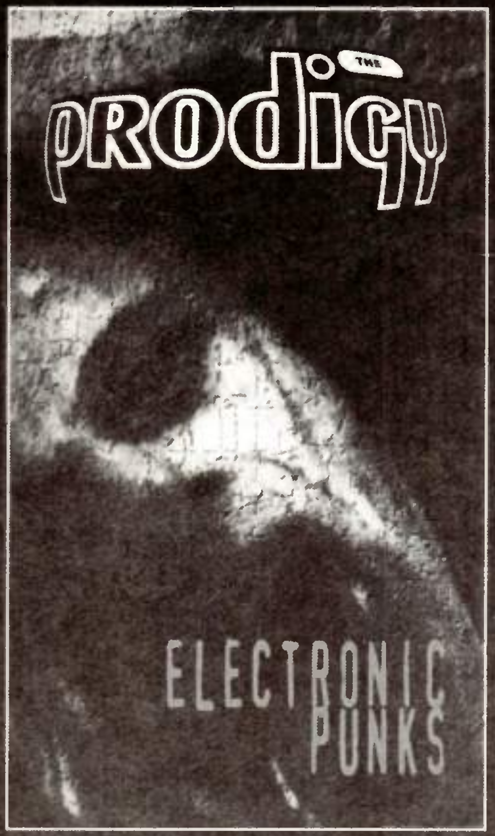
MICA PARIS, **UK APACHI**, **JOHNNY ZEE – KING OF BHANGHRA**, **SCRAP IRON SCIENTISTS**, **TOP CAT** and **LORRAINE CHAMBERS** all appear at this year's Greenwich Anti-Racist Festival on Plumstead Common (July 15).

SPEARHEAD, impossible to miss at Glastonbury, play an extra UK date at London Hanover Grand (July 25).

STATUS QUO, Gawd bless 'em, play a tour to celebrate 130 years together at Manchester Apollo (November 27), Blackpool Empress Ballroom (28), Sheffield Arena (29), Aberdeen Exhibition and Conference Centre (December 1), Glasgow SECC (2), Carlisle Sands Centre (3), Sunderland Empire (4), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (5), Plymouth Pavilions (8), Bournemouth International Centre (9), Brighton Centre (10, 11), Birmingham NEC Arena (14, 15) and Wembley Arena (16, 17).

WORMHOLE, one of many brilliant young bands hailing from Dublin – is this a scene? – whose debut album is released next month wriggle into Phoenix Second Stage (July 15), Southampton Joiners Arms (16), London Camden Laurel Tree (18), Hastings Crypt (19), Newcastle Under Lyme Old Frog Inn (20), Edinburgh Music Box (21), Hull Adelphi (22), London Camden Dublin Castle (24), Birmingham Hibernian (25), Cambridge Boatrace (26), Chelmsford Army & Navy (27), Canterbury Penny Theatre (28), Harlow Square (29), Reading Purple Turtle (30), Brentford Red Lion (31) and Crewe Limelight (August 1).

VELVET CRUSH, sub Big Star East Coast band, fly in for UK dates with guest guitarist Dave Gibbs of Gigolo Aunts at Birmingham Hibernian (July 12) and Phoenix Festival (14).



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FROM JULY 12 TO JULY 18

● **Britain's best and biggest gig list, compiled by FIONA FOULGAR. Send your dates to *NME* Gig Guide, 25th Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Or fax the info to 0171-261 5185.**

● **To ensure publication your dates should reach us at least 14 DAYS before our cover date. Please send a telephone number for all venues with your listings.**

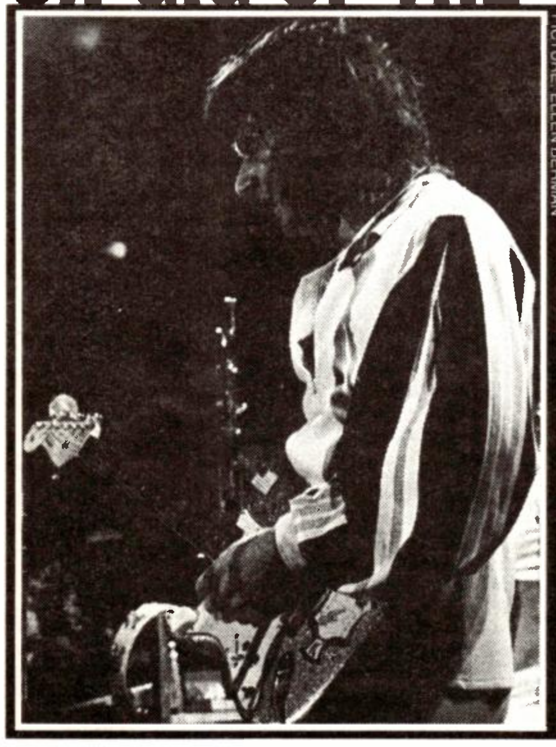
● FAITH NO MORE (pictured), PAUL WELLER, SUEDE, PUBLIC ENEMY, TRICKY, BOB DYLAN, THE CHARLATANS, UNDERWORLD, THE FALL, ICE-T, THE ORB, THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS and TERRORVISION line up for the third Phoenix Festival this weekend, at Stratford's Long Marston Airfield from Thursday, July 13 until Sunday 16; one-day and weekend tickets will be available on the gate.

PICTURE: ED SIBBS

WEDNESDAY 12

Aberdeen Lemon Tree: **Alt**
Bath Hub Club: **Corduroy**
Birmingham The Hibernian: **Pusherman**
Brighton The Concorde: **Attacco Decente/Mike McKoy**
Brighton The Richmond: **Plastic Fantastic/Sexlovebusterbaby**
Bristol The Fleece And Firkin: **The Comsat Angels**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Gorky's Zygotic Mynci/Prolapse**
Chester Telford's Warehouse: **Remmy Ongala**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Homer/Felt/Kreed**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Del Amitri**
Edinburgh The Venue: **BLOW**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Jackdaw Music**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **Boiling Peter Bread**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **Swear**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **Shudder To Think**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Honeycrack/Flood/Goop**
Leighton Buzzard Wheatsheaf: **Doo The Moog**
Liverpool The Lomax: **Heavy Stereo/Embassy**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Oil Seed Rape/Penthouse/Guapo**
London Camden The Falcon: **The Sweet Leaves/Heaven On Wednesday**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Directions In Groove**
London Camden The Monarch: **Club Spongle with Mexican Pets**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Double Zero**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **The Desperadoes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zero Zero**
London Ealing Phae Tingos: **Trim The Velvet**
London Finsbury Park The Robey: **Electric Wizard/Our Haunted Kingdom/Mindfield**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Their Satanic Majesties/Radio 9/Nullus**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Mary Coughlan/Don Mescall**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler Acoustic Room: **Whimsical I/Alan Rondeal/Sasha Zand**
London Highbury Upstairs At The Garage: **Nick Kelly/Lucy Ray**
London Holborn Villa Stefano: **Kiss FM Comedy with Mandy Knight/Chris And George**
London Kensington The Orange: **Peter Bruntnell**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Elephantine/Tortus/Dr Coathanger/Gyratory System**
London Kentish Town Forum: **Biohazard/Dog Eat Dog/Orange**
London Kentish Town WKD: **Black Sun**
London Kilburn Black Lion: **Asmeninas**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **Campari Impact**
London New Cross Amersham Arms: **Lounger/Air Conditioned Jungle/My Plastic Venus**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ralph McTell/Good Men In The Jungle**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **Marianne Faithfull**
London South Bank Royal Festival Hall: **Neil Angilley and John Horler/Brian Kellock**
London W1 Legends: **Scalaland**
London W10 Station Tavern: **Gordon Smith Band**
London W10 Subterania: **MC 900 Ft Jesus**
London Walthamstow The Standard: **Bunty Chunks/Citizen/New Speakers**
London WC1 ULU: **Asian Dub Foundation**
London WC1 The Water Rats: **Hothead/G.A.S./My First Uzi**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **The Big Blue**
London WC2 Twelve Bar Club: **Bert Jansch/Lee Collinson**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **La Rue**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Blameless**
Manchester G-Mex: **Wet Wet Wet/Scarlet**
Manchester Roadhouse: **Slouch/The Mighty Asylum/Boneshaker/Solid State Homicide**
Manchester Slouch: **Think Tank/The Cornerstones/Changeling**
Manchester Star And Garter: **Dog Toffee**
Manchester University: **Dick Dale**
Newport TJ's: **60ft Dolls/Catatonia**
Nottingham Rock City: **Slash's Snakepit/Dollface**
Plymouth Cooperage: **Australian Pink Floyd**
Plymouth Pavilion: **Mike And The Mechanics/Martyn Joseph**
Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush: **Sheep On Drugs/Cranium**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Earthwood**
Shoreham Duke Of Wellington: **Who Moved The Ground?**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Bivouac/8 Storey Window/Coast**
Southend Esplanade: **Shihad**
Stamford Quayhole Kate's: **The Hamsters**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **The Longpigs**
Whitley Bay Playhouse: **Squeeze/Babe Rainbow**
Winchester The Railway Inn: **Scud/Killjoy**
York Arts Centre: **Niominka-bi**
York Fibbers: **RDF/Iowaska**

ON GIG OF THE WEEK



PICTURE: ELLEN BERMAN

DICK DALE
THURSDAY 12

Back in the public eye after Quentin Tarantino exhumed his 1962 hit 'Miserlou' (as Dick Dale And The Deltones) in *Pulp Fiction*, Dale's touting, at top volume, his trademark twangy guitar sound in support of recent LP 'Unknown Territory' for American label Hitone.
Civic Hall, North Street, Wolverhampton (01902-312030), 7.30pm, £8.50.

THURSDAY 13

Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **Nine Below Zero**
Bath Moles Club: **Cast/Lick**
Birkenhead Market Inn: **The Goheads**
Birmingham The Foundry: **Sheep On Drugs/Cranium**
Blackpool The Tache: **The Rufus Show**
Bolton Oscar's Club: **Flashpoint**
Boston Axe And Cleaver: **Gang Show**
Bradford Rio: **Sick Of It All/R20**
Brighton Dome Theatre: **Mike And The Mechanics/Martyn Joseph**
Bristol The Fleece And Firkin: **Jokers Wild**
Buckley Tivoli Ballroom: **Spiritualized**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Geno Washington**
Cambridge The Junction: **Bjorn Again**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Blue Horses**
Chelmsford Army And Navy: **Pedro Orange/Sleepyhead**
Chester Telford's Warehouse: **The Wizards Of Twiddly**
Crewe Limelight: **The Hamsters**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Australian Pink Floyd**
Exmouth CJ's Wine Bar: **Black Cat Bone**
Falkirk Martell: **BLOW**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **The Gumbo Flyers**
Farnham Maltings: **Mighty 45s**
Gillingham The Cherry Orchard: **The Choice**
Glasgow Arena: **MC 900 Ft Jesus**
Glasgow Cathouse: **Gorilla**
Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut: **Heavy Stereo/Embassy**
Harlow The Square: **Stu Who?/Dolly Dupree**
High Wycombe White Horse: **Vox Populi**
Huddersfield Doctor Brown's: **Wild Willi Beckett/Psycho Surgeons**
Hull Blue Lamp: **Pusherman**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **The Incinerators**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Blyth Power**
Leicester Pump & Tap: **Mondo Kane**
Letchworth Broadway Hotel: **Purple Turtle/Swerve**
London Archway St Johns Tavern: **Thee Headcoats/Armitage Shanks**
London Brixton Canterbury Arms: **Crush/Lemongrass**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mojo-pin/Trench/Harvey's Rabbit**
London Camden The Falcon: **Shaker/Frantic Spiders**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Directions In Groove**
London Camden Laurel Tree: **My Drug Hell/Beau**
London Camden The Monarch: **Storm Revolution/Easy Meat/Pout**
London Covent Garden Brahms And Liszt: **Red House**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **Blues Corporation**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rant**
London Ealing Phae Tingos: **Jig Force**
London Finsbury Park The Robey: **Midget/3rd Kind/Deviant Amps**
London Greenwich The White Swan: **Cherry Reds**
London Hackney Samuel Pepys: **Will Killeen**
London Hammersmith Apollo: **Sheryl Crow**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Aimee Mann**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler Acoustic Room: **Steve Anthony/Matt Saxton**
London Highbury The Garage: **Man Or Astroman/Gold Blade/Soulbossa**
London Highbury Upstairs At The Garage: **Disobey – A Blast First Salon/Merzbow**
London Highgate Raj Room: **Gritty, Cramped And Smokey**
London Kensington The Orange: **Wild/Josie/The Catherine Spirit**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Ken/Placebo/Soup/Speed Urchin**
London Kentish Town Forum: **Slash's Snakepit/Dollface**
London Kilburn Black Lion: **Wild Life**
London Mayfair Dover Street Wine Bar: **McCalla**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **Bang On The Ear**
London New Cross Paradise Bar: **Flaky Jake'n'the Steamin' Locos/The Cosmic Sausages**
London NW1 Friar And Firkin: **Harry Kane And The Moneymakers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Elevators/Obsessed With Voodoo**
London SE17 Archduke Charles: **Panting Skeletons**
London Soho Madame JoJo's: **Speedway**
London W1 H M V Store: **12 noon – Sheryl Crow, Live and Signing**
London W10 Station Tavern: **Saiichi Sugiyama And His Band**
London W10 Subterania: **EMF/Audio Web**
London Walthamstow The Standard: **DMZ/Oliver's Army/Toon Town**
London WC1 YMCA – Raw Club: **Elcka**
London WC1 ULU: **Asian Dub Foundation**
London WC1 The Water Rats: **Long Fin Killie/Sack/Gear**
London WC2 12-bar Club: **Floppy/Neil Robert Herd**
London WC2 Astoria 2: **Shihad/44-X-ES/Head Like A Hole**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **No 9**
London WC2 Victoria Embankment Gardens: **12.30pm – Ricardo Curbelo and Duo Matiz**
London West Ealing Drayton Court Hotel: **Bob Barton Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Harold Salisbury's Serendipity**
Manchester Roadhouse: **The Bulletproof Halo**
Manchester Star And Garter: **Diagnosing The Blues/Holly Burton**
Newcastle Riverside: **The Verve**
Norwich Oval: **Screever/Midget**
Nottingham Harvey's: **Etiquette**
Plymouth Cooperage: **Credit To The Nation**
Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms: **McAlmont**
Redcar Bowl: **Squeeze/Babe Rainbow**
Reigate Cage 1811: **Frampton And Weller**
Southampton Joiners' Arms: **4 Brothers**
Stamford Quayhole Kate's: **The Tansads/Midget**
Stevenage Red Lion: **Nothing But Trouble**
Stockton On Tees Dovecot Arts Centre: **The Whisky Priests**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **Shootyz Groove**
Stratford Upon Avon Long Marston Airfield: **Phoenix Festival**
Sunderland Clockwork: **Ran/Cybersyndrome/Skin Bible**
Swansea Singleton Hotel: **The Original Mind Band**
Swindon Arts Centre: **Mary Coughlan**
Swindon The Venue: **The Comsat Angels**
Wantage The Swan: **Deep Sea Turtles**
Warrington The Barley Mow: **Napoleon**
Winchester The Railway Inn: **The Itinerants**
Wrexham Kings Arms: **Earthwood**
York Barbican: **Del Amitri**

FRIDAY 14

Ashford The Nelson: **Electric Dreams**
Ashington Football Club: **Unexplained Laughter/Posey**
Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **Babylon Zoo**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **Perfect World**
Basingstoke New Inn: **Tofu Love Frogs**
Bolton Oscar's Club: **Max Bacon Band**
Boston Axe And Cleaver: **Trip**
Bournemouth Academy: **Brand New Heavies**
Bracknell Bierkeller: **The Ricardos**
Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Roy Ayers**
Brighton The Concorde: **Credit To The Nation**
Bristol The Fleece And Firkin: **Jokers Wild**
Bristol The Louisiana: **Thousand Bomber Fonz**
Burnley Friendly Hotel: **Sage/K-billy/Gallafray**
Bury Horse And Jockey: **Too Young To Die**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Tribal Drift**
Canterbury Penny Theatre: **The Calm Before**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Big Time**
Cardiff Royal Oak: **Seed**
Chelmsford Army And Navy: **Phil Hilbourne Band/Lounge Act**
Chester Telford's Warehouse: **Funkfish**
Covingham Fox And Pheasant: **The Vipers**
Crewe Limelight: **Groundhogs/GASH**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Paul Harris Band**
Deal Black Horse Hotel: **Flat Stanleys**
Didcot Prince Of Wales: **Kambium**
Dudley JB's: **Bad Manners**
Eastbourne Drover's: **More Mushrooms Vicar?**
Ebbw Vale Market Tavern: **The Limits**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Goober Patrol**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **The Breaker Tour**
Gillingham The Cherry Orchard: **The Lawnmowers**
Gillingham Woodland Tavern: **End Of The Beginning**
Glasgow Arena: **Atrid/Wonderful**
Glasgow The Garage: **Alt**
Glasgow SECC: **Wet Wet Wet/Scarlet**
Harlow The Square: **PMT/Octofish**
Hebden Bridge Trades' Club: **Fos Bros**
Helensburgh Clyde Bar: **Albaroot**
Hellingly The Golden Martlet: **The Disturbed/Stewed**
High Wycombe White Horse: **World Crazy/Junkyard Angels**
Hull Haworth Arms: **Duffle Goat**
Jesmond Legendary Yorkshire Heroes: **Lost Angels**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **Run For Cover**
Lee On The Solent Belle Vue Hotel: **Albert Shag And The Screaming Ab-Dabs**
Leicester Physio And Firkin: **Callus**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Still Ills**
Leicester Pump & Tap: **Big Bush Experience**
Liverpool The Lomax: **Space**
Liverpool The Picket: **Autumn Tone**
London Blackheath Concert Halls: **Flora Purim And Airto Moreira/Roadside Picnic**
London Brixton George IV: **Wact**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Castafiore Bazooka/La Tordue**
London Camden The Falcon: **Charlie Don't Surf/Me/109s/Custard Gun**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Mighty Truth**
London Camden The Monarch: **God's Garden/Borganova/Ponce**
London Camden Underworld: **Shootyz Groove/311**
London Clapham Junction The Grand: **Scrap Iron Scientists/Body Count**
London Covent Garden Brahms And Liszt: **Jade And The Hat Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Voodoo Child**
London Crouch End King's Head: **Rockingbirds/Invisible Men**
London Deptford McMillan's: **Nova/Rubbernecker/Planet 8**
London E14 El Pirata On The River: **Duo Montuno**

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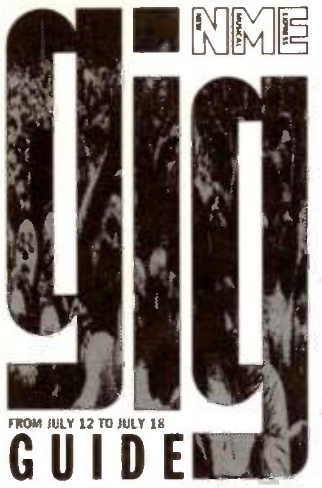


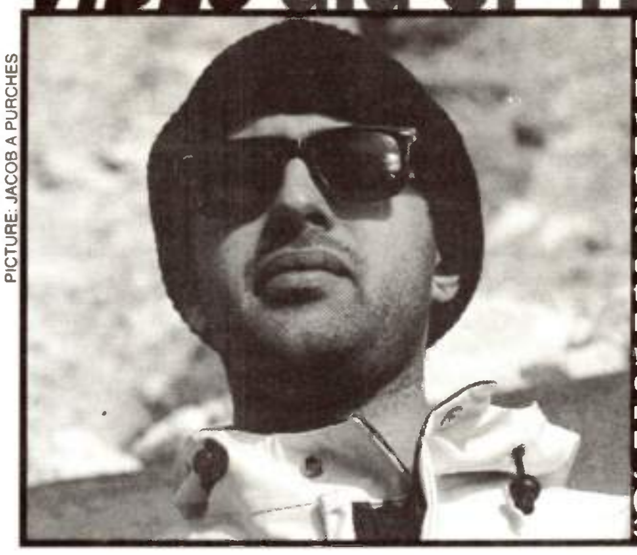
FROM JULY 12 TO JULY 18

GIG GUIDE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London Ealing Phae Tingos: **Bonanza**
London Finchley The Torrington: **Bad Influence**
London Forest Hill Pie And Kilderkin: **Bash Street Band**
London Fulham The Swan: **T Rextasy**
London Greenwich The White Swan: **Pagan Wheels/First Born**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **An Emotional Fish/The Frames**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler Acoustic Room: **Whoosh/Serious Moon/Fiona Brensch**
London Highbury The Garage: **Shudder To Think/James Hall/Long Fin Killie**
London Highbury Upstairs At The Garage: **Voodoo Queens**
London Highgate Raj Room: **Andrew Sergio Combo**
London Holloway Gresham Ballroom: **Pop Nights – Mike Flowers Pops**
London Islington Shillibeers: **Zaeus**
London Kensington The Orange: **Shape Navigator/Aquiessence/Beautiful People/Benoir**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Peakadelic/Weave/Binhoker/Wall Of Sleep**
London Kentish Town Forum: **Tower Of Power/Akwaaba People**
London Kilburn Black Lion: **Border Zone**
London Leytonstone The Heathcote: **Tricknology/Pronoise/Purple Ohms**
London Mayfair El Pirata Tapas Restaurant: **Los Bandidos**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **Paul O'Brien**
London New Cross The Venue: **Fin Du Siecle/Fzeki Kurva/Baby Trio**
London Putney Half Moon: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **The Balloons/Whip The Minister**
London SE18 Victoria: **At Wells**
London Soho St Moritz Club: **Queen Bs**
London W10 Station Tavern: **Big Joe Louis And His Blues Kings**
London Walthamstow The Standard: **Crazy Gods Of Endless Noise/Alvin Purple**
London WC1 The Water Rats: **Assisi/Tidemarks**
London WC2 Arena Club: **The Surrogate Mothers**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **Automatic Slim**
London WC2 Bunjies: **Tear/Lucy Sian/Shaun O'Fear**
London WC2 Marquee: **Bim Skala Bim/The Selecter**
London Woolwich Victoria: **At Wells**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Niominka Bi**
Manchester Roadhouse: **Man Or Astroman/Gold Blade/Die Kunst**
Manchester Star And Garter: **Assassination Bureau/Skintrade**
Margate Britannia: **Face Of A Nation**
Norwich Oval: **Gang Show Feat Tyla and Wurzell**
Nottingham The Gregory: **Dead After Dark**
Nottingham Meadow Club: **The Protectors/Performance/Greate!**
Nottingham Rock City: **Shihad/Head Like A Hole**
Oxford Hobgoblin: **John Otway**
Pewsey Cooper's Arms: **My Best Shirt**
Plymouth Cooperage: **Gyro Gypsies**
Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms: **Dylan Moran/Miles Crawford**
Reading Granby Tavern: **Who Moved The Ground?/Clunge**
Reading Rivermead Leisure Complex: **Temple Ball 7: Lab 4/Techno Pagan/DJs**
Salisbury Enzo's Nightclub: **General Saint/Don Campbell**
Sellindge Mucky Duck: **Panacea**
Shoreham Duke Of Wellington: **Manic Mind Circus**

VIBES GIG OF THE WEEK


PICTURE: JACOB A PURCHES

DAVE CLARKE
FRIDAY 14

Brighton-based Clarke may be as well known in dance circles for his outspoken views as his hard techno classics, 'Red 1' and 'Red 2' on Magnetic North, but with 'Red 3' on the way and a deal with deConstruction in the bag, he's the Brit-techno pack's best bet to become a household name this year. At Bugged Out he shares the decks with Rob Bright and resident James Holroyd.
Bugged Out at Sankey's Soap, Jersey St, Ancoats, Manchester (details 0161-237-3128), 10pm-3am, £5.

Sidcup The Woodman: **The Breakers**
Sidmouth Anchor Inn: **Black Cat Bone**
Southend Esplanade: **Perfect World**
St Albans The Acorn: **Wing And A Prayer**
Stamford The Anchor: **Horace X/Jacob's Dirty Hands**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Speedway**
Stoke Keele University: **Terrorvision**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **Nine Below Zero/Route 66**
Stone Oasis Bar: **Stone Free/Syndicate/Stan's In Jail/Cloud 9**
Stratford Upon Avon Long Marston Airfield: **Phoenix Festival**
Swindon The Venue: **Radical Dance Faction/Iowaska/Medicine Lights**
Torquay New Railway: **Beggarman Thief**
Tunbridge Wells Kelsey Arms: **Clive Frampton And Martin Weller**
Winchester The Railway Inn: **Flairz**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Slash's Snakepit/Dollface**
Wolverhampton Molineux Centre: **The House Of Alice**
Wombwell Miner's Arms: **Evolution**
York Bonding Warehouse: **The Rufus Show**
York Fibbers: **Brian Robertson/Vivid/Jeopardy**

SATURDAY 15

Ascot Imperial College: **Who Moved The Ground?**
Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **Deuce**
Bath Moles Club: **Fancy**
Bexley Premier Cru Wine Bar: **Graham Caleno**
Birmingham The Hibernian: **Dead After Dark**
Birmingham Jug Of Ale: **Delta/Chicane**
Birmingham Selly Park Tavern: **Dover Soul/Psyche/Jam Jah Man**
Bolton Hawthorns: **Earthwood**
Boston Axe And Cleaver: **Cutting Loose**
Boston Ship: **Symptom**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Dieter Mah/Suicidal Flowers**
Bradford Rio: **Veil**
Braintree Flacks: **Tea For The Wicked**
Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Maha/Breckete 12**
Brighton The Concorde: **The Bluehearts/The Crawfish Scrapers**
Bristol The Fleece & Firkin: **Bim Scala Bim**
Bury Horse And Jockey: **The Herberts**
Calne Jolly Miller: **Resin**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Abdul Raheen**
Cannock Prince Of Wales Centre: **BLOW/Feeder**
Cardiff Bogiez: **Earthworm**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Doreen Doreen**
Chelmsford Army And Navy: **Honeycrack**
Chester Telford's Warehouse: **Promise**
Covingham Fox And Pheasant: **Rosie Flores**
Crewe Limelight: **Flairs/Tantrum**
Dudley JB's: **The Marks Brothers**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Gravity Hill**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **Achtung Baby**
Gillingham The Cherry Orchard: **Flash Harry**
Gillingham Woodland Tavern: **School For Scandal**
Glasgow SECC: **Wet Wet Wet/Scarlet**
Great Yarmouth Britannia Theatre: **Squeeze**
Grimsby White Hart: **Adolescents UK**
Harlow The Square: **Manna Maya/Doo The Moog**
Hebden Bridge Trades' Club: **Dr Brown's Blues Band**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Credit To The Nation**
High Wycombe White Horse: **ESC**
Hitchin Town Hall: **Rhythms Of The World 4**
Hythe Prince Of Wales: **Freebyrd**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **Good Question**
Leeds Cockpit: **Sheep On Drugs/Cranium**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **The Hamsters**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Flipside/Star Garage**
Leicester Pump & Tap: **Boston Divers**
Leighton Buzzard Wheatsheaf: **Werewolves Of London**
London Archway Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Yoghurt Culture**
London Brixton Cooltan Arts Centre: **Anti Hunt Ball with Sound Systems/Megatribe/Offshore/Tribal Energy/Megabitch Collective plus live bands**
London Brixton The George Canning: **The Morgans/Ear Candy/Sold**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Stuart Moxham And The Original Artists/7even/The Transistors**
London Camden The Falcon: **Talking Power Of The Small**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Brian Auger and Friends Of Oblivion**
London Camden The Monarch: **Altra/Marlow/Pop Fiction**
London Camden The Underworld: **Lunaseed/Jumprope/The Earth**
London Clapham Junction The Grand: **George Clinton & Parliament-Funkadelic**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **Sexual Chocolate**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Glide/Paresis**
London Docklands Canary Wharf: **1.30pm – Geoff Hearn's Akima**
London E11 The Heathcote: **Panting Skeletons**
London Ealing Phae Tingos: **Before The Dawn**
London Forest Hill Pie And Kilderkin: **Electric Experience**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Moonhead/Caroline Beavis/The LOGS**
London Greenwich The White Swan: **Cenobyte/Raw Sattelite**
London Hackney Empire: **Eddie Nestor and Robbie Gee/Curtis Walker/Angie Le Mar**
London Hackney Samuel Pepys: **HP Band**
London Hackney Trolley Stop: **Rigid**

CLUB GUIDE

COMPILED BY ANDY CRYSELL

WEDNESDAY 12

LONDON

EXPRESSIONS: Soulful dance and hip-hop mixed up by K-Gee, Misbehaviour, Moura Miller, Indigo and Senorita.
Iceni, 11 White Horse Street, W1 (0171 495 5333), 10pm-3am, £5.

THE INSTITUTE OF UNPOPULAR MUSIC: DJs Uncle Dave, Simon and The Bucket Sisters in bonkers abstract mode.
St Moritz Club, 159 Wardour Street, W1, 10pm-3am, £3.

THE LOFT: US house driven back to its soulful roots courtesy of Paul 'Trouble' Anderson.
HQ Club, West Yard, Camden Lock, NW1 (0171 485 6044), 9pm-2am, £5 (£4 concs).

TECHNOSIS: Heavily lauded techno talent Christian Vogel next to Frankie D, T23, Alex Hazzard and Axis.
Gossips, 69 Dean Street, W1 (0181 450 4506), 9.30pm-3.30am, £5 (£3 concs).

THURSDAY 13

LONDON

THE DUB CLUB: Phat sub-bass vibrations.
The Dome, Dartmouth Park Hill, N19, 9pm-2am, £5.

MEGATRIPOLIS: Techno hippy hangout.
Heaven, Villiers Street, Charing Cross (0181 960 0030), 8.30pm-3am, £7 (£5 concs).

NOTTINGHAM

BLAGG: Deep Joy, CI and the Plank duo funking the system with underground house, hip-hop and nutty jazz.
Sub Bar, Byron Building, Trent University, Shakespeare Street, Nottingham (0115 9528800), 8pm-late, free entry.

FRIDAY 14

ABERDEEN

GLIDER: Eclectic spinners Keith and Scott venturing into rock, dub, hip-hop and funk. Metro Suite, Market Street (01224 585667), 10pm-2am, £2.

BRIGHTON

RED: Eric Powell, Tall Paul, John Fleming and John Weatherley tearing up the decks with king size house and techno.
The Zap Club, Old Ship Beach (01273 821588), 10.30pm-4am, £6 (£5 concs).

BRISTOL

FAIR SHOUT: Ivor Wilson and guests laying down frenzied party platters.
Club Loco, Stokes Croft (0117 942193), 9.30pm-2.30am, £5 (£4 NUS).

SOLID STATE: Legendary DJ/producer Jeff Mills making his first appearance in the south-west.
Lakota, 6 Upper York Street (01272 426193), 9.30pm-4am, £7.

EDINBURGH

PURE: DJs Twitch and Brainstorm releasing the pressure with abstract techno wax and pumping dance.
Venue, 17-21 Calton Road (0131 200 3662), 10.30pm-3am, £6.

GLASGOW

ANALOGUE: Pumping techno and trance mixed up by Shandy, Andy Gavin and the Labworks posse.
Glasgow School Of Arts, 9.30pm-2.30am, £6 (£4 UB40/NUS).

SLAM: Orde Meikle and Stuart McMillan overseeing a fiercesome night of pounding house beats.
The Arches, Midland Street (0141 221 8385), 10.30pm-3am, £6.

HULL

DÉJA VU: Jeremy Healy doing his arms aloft party thang.
Room, 82-88 George Street (01482 23154), 10pm-4am, £9 (£8 NUS).

LONDON

ATOMIC MODEL: Glitzy clubbing for fashion types with Ben Bellman, Guy Preston and Miles Morgan providing sophisticated house sounds.
The Iceni Club, White Horse Street, W1 (0171 495 5333), 11pm-3am, £10.

BAR CODE: Outlandish house, techno, electro and breakbeat delights at the hands of residents Ed Love Chocolate, The Advent and *NME*'s Ben Willmott and guests Phidget and Clear's Hal and Ben.
The Gardening Club, 4 The Piazza, WC2, (0171 497 3154), 11pm-6am, £7 (£5 concs).

CLUB ALIEN: Deep tribal and hard lysergic grooves from DJs Zebedee, Jez Turner, Nik Sekulic and guests.
2 Goulston Street, Whitechapel, E1, 9pm-6am, £7 (£5 NUS/UB40).

FINAL FRONTIER: Rock hard dance from a gargantuan line-up headlined by Andrew Weatherall and Kenny Larkin.
Club UK, Buckhold Road, Wandsworth (0181 877 0110), 9pm-6am, £10.

FULL COLOUR: Chris Martin, Darren Roach, Biko and Gizzele dishing out happy house.
Club Colosseum, Nine Elms Lane, Vauxhall, SW8, 10pm-6am, £10.

OPEN ALL HOURS: Whiplash percussives from Phil Perry, Billy Nasty, Jim Masters and Statesiders K-Hand and Angel Moraes.
Ministry Of Sound, 103 Gaunt Street, SE1 (0171 378 6528), 11pm-7am, £12 (£6 after 3am).

RETURN TO THE SOURCE: Ritual beats a-go-go courtesy of hypno-jocks Mark Allen, Tsuyoshi Suzuki, Chrisbo and Solo & Felix; Technossomy and Solar Quest perform live.
The Fridge, Town Hall Parade, Brixton, 10pm-6am, £8 (advance tickets from Zoom – 0171 267 4479).

ROFO ROFO VIBES: Laidback mix-up of diverse funky sounds.
The Crypt, The Brix Theatre, SW2, 10pm-4am, £5.

TRIBAL DANCE: Original jungle/hardcore rave back in top gear with spinners Darren Jay, Ray Keith and Randall dropping wired sonic science.
Paradise Club, Parkfield Street, Islington, (0171 738 2336), 10pm-4am, £7 (£5 before midnight).

MANCHESTER

BUGGED OUT: Rushin' techno from DJs Dave Clarke, Rob Bright and James Holroyd.
Sankeys Soap, Jersey Street, Ancoats, 10pm-3am, £5 (£4 NUS/UB40).

ONE TREE ISLAND: Left-field raving aboard the Fitzcorraldo on Manchester's Ship Canal with DJs Stefano, Mr Scruff, Guy Gon Dwana and Funk Boutique; jugglers, food and a drum workshop too. Bus service provided (pick up points: Jabez Clegg, Malarky and Cornerhouse), 8pm-late, £7 (£5 in advance (tickets and info 0161 232 1251).

SUNSHINE: Cleveland City night featuring spinners Si Storer and Scott, plus a PA from Tony Di Bart.
Hacienda, Whitworth Street (0161 236 5051), 10pm-3am, £6 (£5 NUS).

SHEFFIELD

RISE: Thumping hardbag rhythms and massive diva vocals from Fat Tony and Danny Rampling.
Leadmill, 6-7 Leadmill Road (0114 275 4500), 10pm-3am, £6 (£5 members).

STOKE ON TRENT

SIN CITY: Crowd-pleasing handbag anthems supplied by Pete, Russell and Alan Stevens.
The Academy, Glass Street, Hanley (01782 410733), 9pm-2am, £5.

SATURDAY 15

ABERDEEN

BUNGALOW BEATZ: Hard, crunchy stuff from DJs Paz Pooba and Tich.
The Pelican Club, 17 Market Street (01224 585 667), 9pm-2am, £3.50.

BIRMINGHAM

CHAOS: Super-charged breakbeats from Spice and the PCM sound system; hip hop and dub classics in the chill space.
The Circus, Moseley Road (0121 440 4525), 9pm-2am, £5 (£3.50 concs).

BRIGHTON

IT: Sexy garage unleashed by DJ Paulette and Al Mackenzie.
The Zap Club, Old Ship Beach (01273 821 588), 10.30pm-4am, £7.

BRISTOL

REVOLUTION: Gordon Kaye and Phil Gifford doing it for a glammy gathering of ultra-babes and bods.
Lakota, 6 Upper York Street, 9.30pm-6am, £9 (£7 members).

GLASGOW

ALCHEMY: Trance, house and downtempo tracks from Bri Moran and Glenn Macdonald.
Bar Belgos, Candleriggs, 9pm-midnight, free.

HULL

SCUBA: Beige, Bliss, Patrick Garry, Jeff Ibbson and Noel Watson dropping subterranean import vinyl.
Room, 82-88 George Street (01482 23154), 10pm-6am, £7 (£6 NUS/£5 members).

LEEDS

BACK TO BASICS: Roc & Kato and John McCready airing rough-edged Stateside tunes.
Pleasure Rooms, 9 Merrion Street (01532 449474), 10pm-6am, £10.

HARD TIMES: Victor Rosado and Justin Berkmann unravelling wild garage and classic house.
The Music Factory, 174 Bridgate, 9.30pm-late, £10 (£8 members/NUS).

LIVERPOOL

CREAM: Rampaging beats from The Chemical Brothers and Justin Robertson, plus a dose of handbag from Dave Seaman.
Nation, Wolstenholme Square, 9.30pm-2am, £8 (£6 members/concs).

FAIRIES ACROSS THE MERSEY: Mixed/gay hedonism steered by DJs Dave & Huey.
Garlands, 8-10 Eberle Street (0151 236 3307), 10pm-2am, £5 (£4 before 11pm).

LONDON

INDEPENDENCE: Exuberant anthems from Allistair Whitehead, Miss Barbie and Luvdup.
EC1, 29-35 Farringdon Road (0171 242 1571), 10pm-6am, £10.

RULIN': Billy Carroll from New York's Roxy with CJ Mackintosh; Barbara Tucker sings live.
Ministry Of Sound, 103 Gaunt Street, SE1 (0171 378 6528), 11pm-9am, £15 (£10 members).

SEX, LOVE & MOTION: Keith Fielder, Paul Tibbs, Russ Cox, Neil Tibbs and Red Marc.
Soundshaft, Charing Cross, WC2 (0181 547 0930), 10.30pm-3.45am, £8 (£6 before 11.30pm).

UK: Soaring house and techno from Pete Wardman, Mark Wilkinson and Biko.
Club UK, Buckhold Road, SW18 (0181 877 0110), 10pm-6am, £12 (£10 members).

MANCHESTER

HOUSE NATION: New Yorkers Roc & Kato on the turntables, aiming to match the brilliance of their recent studio excursions. Sankeys Soap, Beehive Mill, Jersey Street (0161 236 4494), 10pm-3am, £8 (£7 members).

SATURDAY NIGHT – THE HACIENDA: Groovy garage and house selected by Graeme Park, Tom Wainwright, Bobby Langley and Dick Johnson.
Hacienda, Whitworth Street (0161 236 5051), 9.30pm-3am, £12 (advance tickets from Dry 201).

NEWCASTLE

SHINDIG: Cool line-up headed by Jon Pleased Wimmin and David Holmes.
Riverside, Melbourne Street (0191 222 1925), 9.30pm-2.30am, £7 (£6 NUS).

PAISLEY

CLUB 69: Banging techno faves delivered by William Sandieson and Martin McKay.
Rocksy's Basement, 40 Sneddon Street (0141 848 1674), 9.30pm-2am, £4.

SHEFFIELD

LOVE TO BE: Fresh Records party with Jeremy Healy and Mr Roy.
The Music Factory, 33 London Road (01742 799022), 9.30pm-4am, £10 (£8 members).

STOKE ON TRENT

GOLDEN: Modern disco delerium from Mark Moore and Kelvin Andrews.
The Academy, Glass Street, 9pm-4am, £10 (£8 members).

SUNDAY 16

LEEDS

SUNDAY SERVICE: DJ Simon Scott spinning dreamy ethno-ambient.
Cafe Mex, 2A Call Lane (01532 428522), 7pm-11pm, £3 (£2.50 concs).

LONDON

FULL CIRCLE: Phil Perry and friends entertaining a crowd of dedicated boozers.
The Greyhound, A4 Colnbrook Bypass (01753 684920), 2pm-6pm, £5.

THE RUMPUS ROOM: Guest spinners Ed and Andy from Plaid splicing together maverick beats.
The Albany, Great Portland Street, 7pm-midnight, £3.

STRUTT: Regulars Nick James and Chris joined by Andrew Weatherall firing toxic phunk beats.
The Cross, Goods Yard, King's Cross (0181 964 3172), 8pm-1am, £6.

SUNNY SIDE UP: Brother Jim, Micky Fish, Pete Wardman and Terry Marks take on the church with arms-in-the-air house and uplifting handbag.
Leisure Lounge, 121 Holborn, EC1 (0181 960 2248),10am-8pm, £6.

MONDAY 17

LONDON

THAT'S HOW IT IS: Further excursions in the realm of post-acid jazz from James Lavelle and Giles Peterson.
Bar Rhumba, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue (0171 287 2715), 10pm-3am, £3.

TUESDAY 18

LONDON

THE PINCH: Raging dub techno from Fabio Paras and friends.
The Gardening Club, 4 The Piazza, Covent Garden (0171 497 3153), 10pm-2.30am, £3.

MANCHESTER

STR8-UP: Old-skool hip-hop, electro, swing, funk and jungle courtesy of Leaky Fresh, Semtex, Greg Wilson, Dave Rofe and Mr Scruff.
Hacienda, Whitworth Street (0161 236 5051), 10pm-3am, £4.

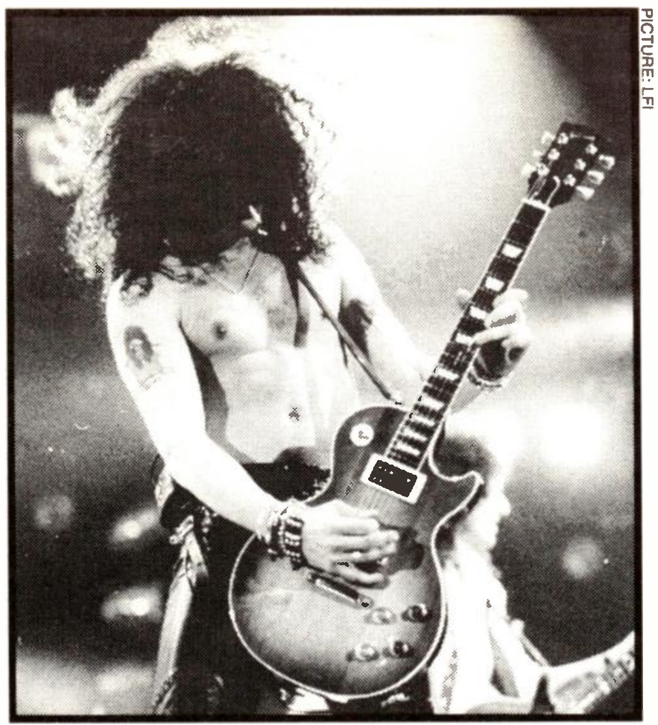
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler Acoustic Room: **Boo Hewerdine/Judith Silver**
London Highbury The Garage: **Blue Aeroplanes/Sack/Sun Co**
London Highbury Upstairs At The Garage: **Heathville/Gel**
London Highgate Raj Room: **Streetlane**
London Islington Shillibeers: **Soul Immigrants**
London Kensington The Orange: **Navigator**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Kick Out The Jams/Freakatician/Vth Amendment/Headroom**
London Kilburn Black Lion: **Waxie's Dargle**
London Mayfair Dover Street Wine Bar: **Empire State**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **Big Generator**
London New Cross Dew Drop Inn: **Fear Of Fear**
London New Cross Paradise Bar: **The Chubbies**
London New Cross The Venue: **Abba Gold**
London Putney Half Moon: **Naked Blue**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Schrodinger's Cat**
London W1 The Albany Pub: **Co Creators/Alba And The Worries Band/Jack**
London W10 Station Tavern: **The Kaisers**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **The Ravers**
London WC2 Marquee: **Magnum**
London Wembley Stadium: **The Rolling Stones/The Black Crowes**
London Woolwich The Wellesley: **At Wells**
Manchester Apollo: **Sheryl Crow**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Soulfinger**
Manchester Nia Africa Centre: **Transglobal Underground/Tribal Drift**
Manchester Roadhouse: **Hurrod/Swish**
Manchester University: **Crown Of Thorns**
Margate Britannia: **Red Alert**
Melton Mowbray Knowle's Arms: **Shamus O'Blivion/Megadeath Morrismen**
Middlesbrough Central Garden: **Clockwork Dogs**
Middlesbrough Malt Shovel: **Mess-age/Tonic**
Milton Keynes Pilgrim's Bottle: **Double Zero**
Newport Centre: **Slash's Snakepit/Dollface**
Northampton Brewer's Arms: **Gearbox**
Norwich Waterfront: **Speedway**
Nottingham Narrowboat: **Electric Gypsies**
Nottingham Rock City: **Graveyard**
Nottingham Skyy Club: **Manic Mind Circus**
Oxford Hobgoblin: **High'n'Mighty/Vicious New Breed**
Peterborough The Norfolk: **Armada**
Peterborough Purple Haze Club: **The English Dogs/Midget**
Portsmouth Air Balloon: **Kambium**
Sheffield Leadmill: **James Hall/Shudder To Think/Freezer**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **The Backbeat Beatles**
Stone Oasis Bar: **Engine/Vivid/Pepper Pots**
Stratford Upon Avon Long Marston Airfield: **Phoenix Festival**
Swindon The Venue: **Peter And The Test Tube Babies**
Tunbridge Wells The Forum: **Peepshow/The Sweetleaves/Eeyore**
Warrington The Barley Mow: **Hank**
Winchester The Railway Inn: **Everything's Rosy**
Wolverhampton Wulfrun Hall: **Alt**
York Fibbers: **Citrus**

SUNDAY 16

Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **Slowhand**
Birmingham Flapper and Firkin: **The Great Outdoors**
Blandford Greyhound: **Moon**
Boston Axe And Cleaver: **To Hell With Burgundy**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Sprawl**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Fat Barry's Soul Band**
Cardiff Hippo Club: **The Kaliphz/Jah Taf**
Coventry Lady Godiva Inn: **Manic Mind Circus**
Crewe Limelight: **The Fabulous T-Bones**
Dudley JB's: **The Hamsters**
Glasgow Cathouse: **James Hall/Lick**
Glasgow SECC: **Wet Wet Wet**
Harlow The Square: **Crash Dummies/Chinatown**
Harrow Rayners Hotel: **The Baltimores**
Hebden Bridge Trades' Club: **Stella Rambisai Chiweshe/The Earthquake Band**
High Wycombe White Horse: **Bone**
Ilford Redbridge Green Fair: **Cliff Free of The Way Out/Gospel Messengers/Tea For The Wicked/The Lost Boys plus stalls etc**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **The Enchanted/The Kynd**
London Barbican Arts Centre: **foyer – Ken Colyer Big Band**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **The Funky Beehive**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Shrinking Violets/V/Heist**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **A Forest Mighty Black/Phlow**
London Camden The Monarch: **Dogger/Unsophisticates/Jumble**
London Clapham Junction The Grand: **Nitzer Ebb/Daisy Chainsaw**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **First Born/Faceless/Just Another Girl**
London Ealing Phae Tingos: **Barry Owen**
London Finchley Torrington: **Naked Blue**
London Forest Hill Pie And Kilderkin: **Riotous Assembly**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Element/Head/Fourplay**
London Kilburn Black Lion: **BAC Big Band**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **Big Generator**
London New Cross Dew Drop Inn: **All Dayer with Tofu Love Frogs/Conviction/Terminal Heads/Lost In Space**
London SE17 Browning Festival: **Elephant Sandwich**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **Branford Marsalis**
London South Bank Royal Festival Hall: **Tony Bennett**
London W10 Station Tavern: **Mighty 45s**
London Walthamstow The Standard: **Hershey And The Twelve Bars/Affliction**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **Gruesome Twosome**
London WC2 Marquee: **Counting The Mad/All Living Fear/Mesh**
London Wembley Stadium: **The Rolling Stones/The Black Crowes**
Machen The Forge: **Seed**
Manchester Roadhouse: **Babylon Zoo**
Mitcham Fair Green: **Merton Arts Festival**
Northwood Hills Ship: **The Baltimores**
Sellindge Mucky Duck: **Shot To Bits**
Snaith Bell And Crown: **Duffle Goat**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Wormhole**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **Coffin Dodgers/Dragons**
Stratford Upon Avon Long Marston Airfield: **Phoenix Festival**
Torquay New Railway Inn: **Chikara**
Ufford White Hart: **La Cucina/Taproot**
York Fibbers: **Edward Tudor Pole**

MONDAY 17

Ashton Under Lyne Witchwood: **Roy Harper**
Basildon The Cage: **BLOW**
Bath The Bell: **Andy The Viking**
Bath Moles Club: **Weknowwhereyoulive**
Bristol Fleece And Firkin: **Limehouse Lizzy**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Volume Bandits**
Cambridge Corn Exchange/Guildhall: **Alt**
Canterbury Penny Theatre: **Remmy Ongala**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Peep Show**
Crewe Limelight: **Skouch/Ray's Rock Quiz**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **The Backbeat Beatles**
Glasgow SECC: **Wet Wet Wet/Scarlet**
Harlow Square: **Blunt/Headtonic/Youth Club**
Hastings White Rock Theatre: **Squeeze**
Ilford The Island: **Mike And The Mechanics**
Ipswich Regent Theatre: **Del Amitri**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **Good Men In The Jungle**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Club Spangle with Nylon Bombers/Cecil**
London Camden The Falcon: **Pope On A Rope/Thirsty**
London Clapham Junction The Grand: **Randy Crawford/Peter Delano Quartet**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **Hershey And The 12 Bars**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Blocked**



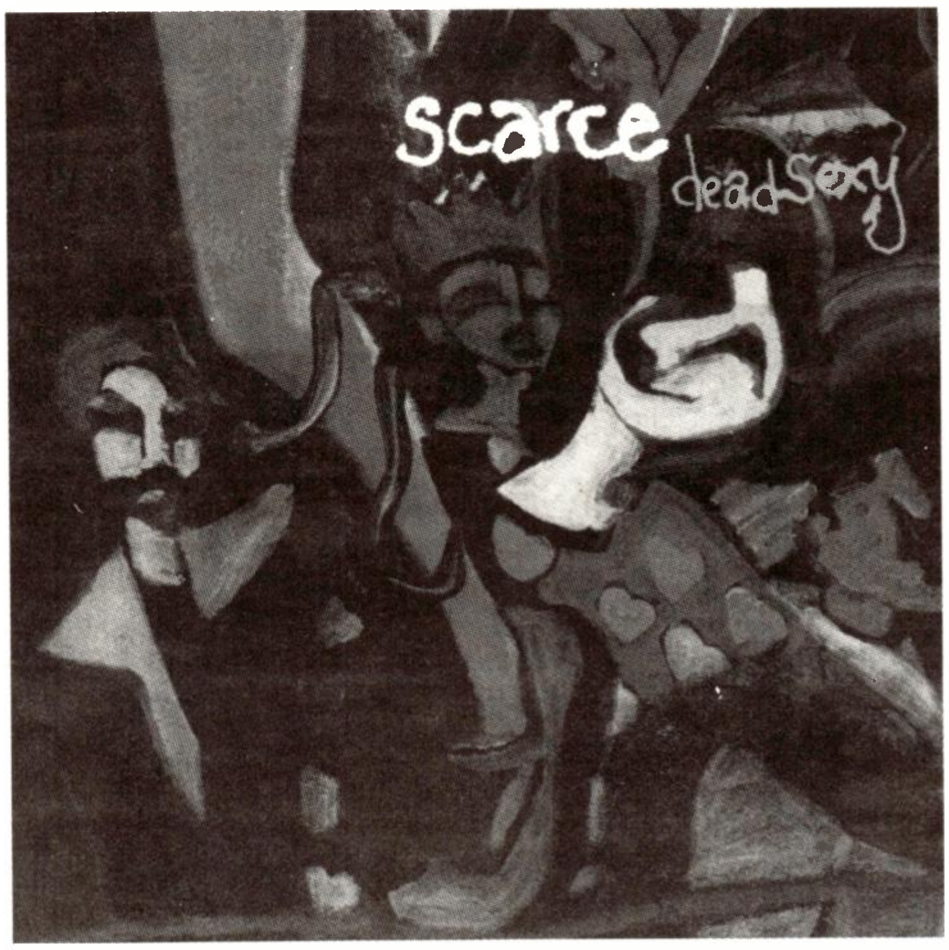
PICTURE: LFI

● **SLASH, Guns N'Roses'** vodka-sponsored, **Stoke-born axe slinger visits the UK with his solo project SLASH'S SNAKE PIT to plug their 'It's Five O'Clock Somewhere' LP at Nottingham Rock City tonight (Wednesday, July 12), London Kentish Town Forum (13), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (14) and Newport Centre (15).**

London Highbury The Garage: **95: Nil/Rainchaser/The Crossing/Drug Native**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Tragic Love Company/Gorgeous Space Virus/Elliot Green/Tar Babies**
London Kentish Town WKD: **Beats Route**
London Kilburn Black Lion: **Holly Penfield and Friends**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **Higher Ground**
London Putney Half Moon: **Stella Rambisai Chiweshe/The Earthquake Band**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **The Neville Brothers**
London South Bank Royal Festival Hall: **Guru's Jazzamatazz**
London W1 HMV Store: **5pm – Marc Almond, Live and Signing**
London W10 Station Tavern: **The Mistreaters**
London WC1 The Water Rats: **Shriekback/Styrofome/Jackwoods**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **Dino Baptiste**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Harvey's Rabbit/Proof**
Nottingham Rock City: **Warrant/Kix**
Southampton Joiner's Arms: **Wormhole**
Stafford Forester And Firkin: **Shape Of Rage**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **The Newcranes/Squibrocket Farm**
Swansea Duke Of York: **Jupiter Family**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Sheryl Crow**
York Fibbers: **Full Fathom Five/Ask Alice/Raindogs**

TUESDAY 18

Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **Walrus/The Celtics/Candyshockdarlings**
Boston Axe And Cleaver: **Sods Law**
Brighton The Norfolk: **Chrome Yellow**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Sheryl Crow**
Bristol The Fleece & Firkin: **Sheep On Drugs**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Kora Colours**
Canterbury Penny Theatre: **Pulse**
Edinburgh Stones: **The All Stars**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Out Of My Hair/Jocasta**
Glasgow SECC: **Wet Wet Wet/Scarlet**
Gloucester Guildhall Arts Centre: **Weknowwhereyoulive**
Hastings The Crypt: **Terry Pack/Pete White**
Hebburn Comprehensive School: **January Blue**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **Descent**
London Archway St Johns Tavern: **The Direction/The Cost**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Flamingoes/Hefner/Strut/Menace**
London Camden The Falcon: **Buffleheads/I'm Being Good/Scardy Cat**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Charlie Hunter**
London Camden Laurel Tree: **Wormhole**
London Camden The Underworld: **Catherine Wheel/Placebo**
London Clapham Grand: **Bo Diddley**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Race**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Bash/Red Eyedea/The Billy Dolls/Balloonstick**
London Highbury The Garage: **The Big Break Final/Sacred Cow/Fantastic Fake Fur/The Enchanted/Sushi**
London Highbury Upstairs At The Garage: **The Beans/The Children/Ethereal**
London Kensington The Orange: **Mainstream**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Babble/Pura Vida/Jake Martin/Suzanne Rhatigan**
London Kentish Town Forum: **Alt**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **Willie And The Shakers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Rainbyrds**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **Mike And The Mechanics**
London Soho Gossips: **Conscious**
London W1 HMV Store: **1pm – Guru**
London W10 Subterania: **Bootsy Collins' New Rubber Band**
London Walthamstow The Standard: **Red Shift/Touch Of Blue**
London WC1 The Water Rats: **Cottonmouth/Porcupine/Congregation**
London WC2 Marquee: **Stone Moment/The Holy Joes/Constant Blur/Maniac Squat**
London WC2 Victoria Embankment Gardens: **12.30pm – Chris Bisco Quartet**
Maidstone Trader Jack: **Trainer**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Homelife/Non Stop Mancini/Elliot Red/The Singer**
Manchester Roadhouse: **James Hall/Lick**
Norwich Oval: **BLOW**
Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms: **Black Grape**
Southampton Joiner's Arms: **Scylla/Longpigs**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **Barflys**
Wakefield College: **Corduroy**
Whitstable Tankerton Arms: **Fletch**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Warrant, Slaughter And Kix**



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THE NEW RICK WITTER, COME ON DOWN!

Calling all wannabe rock stars! Would you care to follow in the steps of Oasis, Shed Seven, The Auteurs, Trans-Global Underground, S*M*A*S*H, 60Ft Dolls and other incendiary young Turks?

Well, you could, if you send a demo of your music to those nice Manchester folk who run In The City.

This, as you know is the throbbing civic festival and indie marketplace that throws up new talent each year. Since its inception in 1992, ITC has showcased all of the aforementioned bands when they were penniless nobodies. And now just look at 'em!!

This live extravaganza runs from September 2–6. So if your act is currently without a recording contract and you want to play live in front of publishers, managers and a *grand fromage* from almost every record label, just get your demos packed up, fill in the form below, and send it off.

Your tape will be judged by a panel that includes an inevitably clued-up *NME* associate, and maybe you'll reach the exclusive shortlist.

But hurry it up, lest your access to the mighty portals of rock Gomorrah slam shut for another year!

IN THE CITY BAND APPLICATION FORM '95

Band/Artist name: ....

Type of demo sent: CD ☐ Tape ☐ Vinyl ☐ Video ☐

Track titles (if more than three, please indicate the three you would like to submit):
....
....
....

Contact person/manager (please specify title): ....

Address: ....
....
....
....

Phone/fax: ....

Home town of band ....

Band members and instruments played:
....
....
....
....
....
....
....

Short description of music:
....
....
....
....
....

How long band have been together:
....

Photo enclosed: Yes ☐ No ☐
Press pack enclosed: Yes ☐ No ☐

Please form and demo to:
In The City Unsigned, Sun House,
2-4 Little Peter Street, Knott Hill,
Manchester M15 4PS

All entries must be received by July 31, 1995.

PLEASE NOTE: SUBMITTED MATERIAL WILL NOT BE RETURNED

HMV

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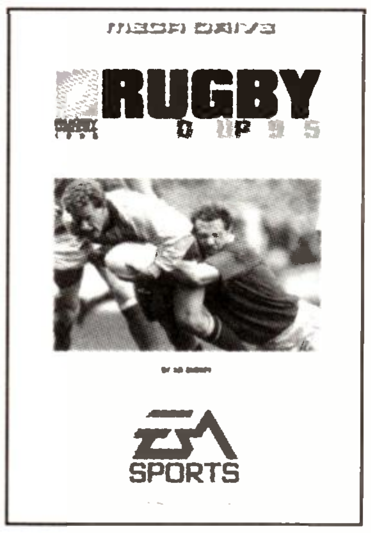
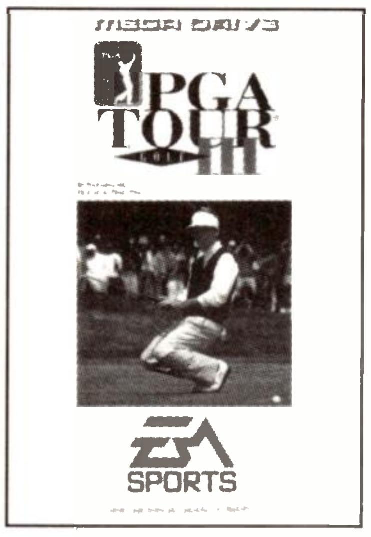


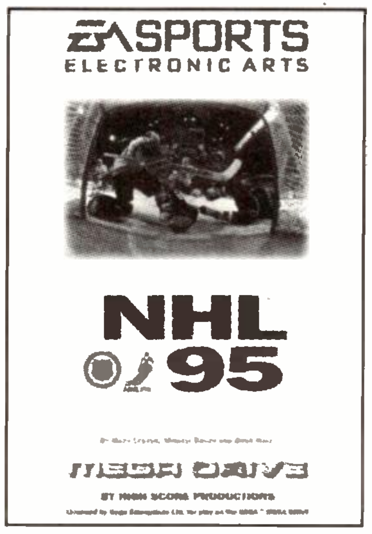
RUGBY WORLD CUP 1995

MEGA DRIVE
NBA LIVE 95
16 MEG
EA SPORTS

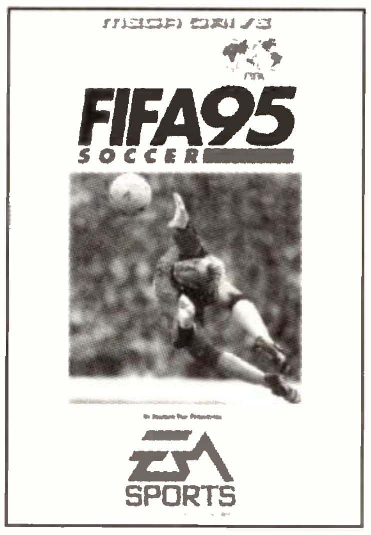
NBA LIVE 95



PGA TOUR GOLF III



NHL 95



FIFA SOCCER 95

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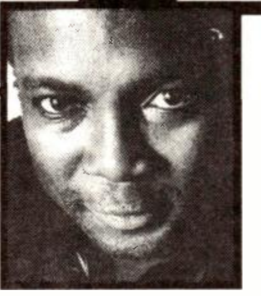
Singles



Reviewed by
DELE FADELE

HOLE
Violet ***(Geffen)***

SHE MUST be Hercules, musn't she? There's been enough speculation and disinformation about Courtney Love to fill a few books, so, short of saying that it'll be best to go for a cross-country jog when the whole circus hits the Reading Festival this year, let's examine the music for a second. This is not a cop-out, as there's still something spooky and accessible about the 'Live Through This' LP, of which this is the lead-off track.

'Violet' is basically cool, early '80s New Wave pop sung in a deceptively beautiful voice that soon turns into an almighty shriek. There's no need to question emotion or commitment here, as the song shifts through a series of perspectives. Taken literally, 'Violet' seems to deal with the moment you get what you want and finally realise that you didn't want it in the first place, so it could be a metaphor for late 20th Century celebrity, or something more personal.

PUBLIC ENEMY
So Whatcha' Gonna Do Now? ***(Def Jam)***

WHAT DOES Chuck D have in common with Republican presidential hopeful Bob Dole? Well, on this evidence, they share an opinion on the debilitating effects and moral bankruptcy of 'gangsta rap'. But, while the wizened Senator wants to increase censorship for the sake of a few more votes, and damn the root causes of all this nihilism, Chuck D is telling those in 'the projects' what time it is.

'So Whatcha' Gonna Do Now?' is Public Enemy's 'Armagideon Time', a last-minute plea, before the clock strikes 12, for a community to stop glorifying – and wallowing in – its own destruction. Pounding bass and 'real' drums set the scene for Chuck's oratory, and the edited version would be funny if the subject wasn't so serious. As an added bonus, you get the earth-shattering 'Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos' complete with Thelonius Monk piano loops and a serious jailbreak scenario. Hey, rock'n'roll!

DEADLY HUNTER
Ragamuffin
(Black Market International)

LET'S HOPE against hope that Deadly Hunter isn't this year's Mad Stuntman. (Remember *"I like to move it move it/I like to move it move it" ad nauseum*?)

Certainly, this insanely infectious rubbish will have you grovelling for mercy by the end of the summer. All you need, these days, is a ragga toaster, a sample of a sample of a sampled keyboard riff, a mild concession to ragga bass, and the hit is yours.

But how do you shake off the resulting, novelty, happy happy happy image? Why are you doing this to us, Mr Hunter? "Because I can", he seems to reply, oblivious.

MONICA
Don't Take It Personal
(Arista)

A CATCHY debut from the teenage protégée of Dallas Austin – producer kingpin of modern-day soul, Madonna helper – who will not trouble Aretha Franklin in the wailing or heart-tugging stakes. It's kinda high-school swingbeat, with the hint of a woman, wise before her time. She just wants to be alone today, she tells an errant boyfriend, don't take it personally.

However, this little slice-of-life then gets boosted with truck-shaking bass and a careful keyboard lick, whilst an echoey voice repeats "ghetto" throughout the track, and you have one of those summer songs that won't leave you alone, even if it gets a tad repetitive by the last minute.

SOUL II SOUL
Love Enuff ***(Ten)***

BEST SAVOURED when temperatures hit 96 degrees in the shade, 'Love Enuff' is a subtle return to form by Soul II Soul, who prove that Nellee Hooper did not take all the tunes away with him. Really, it might be a cliché to say so, but could you imagine wrapping your ears around this optimistic love song on a cold winter night in Norway when your heart is about as icy as the Arctic? You'd tell 'em to shove off, wouldn't you?

But here, Penny Ford – of Snap fame – gently chides a workaholic guy who has forgotten about the important things in life in his struggle to reach the top. The rhythm is tight, supple, typical Soul II Soul, and there are unexpected jarring moments, such as the sitar on the intro, and the catchy, wordless bit of the chorus.

HOPPER
Wasted ***(Factory Too)***

PUNK ROCK alert! Hopper don't need to run you over with a juggernaut when they could put poison in your coffee. The first signings to the refurbished Factory label – for whom the record label cannot be an albatross, since most of the so-called trainspotters are now into dance music or Creation Records – act as if the last 12 years haven't happened.

Rachel Morris sings with a perpetual sneer, whilst the three guys crash into each other. She thinks this guy looks bitter when he's wasted and she's suggesting something to him, but who knows what? It's kinda cute, kinda semi-dangerous, and – mostly – kinda passé, but who is going to tell the kids what to do, what to buy, and who to go and see these days?

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Just a minute! 11.59 add to the catalogue of Brit-rap

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

11:59
Freeman ***(Ticking Time/China)***

YOU COULD speculate all day about why British-based rap music is continually deemed inferior to its American uncle, but, suffice to say, it's easier for some listeners to deal with the trials and tribulations of another culture than something closer to home. 11:59, straight outta London Town, set out their stall and challenge you not to find beauty, art and empowerment in their second '95 release after a few years of underground fermenting.

'Freeman' comes at you with that classic 'runaway rebel' stance that should not be confused with the Southern renegades who wave the Confederate flag at every opportunity. Rather, this is the possessed, outlaw chic of Hendrix's 'Hey Joe' and Bob Marley's 'I Shot The Sheriff'. The fundamental difference, of course, is that rapper Giancarlo Morroco and musical wiz Daniel X haven't done anything wrong. Just watch the song's protagonist run away from the modern equivalent of a chain gang – work that makes him lose his precious self. He'll take the road less travelled, he says, with no money, just a fistful of pride, and Jah will be his guide.

"Take a drink from the well of a thousand selves/And wish for a little self control..."

'Freeman' is meta-rap in a way only the mid-decade can produce: an impassioned (sung) chorus, two rappers passing the baton, a keyboard motif that stirs the soul and swells in your speakers, drums that go off as explosions on every fourth beat, a lyrical acknowledgement of schizophrenia (the protagonist hears unseen voices), and... Lemmy's son on restrained guitar(!).

You may not know whether to run to the north or the south, but you've gotta run, nonetheless, 'cos, as 11:59 point out, Babylon is falling.

And who wants to be around to sift through the debris?

PJ HARVEY
C'Mon Billy ***(Island)***

MORE PLAINTIVE than recent material from PJ Harvey might suggest, 'C'mon Billy' should still have been left on the LP whence it came. Acoustic guitars and dizzying, sickly strings, surround the first-person narrator as she entreats a lover to come back and meet his son. What will actually happen to the unfortunate creep when he gets back is left open to speculation, but if you should think there's a Nick Cave fixation at work here, you just know how it'll end. In tears.

Still, the end-effect is all-too-slight when compared to the scary and blasphemous, yet-to-be-released-as-a-single, 'To Bring You My Love' – where she stomps through your speakers with big black boots – that'll have radio programmers reaching for a calming blast of that jaunty song by The Boo Radleys. You know the one.

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

PJ Harvey: c'mon every Billy

CREDIT TO THE NATION
Liar, Liar ***(One Little Indian)***

THE FACT that the music business is a valley of greed and deceit is given. But who protects the artists? Who would try to control every nuance of an artist's music and yet not lift a finger if the self-same artist was spiralling down the road to doom? Managers? Credit To The Nation have had to climb more mountains than Chris Bonnington – from death threats, to accusations of pandering to liberals, to supposedly 'letting the side down' etc, etc, but they're still around.

Matty Hanson has survived a scary experience, and yet this single is directed as much at himself as it is at Credit To The Nation's detractors. 'Liar Liar' keeps in the pop tradition, by sampling a fragment of the bassline to Michael Jackson's 'Thriller', but the words are surreal and all the better for it. There's the old youthful zest, but it's certainly strange to hear Matty referring to himself as a "nigga", whilst making references to British cultural figureheads smoking dope, re-writing lines by Cypress Hill, and re-iterating the central theme of Ice-T's 'Home Invasion'.

METHOD MAN FEATURING MARY J BLIGE
I'll Be There For You/You're All I Need To Get By ***(Def Jam)***

THE HIP-HOP fraternity will probably approach this pairing with a large shovel and a bale of hay, but they'll be the ones missing out. Method Man is still the current rapper to beat – with most competition coming from the Wu-Tang Clan he's also affiliated with – and here he shows a hitherto hidden sensitive side, ably assisted by reigning hip-hop/swing diva Mary J Blige.

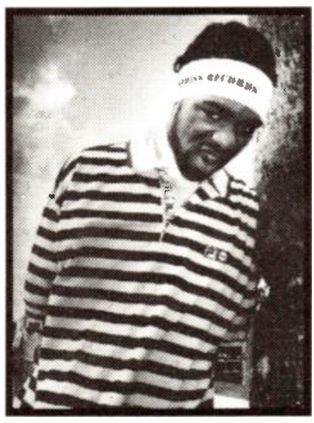
Method might deny that this is a love song and claim it's just "a situation song", but 'I'll Be There For You' is literally, overwhelming. The Ashford/Simpson song of old is twinned with a laid-back rap in which he imagines himself and his beloved sharing a house with thousands of kids (well,hip-hop has always been about exaggeration) with her waiting, chaste, even if he's sent to jail upstate.

The mix by Sean 'Puffy' Combs is slick as hell, but still booming, with a buried sample of a man at the end of his tether hoping he and she live together, cry together and die together. Method Man might have taken an axe to his reputation with the hardcore hip-hoppers, but this just shows how versatile he is, and how he doesn't have to be in your face to come across.

PALACE
The Mountain
(Palace/Drag City)

FEW ARE as familiar with gnawing sadness and resignation as Will Oldham, and yet, the reasons he chooses to work in the Country and Western medium seem baffling.

"If I could f— a mountain," he wails, *"Lord I would f— a mountain,"* and then goes on to gradually lose all composure as the verses unfold. You also get a pitter-patter of restrained drums, some pedal steel sighs, the odd guitar twang, and Will's drawn-out, Appalachian voice. All of which should tug at your heartstrings and tease those teardrops into your glass of cooking sherry, but, ultimately, you just wonder why he's feeling so sorry for himself.



PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Method Man is big softie shock!

MOTHER EARTH
Freethinker ***(Acid Jazz)***

GREAT SENTIMENT – step aside from the herd, think for yourself – shame about the extremely precise evocation of a bygone era. Mother Earth's singer has drunk from the same trough as Freakpower's Ashley, Paul Weller, and a host of other chic people who worry about the cut of their trousers.

To cap it all, the circling organ riff, sub-'Gimme Shelter' backing vocals, and funky undercarriage, suggest that they are in on something you're not privy to, but should you want to buy in, you'd have to follow the elaborate rules.

Like the man said, think for yourself.

MARC ALMOND
Idol ***(Some Bizzare)***

HOW'S THIS for irony? An 'idol' singing from the point of view of a fan about an idol. Confusing? Well, Marc Almond has attempted to solder some T-Rex song to a Gary Glitter stomp, to make a good bedrock for this essay of bitterness and failed expectations, but he's having a joke, really. He is not being entirely serious... Where's the electro, the future, the strings, the strings...?

PRESSURE OF SPEECH
Mothmath ***(North South)***

THERE ARE a million ways to unnerve people, this is just one of them. Pressure Of Speech fight City Hall, put Advance Party addresses on their records so you can continue to fight the Criminal Justice Act, and seem to have a cogent political direction, but 'Mothmath' just weirds you out if you're uninitiated. A series of electronic pulses converge over a percussion track mixed so low you can't actually dance to it, and the effect is of being drawn slowly but surely into some sinister netherworld. No, thanks.

KYLIE MINOGUE
Where Is The Feeling?
(DeConstruction)

QUESTIONS ARE asked in the Houses of Parliament about Kylie Minogue's onstage antics with strapping fieldhands – read, 'dancers' – and shiny black microphones. Minor philosophers survey her musical output and pronounce every song *tres* kitsch and *faux* ironic. Heck, even 'Confide In Me' sounds great at 2am after pints of the demon brew...

But – and you knew there had to be a 'but' – she does not sound remotely 'sexy' on this. Which is disastrous when the whole vast publicity machine is oiled by sex and sensuality.

Brothers In Rhythm provide a modern, pop-dance backing, with lovely strings, whilst Kylie breathlessly whispers to some absent lover, but you might as well listen to The Nine O'Clock News if you want a flicker of emotion, something non-robotic, and something to affirm that you're alive.

SPOONFED HYBRID
Scary Verlaine
(Debout/Couche)

IAN MASTERS (formerly of Pale Saints infamy) and friends decide to visit the 'intelligent' ambient shop for a browse, but end up instead with an extended, symphonic instrumental that reminds you of nothing so much as 'Simon's Ghost' by Crispy Ambulance (which is good, but that was 1981, you're older now). Death, death and more death. There is no beauty in death.

THE JIM CARROLL BAND
People Who Died ***(Island)***

MORBID RE-RELEASE by the New York City poet, to tie in with a film of his diaries. The way he seems to relish people meeting untimely deaths whilst ranting over a jaunty, speedy rock riff, is *sick*. He'd better watch out for their spirits.

WRH

IN-STRU-MENTAL!

FUN-DA-MENTAL

With Intent To Pervert The Cause Of Injustice

(Nation/All formats)

THE TITLE could not have been more accurate. Fun-Da-Mental's debut LP 'Seize The Time' was an era-defining record. BNP candidate Derek Beacon had been elected, Muktar Ahmed had become one of many victims of nazi violence and Fun-Da-Mental were warning that Enoch Powell's 'rivers of blood' prophecy might come true. (Though the blood being spilled would belong to Combat 18 nazis and not the ethnic majority, as Powell had envisaged.)

'Seize The Time' was a call for people to fight back. To reject passive resistance and fight fire with relentless fire. Fun-Da-Mental made people believe that the fantasy of self-empowerment would became a reality; *"Self-defence is no offence,"* was their rallying call. With 'Seize The Time' they created a document as vivid, coherent and invincible as those issued by Public Enemy. The LP was a resolute and unequivocal forward step in the war against racial oppression.

So where to next? Well, to the least likely place imaginable, it seems. For 'With Intent…' is as far removed from its predecessor as could be imagined. It is an instrumental album, a fusion of "peace, love, confusion and extremism" where Fun-Da-Mental's incisive polemic becomes redundant in favour of a rich mix of sounds from around the globe.

It's a curious idea that Fun-Da-Mental should release an instrumental LP, akin to a Public Enemy record without Flavor Flav or an apple pie without apple. But their boldness in confounding expectations is admirable and 'With Intent…' is a rich, diverse and unexpected excursion. A collection of sounds, samples and tunes from Propagandhi and Impi D's travels through Pakistan, South Africa and Australasia.

Fun-Da-Mental retain some of their vitriol. There are moments of poignancy and invective like in the funky nine-minute world dub of 'Dog War', which uses the same C18 sample used on 'Dog Tribe'. The sample – a recorded telephone message which ends *"We're gonna hang you for burning the British flag. You'll hang from every flagpole in Britain for burning the Union Jack, you bastards"* – becomes more chilling with each repetition.

The fierce 'When I Want Your Opinion, I'll Give It To You' begins with Mahatma Ghandi's famous: *"In the end you will walk out, because 100,000 Englishmen simply cannot control 350 million Indians if those Indians refuse to co-operate."* It is followed by angry chants and gunfire as an angry exchange unfolds. And the final track 'Global Tales' is a spoken word censure for white imperialists which concludes *"Resolving the past is your salvation, if not your destruction/I stand guilty of the charge/With intent to pervert the cause of injustice."*

Elsewhere, there is a reference back to 'Seize The Time' with two new lyricless versions of 'Gold Burger', the more impressive being the anthemic upbeat 'Liberating Gold Burger'. 'Sin, In The Name Of…' is a swamp of esoteric noise against a backdrop of Australian instruments, 'Race2War' has a dramatic and intense opening and then drifts into shuffling dance while 'My Gration' is a formidable cinematic dub that ends with Asian song.

As a follow-up to 'Seize The Time', 'With Intent…' is a courageous but ultimately flawed record, where the sum is greater than the individual parts and there are few standout moments. It is a record that fails to captivate and which lacks their previous dynamism.

"Even with an instrumental LP it comes down to politics," say the sleeve notes. That may be true, but sadly the politics of this LP are too subtle to be properly heard. (6)

Andy Richardson

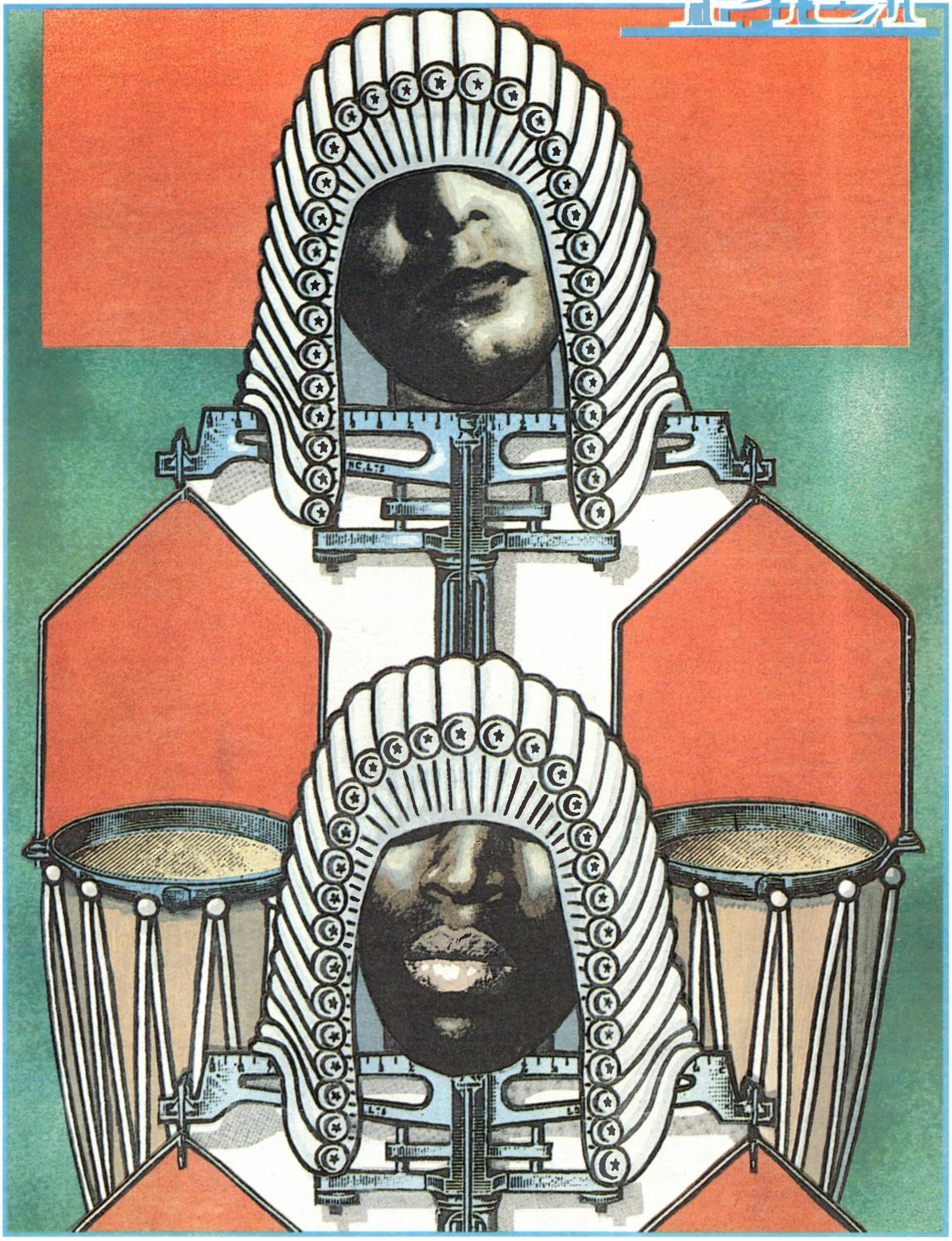


ILLUSTRATION: RUN

VICIOUS

Destination Brooklyn

(Epic/Cassette/CD)

KIDS, EH? Fourteen year-old Vicious is the latest in a line of primary school prodigies given leave to skip double math and go practice their rhymes. Unfortunately this also leaves him latest in a line of pre-pubescent rap acts whose careers lasted about as long as their squeaky voices. Remember the backward-trousered Kriss Kross?

Granted, Vicious is trying something different. Ragga. Kind of Shabba Ranks meets Macaulay Culkin. Though at least child actors like Culkin actually get to play children. Brooklyn-born Vicious has had to grow up fast. Age 11 he got shot in the leg. Then he decided he wanted to be an MC. Good idea, said his mom, that's exactly what "The Creator" put you on Earth for in the first place.

Perhaps the all-knowing Creator should also have advised him to wait a few years before parading his skills in public. He's got the tongue-twisting eloquence all right, but his voice is still more Tweety Pie than Top Cat. Next to the booming, fatherly tones of Doug E Fresh on 'Freaks', he sounds like one of those irritating kids who hassle tired parents in supermarkets.

A small army of engineers and producers have fixed the music, spring-loaded beats and floorboard-warping basslines abound, but that characteristic Jamaican rasp has gone. Ironically, the best tracks are based around hip-hop – the clockwork electro of 'Ghetto People' or percussion-cap blast of his anti-firearms piece, 'The Glock'.

So there's hope, anyway. In a couple of years he could be a gravel-voiced he-man with a trailer-load of girls – just like Shabba. Only, don't quit school just yet. **(6)**

Rupert Howe

KYUSS

… And The Circus Leaves Town

(Elektra/All formats)

FOR THOSE about to rock, we salute them round these parts, and no-one rocks heavier than Kyuss, the thinking mammoth's metal muthas.

You'll get no fannying about with such wussy concepts as humour or irony with the Kyussters. The album sleeve features a hand-drawn woman with baps-aloft surrounded by strange mythical monsters (eg, cucumber-trousered Minotaurs, large breasted snakes and huge mystic whirlpools of doooooom. I rest my case. Almost.

Based in Palm Desert California and widely admired by college grunge wimps who daren't rock properly, Kyuss' riffs are supremely obese, like the bowels of Black Sabbath after six Vindaloos and no rice, and only Monster Magnet can really compare on that level. The Magnets aren't entirely 4-real serious, however, unlike Kyuss, who, rumour has it, play four-hour sets in the desert on their days off. Woooooarrgh!

Titles like 'Thee Ol'Boozeroony' and 'Jumbo Blimp Jumbo' suggest a certain acquaintance with Frank Zappa, and the extended spliffery pokery jams certainly show more musical lineage than they'd perhaps care to admit. Indeed, the calligraphy on the sleeve has rarely been seen since the early days of Marillion. But ultimately you must face the metal. Look the dark lord in the eye and tell him you love him. Or something. **(8)**

Johnny Cigarettes

NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN

Brainbloodvolume

(Furtive/Sony/All formats)

DEAR ME, no. What has brought them back, these farcically asexual Englishmen? What fresh trousers of inappropriate size will they make our children wear now?

No, we shouldn't mock. Not the attempted image reinvention, the inevitable Al Jourgensen via Clint Poppie goatees, or even the grisly black packaging. Why? Because the Neds have got all scary. How we shat our God Fodder Tour shorts in fear.

It becomes glaringly obvious after 'All I Ask Of Myself Is That I Hold Together' and 'Borehole', that this is the fault of two very different individuals. The first, T Reznor, Esq., ghoulish supremo and messianic overlord of Nine Inch Nails; and the second, Mike Edwards, smug tosser and sole proprietor of Jesus Jones' 'Technological Indie – The Way Forward' Holdings Inc'. The former influenced the operatic industrial chuggings that dominate much of this album, and the latter the sad token beatboxery that gives us all a good larf on other occasions. Those cheeky, but misguided Neds have swallowed it all.

Which is really what makes this a not very good album. From track seven onwards, however, there is more of what we might expect from a band who have at least had the decency to be shamed – unlike, say, Carter or Kingmaker – by the music they foisted on the early '90s. The ballad, they have decided, is the way forward.

And it is this which brings us to the better bits: the single 'Stuck'; the sneaky riff '…To Be Right' are both evidently the work of a band who can't believe they ever made 15-year-olds wear those shirts and got paid for it; and have been racked with guilt ever since. They're coming to terms with maturity, and if they didn't occasionally sound like Tears For Fears when they did it, it would be easier to let them off.

But that would not do. The tunes are still missing. The spectre of industrial rock haunts proceedings. And the kids, whose lives they changed, have all grown up.

Almosttotalbollocks. **(4)**

John Robinson

LONG PLAY

BETTER THAN EZRA
Deluxe
(Elektra/All formats)

ANACHRONISM ALERT! Louisiana three-piece Better Than Ezra have produced an album stuffed to the gills with every Southern rock cliché in the book. 'Deluxe' may be shamelessly derivative, VH-1 targeted toss, but it's extremely slick, eminently listenable and ultimately very pleasant, shamelessly derivative, VH-1 targeted toss and, consequently, it's almost impossible to hate.

Kevin Griffin's silken vocal hybrid of all five Traveling Wilburys is the perfect vehicle for the down-home introspection and sentimental schmaltz he's called upon to deliver, and his multi-layered guitar slides from frenetic jangling to Neil Young riff-driving at the drop of a plectrum. The material itself is occasionally splendid, the evocative lyricism and stark atmospherics of 'The Killer Inside' and understated power of 'Summerhouse'. But the appaling condescension of 'Teenager' and the cringeworthy mawkishness of 'Southern Girl' and 'Porcelain' can effortlessly curl toes at 50 paces.

The extremely slick AOR production (provided by Dan Rothchild, son of legendary Doors' producer Paul Rothchild), precision playing and Griffin's extraordinary vocal clarity will make 'Deluxe' virtually irresistible to FM radio programmers throughout the world. 40-something REM heads will embrace it for its derivative familiarity, and Better Than Ezra will probably dominate the airwaves well into the next century.

It's enough to make you want to puke. **(5)**

Ian Fortnam

THE DENISON/KIMBALL TRIO
Soul Machine
(Skin Graft LP/CD)

TIME FOR a quick jazz odyssey? Of course you haven't. Jazz, we know, is played by musicians; musicians know how to play properly, and knowing how to play properly makes them Enemies Of The People. It is this credo that has stemmed the tide of the goatee, and it has served us well.

Reach then, for the ammunition. The Denison/Kimball Trio – Doh! And there's only two of them, the crazy, slightly dour guys! – are unashamedly jazz. With brushed drums and wanky guitar chords and everything. The full monty.

Something strange is afoot, though. The Trio (rodent-faced Jesus Lizard affiliate Duane Denison and ex-Mule drummer Jim Kimball) have altered somewhat since their rather trifling debut – all idle twangs and allegedly spooky soundtrackisms – and become slightly more threatening. And why?

Because, ultimately, stuff like this could well, if not done as finely as this, have been specifically designed to bore the arse off anyone under 70. But 'Soul Machine', fortuitously arriving at least nominally from the same Chicago scene that brought us Tortoise, has likewise been slightly infiltrated by traces of techno and dub. The whole disconcerting effect of 'explorations' like 'Ad Infinitum' and 'Factory Loop', therefore, is neither muzik nor strictly muzak but music for airports – where all the planes crash. Which is much more like it, obviously.

The Blues Explosion? Pah! The Folk Implosion? Mere striplings! This is something odder. This is... The Jazz Extrapolation. **(7)**

John Robinson

REISSUE

JIM MORRISON/THE DOORS
An American Prayer
(Elektra/Cassette/CD)

AN EXTENDED re-release for a thematic ragbag of "poems, lyrics and stories" first released in 1978, seven years after Jim Morrison soaked the big one in a Paris hotel bathroom. The albums he left behind are still live wire treasures, but the legacy suffers some self-mutilation here.

Maybe Morrison intended to release this excruciating trawl through his notebooks and maybe he didn't. Maybe as a rock'n'roll ghost Jim relished the opportunity to go big on the spoken word market. Maybe he wanted his old cronies Krieger, Manzarek *et al* to ladle large helpings of lame jazz funk over his rambling wavering attempts at singing/speaking bad poetry and dopey Dionysian insight. Maybe.

Whatever – here you have such delights as 'Lament For My Cock' which, depending on your position on the tender of gender, is either a laughable example of arrested adolescence or a good argument for castration. There's also Jim telling the story about how as a child he merged his soul with a dead Indian. A story nutty enough to inspire Oliver Stone to make the beyond *This Is Spinal Tap* comedy biopic *The Doors*.

To simultaneously soften the blow and cheapen the enterprise even further there's a live segment of The Doors in their prime welded into the middle of the whole unwieldy farrago. Did someone mention shameful opportunism?

The line between 'An American Prayer' and an everyday American nightmare of crass exploitation is a very fine one indeed. **(4)**

Gavin Martin

YO! BUM REISSUE THE SHOW

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

"Got the time mate?" Chuck'n'Flav brring! brring! the noise

REISSUE

PUBLIC ENEMY
(Def Jam/CD Only)

PHEW! EXAMINE each of Public Enemy's re-issued CDs and try to name a group who've so consistently defined the sound of their time and can also match the philosophical weight behind each release. Go on! It's impossible, isn't it?!?

The recorded history of Public Enemy is one of such scorching intelligence and rampant invention that really it should be mandatory for every house to have at least their first three albums. When originally released the second and third albums were awarded full marks in these pages and their debut would've scored equally highly if only we'd given marks in 1987. They are Public Enemy and they have no markers, no real peers.

Fluent in a musical language that they invented themselves and that no other artist can translate competently, Public Enemy have never shirked from ruffling feathers and reporting on what they perceive as modern America in the clearest possible terms, with the best backing soundtrack. Writing from an African-American perspective that encourages outrage and reaction, they have still managed to consistently win the hearts and minds of the rock mainstream while consolidating their eminence in rap circles.

Now, looking back on their releases leading up to last year's deft return with 'Muse Sick N Hour Mess Age', it's obvious that Terminator X and The Bomb Squad's abstract disorientation coupled with Chuck D's fearless lyrical heckling has always been streaked with true genius, unlike most music that gets described thus. Another man blessed, for example, with Chuck's grasp of language and gift for wordplay but without his integrity and missionary "pro-black" zeal would have built a small empire in the advertising world by now.

'YO! BUM RUSH THE SHOW' announced a hip-hop group who smouldered beneath dark, sparse beats like no other, introduced us to the coolest vocal double act ever in Chuck and his jester sidekick Flavor Flav, and featured as striking a statement of intent as you could wish for in 'Public Enemy Number 1'. Sure, there were Uzis that weighed a ton and sophisticated bitches here and there, but the slate was wiped clean in the rap world with this explosive, liberal baiting, brilliant debut. (9)

No difficult second album syndrome for PE (or third album, for that matter), however, as they took the ideas and sounds explored on their debut and blew them sky high on the thunderous **'IT TAKES A NATION OF MILLIONS TO HOLD US BACK'**.

Here the huge, unstoppable waves of music were fleshed out with great curtains of percussive noise and strange screaming sounds that belonged to no instrument or man on earth but instead to Terminator X and The Bomb Squad's wizardry with a turntable and a production console. But this wasn't merely a sonic triumph. This was also where Chuck wrote a fistful of lyrics that promoted him to the position of foremost commentator/documentor of life in the underbelly of the USA. Album of that year, no contest. **(10)**

So where do you go once you've made the greatest hip-hop album ever? Unbelievably, you consolidate that with an equally splendid follow-up, **'FEAR OF A BLACK PLANET'** – an achievement made all the more amazing considering the pressures the group were under from within (Prof Griff's fall from grace), that they were being vilified by the media and challenged by a host of promising new talent.

No matter. This time the sounds were softened slightly with flashes of 'real' instrumentation but the content remained as astonishingly tough and intelligent as before. Play 'Revolutionary Generation' one more time before bed and remember the power. **(10)**

Something had to slip eventually, and on **'APOCALYPSE '91: THE EMPIRE STRIKES BLACK'** they stumbled slightly. Not a lot, but by their standards things weren't quite up to scratch. This is a more soulful, funkier stew than previously served but there were a couple of fillers ('How To Kill A Radio Consultant', 'A Letter To The New York Post') that were little better than PE B-sides. Good, but not as indispensable as its predecessors. **(7)**

Of course you know all this, really, because Public Enemy continue to make inspiring and inspired records. This collection of re-releases only serves as a chilling reminder of the shiver they tickled out of your soul with that first blast of each early album.

Ted Kessler

DAVID HOLMES
This Film's Crap... Let's Slash The Seats
(Go! Discs/Exploding Plastic Inevitable/All formats)

'INDIE TECHNO' is one of the more curious phrases being chucked about in the ever-befuddling cement mixer of dance genres. First muttered merely as an insult by techno purists sniping at anyone who dared to defile the shrine of electronica with a guitar (arch techno hero Carl Craig's six string noodlings soon shut them up) or had the audacity to sign to a non-prescribed label, it's now become more of a reality than the blinkered ever feared.

So we get Toni Halliday on the Leftfield album, Tim Burgess' balmy lip service on the Chemical Brothers' debut and now, the post-St Etienne Sarah Cracknell providing the breathy vocals on 'Gone', one of the more strangely subdued moments on Belfast DJ turned muso David Holmes' debut album.

Strangely, because Holmes' DJing – and his occasional records for Warp, Soma and his own Exploding Plastic Inevitable label – have leaned towards the harder technoid side of life, whereas 'Gone' is a tiptoeing, minor-key near-ballad with Holmes playing the funky drummer role. And it works, like most of the moments on 'This Film's Crap...' when he ditches the heads-down no-nonsense techno formula of 'Shake Ya Brain' and 'Minus 61 In Detroit' (OK at 3am in clubland, but hardly enduring LP material) in favour of something a little more refreshing...

...Like 'Slash The Seats', where acid meets trip-hop in a skeletal Chemical Brothers-type workout. Or 'Inspired By Leyburn', which sends you ferreting through the sleeve notes only to find the creator of the haunting, sustained guitar line that the track hangs around is none other than Steve bloody Hillage in non-noodle mood. Miracles never cease!

All this genre-jumping leaves 'This Film's Crap... Let's Slash The Seats' with the general vibe of a collection of shorts – each varying in adventurousness as well as effectiveness – rather than the big screen epic Holmes had probably planned. But it's no Hammer Horror either; so settle down with your favourite psychedelic popcorn and prepare to enjoy. But you'd better keep the remote control on hand too – just in case. **(6)**

Ben Willmott

WRH

HMV

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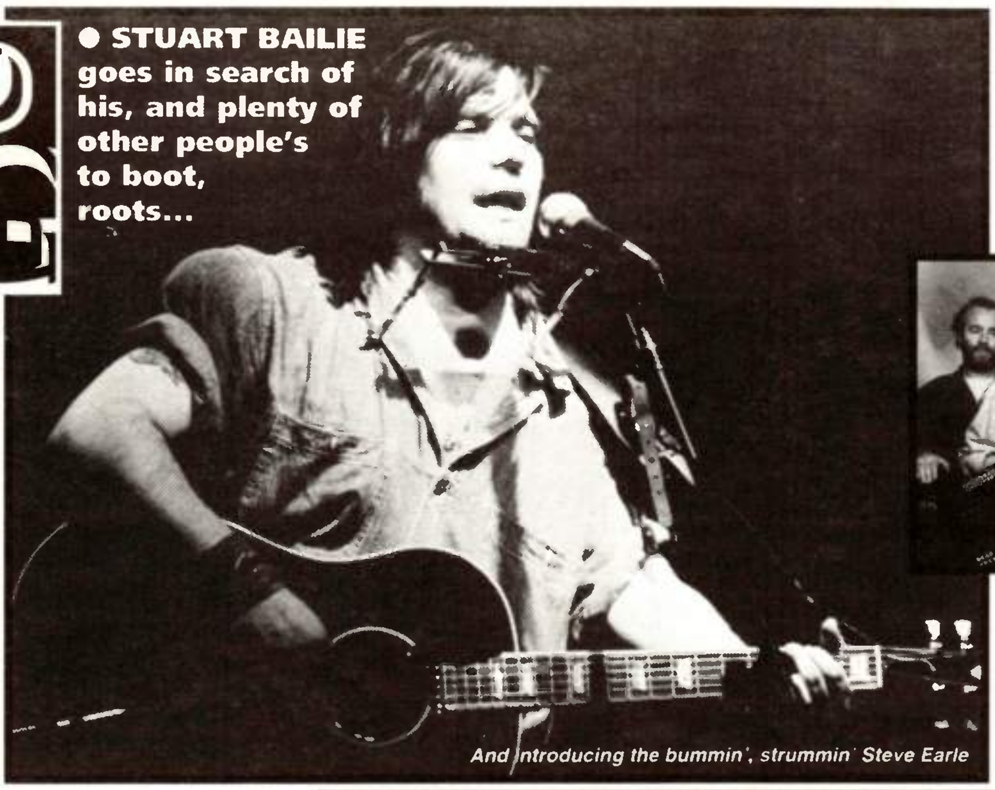
THESE ROOTS WERE MADE FOR WALKING AWAY

IN MY BAG

● STUART BAILIE goes in search of his, and plenty of other people's to boot, roots...


And introducing the bummin', strummin' Steve Earle

SO YOU want to uncover deranged, drug-stabbing activities? You want to buck the indie mainstream and get essence of *ornery* back in your music? Well, Brett Anderson and his 'healthy', sensible regime can shag right off, because our survey shows, once again, that there's nowt as queer as folk! Or blues! Or Michael Stipe's mates! Or pop traitors with bodhrans or girls with barely feasible woodwind instruments!!

Let's take bummin', strummin' **STEVE EARLE** for instance. His absence from the music scene these last five years has been the stuff of hearsay and awful rumour. Much of it was actually true – Steve *was* ingesting shedloads of drugs, his private life was a disaster and a near-scalping in a car crash didn't improve the prospects of the fire-bellied demon of 'New Country'. So **Train A Comin'** ***(Transatlantic II)*** is the first music we've got to hear since he went awry – a slew of smart tunes played simply on guitar, mandolin and stuff. While Earle's contempt for the 'Unplugged' syndrome is manifest, this record functions in a similar way. We hear songs written over a 20-year stretch, and we marvel at the talent behind them.

The brutal, confessional style is very apt (remember, he was on a bluegrass-metal tip last time!), and Steve's rasping tones have survived well. He was always doomed by comparisons to Springsteen in the past but these days Earle comes over like a trainee Johnny Cash: pithy, grim-voiced, strangely mythical. **(7)**

We should salute **RY COODER** also. Twenty-five years ago The Rolling Stones were copping guitar lines from Ry to get 'Honky Tonk Woman' off the ground. These days it's acts like The Orb who get excited over his transglobal guitar adventures, the way he's traced the groove of rock'n'roll back to West Africa and India – a marvellous, enquiring artist.

This double CD retrospective, **Music By Ry Cooder** ***(Warners)*** dwells on the soundtrack work which made him legendary through the '80s. Naturally, we hear bits from *Paris, Texas* and *Southern Comfort*, scores as memorable as the films themselves. There's masses of slide guitar and weird tunings; country blues gone futuristic and minimal. If you thought John Squire was a bit nifty on the bottleneck, then let Ry blow your tiny brain. **(7)**

Likewise with Los Angeles' **KEB' MO'**, aka Kevin Moore, who clearly gets a bang out of those old Robert Johnson country blues records. His album **Keb' Mo'** ***(Okeh)*** carries fine versions of two Johnson songs plus some experiments with ragtime and pop music, circa 1920. But he's got a modern nous (and Smiths producer John Porter), some funk plus a husky, keening voice that will endear him to the Jools Holland set. Watch him slide to the top. **(6)**

KATE ST JOHN, formerly with The Dream Academy and a regular guest with Van Morrison's band, is contrary in a civilised kinda way. On **Indescribable Night** ***(All Saints)***, she wraps up some Tennyson poetry with *cor anglais*, bassoon and harp, and recruits Virginia Astley for some wafty moments (which compare nicely to the latter's 'Darkness Has Reached Its End' era). But it's not just a hankering for Blighty's more pastoral days. The record also explores the power of the French *chanson* – thus flitting from the sunny and innocent to the smoky and forlorn. **(6)**

Irish band **ALTAN** never tried hard to be cool, no new agey synths or gimmicks, but still turned heads. If you like blazing trad, then hear **The First Ten Years** ***(Green Linnet)***. The death of Frankie Kennedy last year required them to take stock, and when you hear this breathtaking summation of their five albums you realise how crucial it is for them to keep going. Mairead's voice is light and affecting while the fiddle goes storming off from a bedrock of northwestern styles – artistically and emotionally sharp. **(8)**

DWIGHT YOAKAM was the brattish cowpoke who kept slagging off Nashville, once made the cover of *NME* and was spotted hanging on Sharon Stone's arm for a bit. He preceded Garth Brooks and should have been far bigger but was probably too wild and opinionated for the fuddy duddys in that scene. **Dwight Live** ***(Reprise)*** is a reminder of his sparky style as he reads from the songbooks of Buck Owens and Elvis and lets rip with a Kentucky yodel or two. **(6)**

Still on a country tip, check **DALE WATSON**'s **Cheating Heart Attack** ***(Hightone)*** for excellent honky tonk stylings that recall the swing and the heartache of Merle Haggard at his best. There's cheating and drinking akimbo, and Dale writes a smart tune. **(5)**

RODNEY CROWELL was a member of Emmylou Harris' Hot Band in the '70s and tipped to be 'The New Gram Parsons' for a while. Nobody could live up to that, but **Jewel Of The South** ***(MCA)*** is another nice record; a bit rocky, some philosophical bits, a Roy Orbison cover and, naturally, a bull-riding song. **(5)**

You feel less disposed towards **VARIOUS The Blues Album** ***(Virgin)***, which might be subtitled 'Probably The Whitest Blues Album In The World... Ever!' You get the collective tossings of Free, Chris Rea and Dire Straits, and only a handful of the chaps (Muddy, John Lee, Elmore) who made the thing happen in the first place. The press release even boasts about how they've avoided the "woke up this morning" element in their choice. You tools. **(2)**

Rather more decent is **BB KING**'s **Lucille And Friends** ***(MCA)***, which celebrates the ongoing glory of the guitarist. It's a celeb-fest with U2, Vernon Reid, Stevie Wonder and all bashing away, but the Beeb handles the rockers, jazzers and funkmeisters in a slick way. **(6)**

There's a more uneven collaboration in the form of **ALT** – namely Andy White from Belfast, Liam O'Maonlai from the Hothouse Flowers and Tim Finn of Split Enz. They've all bucked public expectations in their own way. Andy stopped writing 'political' songs (which were hip) to do excellent observation songs (which weren't). Liam didn't like the pop market and got folky and even checked into a monastery for a bit. Tim stood by while his little brother made millions with Crowded House. **Altitude** ***(Parlophone)*** is a bunch of mates busking, having a giggle, then feeling mad at the world. Sometimes it's waffley and ill-formed but, when the chaps get the gospel in 'em, the music lifts you good. **(5)**

Altan: breathtaking

Liam once played on **THE INDIGO GIRLS**' beautiful 'Closer To Fine' – a song which justifiably had Miles Hunt in tears when Amy and Emily played The Borderline a few years back. And if their last LP, 'Swamp Ophelia' was a little fussy, then this best of compilation, **4.5** ***(Epic)***, confirms how they've still written ace tunes over the years. Few have been better than 'Kid Fears' which features fellow Georgian Michael Stipe on vocals. It's a pure heartbreaker and a neat reversal of the tradition which has the girlies crooning sweetly in the background and the bloke being all butch and upfront. **(6)**

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SPECIAL ACOUSTIC SET
VOODOO QUEENS

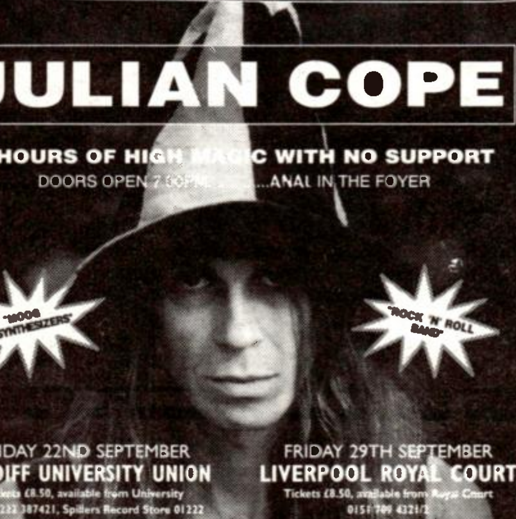
Fri 21st July & Fri 4th Aug £5/£3 Conc.
CORNERSHOP
+ DJ PHIL HARTNOLL (ORBITAL) (21st July)
+ DJ RICHARD NORRIS (THE GRID) (4th Aug)

INFO: 0181 963 0940 BO: 0171 344 0044 (24 hrs) and in person at HMV stores & Tower Records (SE) Stargreen 0171 734 8932 plus usual agents
(all adm prices subject to booking fee)

Coca-Cola OFFICIAL SOFT DRINK Coca-Cola OFFICIAL SOFT DRINK Coca-Cola OFFICIAL SOFT DRINK

PROPHETEERING 1995

JULIAN COPE



3 HOURS OF HIGH MAGIC WITH NO SUPPORT
DOORS OPEN 7.30PM ... ANAL IN THE FOYER

FRIDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER
CARDIFF UNIVERSITY UNION
Tickets £8.50, available from University B/O 01222 387421, Spillers Record Store 01222 224905, Ticketline 01222 230130

SATURDAY 23RD SEPTEMBER
BRISTOL UNIVERSITY ANSON ROOMS
Tickets £8.50, available from Unimart Our Price 01179 299008 (credit cards accepted), Rival Records (Bristol & Bath), Revolver Records & Ticketcall (Bath)

SUNDAY 24TH SEPTEMBER
CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
Tickets £8.50, available from B/O 01223 357851 & usual outlets

MONDAY 25TH SEPTEMBER
BRIGHTON EVENT
NB. DOORS OPEN 7.30PM
Tickets £8.50, available from Event B/O, Dome B/O 01273 709709, Rounder Records & usual outlets

WEDNESDAY 27TH SEPTEMBER
WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL
Tickets £8.50, available box office 0190 231 2030, Odeon 0121 634 6101, Mike Lloyd, Way Ahead & usual outlets

THURSDAY 28TH SEPTEMBER
MANCHESTER ACADEMY
Tickets £8.50, available from Piccadilly 0161 832 1111/1112 HMV 0161 834 5104 & Royal Court (Liverpool)

FRIDAY 29TH SEPTEMBER
LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
Tickets £8.50, available from Royal Court 0151 709 4321/2

SATURDAY 30TH SEPTEMBER
GLASGOW BARROWLAND
Tickets £8.50, available from Virgin records (Glasgow & Edinburgh), Tower Records & TOCTA outlets throughout, Scotland 0131 557 6969, 24hr credit card hotline 0141 556 5555 (First Call)

MONDAY 2ND OCTOBER
LEEDS TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
Tickets £8.50, available from B/O 0113 800100 Cavendish Travel 01132 442999 Jumbo Records, Rocks Off (Bradford) Way Ahead 01132 444600, Crash Badlands (Huddersfield)

TUESDAY 3RD OCTOBER
NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
Tickets £8.50, available from B/O 0115 941 2544, Way Ahead 01159 483456 & usual outlets

THURSDAY 5TH OCTOBER
SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE
Tickets £10, availble from B/O 0181 740 7474 Stargreen 0171 734 8932, Ticketmaster 0171 344 4444, First Call 0171 240 7200 LTB 0171 240 0771, Centre 0171 637 7496 GPA 0171 323 4480, ULU 0171 323 5481, Rough Trade (Neals Yard, Talbot Rd) HMV & Tower Records throughout London & the south (subject to booking fee)

SPACE ROCK * FLUORESCENT MELLOTRONS * SPACE ROCK * FLUORESCENT MELLOTRONS * SPACE ROCK * FLUORESCENT MELLOTRONS * SPACE ROCK * FLUOR

CATHERINE WHEEL

ON TOUR
UK DATES ONLY

JULY 13, PHOENIX FESTIVAL.
JULY 17, STOKE, THE STAGE.
JULY 18, LONDON, THE UNDERWORLD.
JULY 19, BUCKLEY, TIVOLI.

SINGLE
WAYDOWN
LANDING JULY 24

fontana

DUFFY

JULY
wed 19th southampton, joiners
thu 20th leicester, princess charlotte
fri 21st stoke, wheatsheaf
sat 22nd liverpool, lomax
mon 24th glasgow, king tuts
tue 25th edinburgh, the venue
thu 27th leeds, duchess of york
fri 28th bedford, esquires
sat 29th bath, moles
mon 31st exeter, cavern club
AUGUST
tue 1st bristol, fleece & firkin

NEW SINGLE
"sugar high"
3 TRACK 7" & CASSETTE / 4 TRACK CD
RELEASE DATE: 24th JULY 1995

indolent records
DISTRIBUTED BY VITAL

GOSPORT BOROUGH COUNCIL PRESENT

Eleven nights of fabulous music!

20-30 July

At...Walpole Park
Walpole Rd, Gosport

Gosport Summer Festival 1995

Del Amitri (21 July)
Squeeze (22 July)
Dodgy, Salad, S*M*A*S*H & Powder *(Park Frenzy 95)* (29 July)
Tom Robinson + Band (24 July)
Capercaillie & Show of Hands (27 July)
Courtney Pine (26 July)

Plus:
Sharon Shannon (28 July)
The Dharmas & Boys from County Hell (30 July)

BOX OFFICE: 01705 522944/511687
Tickets also available from The Wedgewood Rooms, Portsmouth on 01705 863911

Hampshire

NME
LIVE ADS

ADVERTISE YOUR NEXT GIG WITH US FOR DETAILS
Tel 0171-261 2989

THE FRIDGE
BRIXTON · LONDON

A vacancy has arisen for an in-house
PROMOTER
of indie/rock at one of London's most prestigious venues.
Candidates should have a proven track record in this field.
Salary negotiable.
Further details contact: Mark Ellicott on 0171-326 5100

TICKETS AVAILABLE

NITZER EBB 16th July
JAZZAMTAZZ 17th July
MIKE & MECHANICS 17th July
NEVILLE BROS 17th July
WARRANT 19th July
DEL AMITRI 20th July
CROWN OF THORNS 25th July
PAGE & PLANT 26th July
T. TRENT DARBY 26th, 27th July
ASH 28th July
ENGLISH ROSE 29th July
JAZZ IZZ 29th July
R.E.M. 29th, 30th July
BELLY 30th July
CRANBERRIES 31st July
REEF 2nd August
TRICKY 3rd August
READING FESTIVAL 25th, 26th & 27th August
METALLICA DONNINGTON 26th August
TAKE THAT 27th & 28th August
MONSTER MAGNET 1st September
BOY GEORGE 6th September
BARE NAKED LADIES 9th September
MARILLION 16th, 27th September
JETHRO TULL 29th September
JULIAN COPE 5th October
THE LEVELLERS 5th & 6th October
THERAPY? 13th October
REEVES & MORTIMER 15th October
TOTO 18th October
BOO RADLEYS 22nd October
SQUEEZE 27th October
UNDERWORLD 28th October
IRON MAIDEN 10th November
BLACK SABBATH 10th November
BEAUTIFUL SOUTH 22nd November
STATUS QUO 16th, 17th December
PULP 21st December

WE BOOK ALL MEAN FIDDLER, SUBTERANIA, THE GARAGE, THE VENUE & GRAND GIGS
CREDIT CARD HOTLINE
0171-734 8932
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME
ALL LONDON SHOWS BOOKABLE
SEND S.A.E. FOR GIG LISTS
STARGREEN BOX OFFICE
20/21A ARGYLL ST, LONDON W1V 1AA

Gosport Festival 95

dodgy
SALAD
S*M*A*S*H
POWDER

SATURDAY 29th JULY
WALPOLE PARK, GOSPORT
Tickets £10.00 adv. B.O. 01705 863911 / 522944

LET'S GET IT RIGHT!

If you have a complaint about an item in this magazine which concerns inaccuracy, intrusion, harassment or discrimination, write to the editor about it.

If you're still dissatisfied you can write to the Press Complaints Commission, an independent organisation established to uphold an editorial Code of Practice for the Press.

THIS MAGAZINE ABIDES BY THE PCC's DECISIONS

PCC

1 SALISBURY SQUARE
LONDON EC4Y 8AE

Telephone 071 353 1248
Facsimile 071 353 8355

This space has been donated by the publisher

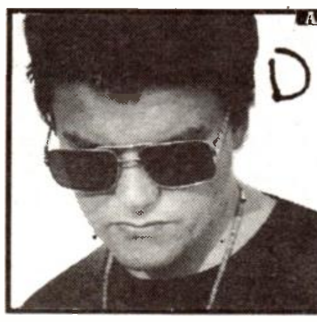
Bull & Gate

Wed 12 July	ELEPHANTINE + TORTUS + DR COATHANGER + GYRATORY SYSTEM
Thur 13 July	KEN + PLACEBO + SOUP + SPEED URCHIN
Fri 14 July	AURAL SURGERY PEAKADELIC + WEAVE + BINHOKER + WALL OF SLEEP
Sat 15 July	KICK OUT THE JAMS + FREAKATICIAN + Vth AMENDMENT + HEADROOM
Sun 16 July	THE ELEMENT + HEAD + FOURPLAY
Mon 17 July	TRAGIC LOVE COMPANY + GORGEOUS SPACE VIRUS + ELLIOT GREEN + TAR BABIES
Tues 18 July	AURAL SURGERY BABBLE + PURA VIDA + JAKE MARTIN + SUZANNE RHATIGAN

389 Kentish Town Road, London NW5
071 485 5358. Adm £2 - £5. Kentish Town tube. BR & buses.

AN ARTBUS & MEAN FIDDLER PROMOTION

Dr. ROBERT



Friday 21 July
Mean Fiddler Acoustic Room
22-28a High St, Harlesden,
London NW10 4LX.
Tel: 0181-961 5490
Tickets: £5
Doors 8pm

Riverman Presents

CATHERINE WHEEL

plus placebo

TUESDAY 18TH JULY **CAMDEN UNDERWORLD**

DOORS 8pm - TICKETS £6.00 Adv - From Box Office 0171 482 1932, Stargreen 0171 734 8932

MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTS

THE PHOENIX 1995

13TH 14TH 15TH 16TH JULY

●LONG MARSTON STRATFORD-UPON-AVON●

In Support Of Amnesty International

4 DAY EVENT WITH CAMPING

SPONSORED BY Carlsberg

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
JOIN AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
0345 611 116

stage FRIDAY 14 TH

BOB DYLAN
VAN MORRISON
TRICKY
THE FALL
WEDDING PRESENT
CHUMBAWAMBA
SALAD
VELVET CRUSH
+
★SUEDE★

stage SATURDAY 15 TH

FAITH NO MORE
PUBLIC ENEMY
TERRORVISION
PARADISE LOST
ICE T
BODYCOUNT
EMF
SENSELESS THINGS
GALLON DRUNK
SHOOTYZ GROOVE
PITCHSHIFTER

stage SUNDAY 16 TH

PAUL WELLER
BRAND NEW HEAVIES
WARREN G & THE G FUNK ERA
featuring THE TWINZ
GEORGE CLINTON
& PARLIAMENT FUNK
THE CHARLATANS
UNDERWORLD
SPEARHEAD
CREDIT TO THE NATION
MARION

COMPERE AND DJ - JO WHILEY

DAY TICKETS AVAILABLE £25 4 DAY TICKET £58 INCLUDING CAMPING AND CAR PARKING

MELODY·MAKER stage THURSDAY 13 TH

LITTLE AXE
CATHERINE WHEEL
PROPHETS OF DA CITY
OUI 3
INTERACT
LICK

MELODY·MAKER stage FRIDAY 14 TH

AZTEC CAMERA
AIMEE MANN
EDWYN COLLINS
THE BLUE AEROPLANES
LISA GERMANO
DICK DALE
CAST ▪ JAMES HALL ▪ THE NUBILES
CATATONIA ▪ BIVOUAC ▪ SACK

MELODY·MAKER stage SATURDAY 15 TH

SPIRITUALIZED
ELECTRIC MAINLINE
THE VERVE
NITZER EBB
CARDIACS
REEF
MAN OR ASTROMAN?
A.C.ACOUSTICS ▪ 60 FT DOLLS
GORKYS' ZYGOTIC MYNCI ▪ DELICATESSEN
SCARFO ▪ SCHTUM ▪ WORMHOLE

MELODY·MAKER stage SUNDAY 16 TH

THE WILDHEARTS
BIOHAZARD
DOG EAT DOG
HEADSWIM
SHUDDER TO THINK
DIE TOTENHOSEN
HONEYCRACK
H BLOCKX ▪ JOYRIDER
STRETCH ▪ SHIHAD ▪ FAT

Kiss 102 Jazz Café stage

tower of power
dr robert
snowboy and the latin section
dj russ dewbury

Jazz Café stage

galliano
corduroy
bootsy collins
and his new rubber band
brian auger • the roots
directions in groove
huggy and the bears
dj gilles peterson

Jazz Café stage

guru's jazzmatazz
featuring ronny jordan,
bernard purdie, reuben wilson,
d.c. lee, kenny garrett
flora purim, airto and fourth world
jhelisa • mc 900ft jesus •
izit/mc mello • a forest mighty black
the phlow • into somethin' dj's

Jazz Café stage Kiss 100 fm

james taylor quartet
freak power • war
d-influence
raw stylus
jessica lauren
akwaaba people
compere chris phillips resident djs ian & rob (orgy in rhythm)

Carlsberg stage

THE FRAMES ▪ FRANCES BLACK ▪ ROBYN HITCHCOCK ▪ MARTIN STEPHENSON
AN EMOTIONAL FISH ▪ THE COAL PORTERS ▪ BRIAN KENNEDY ▪ JUSTIN SULLIVAN WITH DAVE BLOMBERG ▪ MIKE PETERS
THE ROCKINGBIRDS ▪ THE GREAT UPSIDE DOWN ▪ LA CUCINA ▪ JOHN WHIFFIN ▪ KATELL KEINEG ▪ EZIO ▪ NERVOUS ▪ PETER STEWART ▪ LUCY RAY ▪ BOHINTA ▪ DON MESCALL
ROSIE FLORES ▪ DANIELLE HOWIE ▪ MICKY GREANEY ▪ ROOSTERVELT ▪ PAT ORCHARD ▪ VIC CHESNUTT ▪ SLOW BOAT TO BARNET ▪ GOYA DRESS ▪ JAY FISHER ▪ DENZIL
SUZANNE RHATIGAN ▪ OUT OF MY HAIR ▪ REDWOOD ▪ COLETTE ▪ IAIN ARCHER ▪ THE SUPERNATURALS ▪ MONO ▪ STEVE BOOKER ▪ BOO HEWERDINE ▪ BIG CORPORATION
WORLD OF LEATHER ▪ PRAYING FOR THE RAIN ▪ LISA VON HASENBERG ▪ NOELLA HUTTON ▪ HUGGAMUGGER ▪ DOMINIQUE ATKINS ▪ THE SHANAKIES ▪ DAVE SUTHERLAND ▪ THE RAINBYRDS

loaded COMEDY stage

LILY SAVAGE · LEE EVANS · MARK LAMARR · FRANK SIDEBOTTOM
BILL BAILEY · JOHN MOLONEY · IAN COGNITO · MAN WITH BEARD · CHARLIE CHUCK · MIKE PINDER SEXTET · STEVE GRIBBIN
STU WHO? · CHRIS LYNHAM · TERRY ALDERTON · ANDRE VINCENT · IAN STONE · RAYMOND AND MR TIMKINS REVUE · SIMON BLIGH
WOODY BOP MUDDY · DYLAN MORAN · JOHN OTWAY · HELEN AUSTIN · JOHN MANN · ANDY ROBINSON · MICHAEL SMILEY · THE TRACY BROTHERS · DOMINIC HOLLAND

MEGADOG

MIDDAY TILL 2 AM

DANCE STAGE

thursday
THE ORB
BANCO DE GAIA ▪ DJ LEWIS ▪ TIMESHARD
OUTER ACTIVE ▪ DAT SABOTAGE

friday
UNDERWORLD
THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS
DJ DARREN EMERSON ▪ INNERSPHERE ▪ FLUKE ▪ MU-ZIQ
THE ALOOF ▪ FULL MOON SCIENTIST ▪ TRIBAL DRIFT ▪ J-PAC

saturday
EAT STATIC
DRUM CLUB ▪ EGE BAMYASI ▪ EMPIRION ▪ BANDULU
H.I.A. ▪ QUAZAR ▪ CONEMELT ▪ OPTIK EYE

sunday
TRANS-GLOBAL UNDERGROUND
AFRICAN HEADCHARGE
LOOP GURU ▪ ULTRAMARINE ▪ CHILDREN OF THE BONG ▪ OPIK

CHILDRENS AREA
(OVER 100 ACTIVITIES EACH DAY FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES)
HEALING AREA • LICENSED BARS • FOOD STALLS • CINEMA
OPEN AIR BAZAAR • FULL SIZE FUN FAIR • CIRCUS AREA
DOUBLE SIX CLUB • CELEBRITY FIVE A SIDE FOOTBALL

TICKETS AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE. SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE TICKETS AVAILABLE AT FACE VALUE WITH CASH FROM: MEAN FIDDLER, SUBTERANIA, THE GRAND, FORUM, GARAGE AND CAMDEN TICKET SHOP/JAZZ CAFE. BILL SUBJECT TO CHANGE SUBJECT TO LICENCE. ARTISTS NOT IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE. CAMP SITE OPENS THURSDAY 12 NOON. FREQUENT BUS SERVICE TO AND FROM FESTIVAL SITE AND STRATFORD BR. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: 0171 344 0044 (24hrs) AND HMV STORES & TOWER RECORDS AND USUAL AGENTS.

PHOENIX INFORMATION LINE: 0181 963 0940.
PHOENIX RECORDED INFORMATION: 0336 404 949
calls cost 39p/min cheap rate 49p/min all other times.

PHOENIX INTERNET INFORMATION:
HTTP: // WWW.CERBERUS.CO.UK/CDJ/PHOENIXCARLSBERG
WEB SITE PROVIDED BY CERBERUS SOUND & VISION

MELODY·MAKER

ENTERTAINMENT TILL 2AM MAIN ARENA OPEN ALL NIGHT

CONVERSE

Red Bull

DF CONCERTS & MCD FOR BIG DAY OUT PRESENT

SATURDAY 5th AUGUST

Paul Weller ★ Therapy?
The Prodigy ★ Terrorvision

Black Grape

Gene ★ Dodgy ★ The Wildhearts

Skunk Anansie

NME Stage

Elastica ★ Supergrass

Echobelly ★ Menswear

The Bluetones ★ Ash ★ Corduroy

Cast ★ Powder

Dance Dub Groove Tent

The Massive Attack Sound System

Mushroom, 3D, Daddy G, Horace Andy & Friends

with guests Talvin Singh, Mad Professor, Nick Warren & Gaffa

Caledonia Stage

The Trash Can Sinatras ★ Baby Stafford ★ Goya Dress ★ Shriek

Octopus ★ Spare Snare ★ The Diggers ★ The Delgados ★ Murmur

...and more

SUNDAY 6th AUGUST

The Beautiful South ★ M People

with special guest

Kylie Minogue

Tricky ★ The Charlatans

Shed Seven ★ Reef ★ Marion ...and more

NME Stage

The Boo Radleys ★ Sleeper

Freak Power ★ The Verve ★ McAlmont

Deus ★ Salad ★ Puressence

Northern Uproar

Groove Tent

The Shamen ★ Underworld

Ozric Tentacles ★ Dreadzone

Fluke ★ Republica + guest dj's ...and more

Caledonia Stage

Captain Shifty ★ Whipping Boy ★ The Kelly Family ★ The Mutton Birds

Supernaturals ★ Crying Ellis ★ Coast ★ The Secret Goldfish

...and more

Two Days, Four Stages, Sixty Bands!
Global Food, Crafts & Clothing,
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Outdoor Pursuits, Trivial Pursuits!

SCOTLAND'S LIVE MUSIC FESTIVAL

T 1995 in the park

Strathclyde Country Park

Hamilton, By Glasgow, Scotland

(subject to licence)

TICKETS £25.00 SINGLE DAY £45.00 WEEKEND

OFFICIAL TICKET OUTLETS: Edinburgh Virgin Records, 125 Princes St. Ripping Records, 91 South Bridge. Glasgow Just The Ticket, Virgin Records, 28 - 32 Union St. Tower Records, Argyle St. Ticketcentre, Candleriggs.
CREDIT CARD LINES: 24 hour credit card lines & postal applications: FIRST CALL, Glasgow 0141 556 5555, Edinburgh 0131 555 3773, Aberdeen 01224 707072, London 0171 420 0000.
Credit card bookings & postal applications: TOCTA 0131 557 6969, Ticketcentre, Candleriggs 0141 227 5511. Please call TOCTA for details of your nearest ticket agency - info: 0131 557 6969

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

Camping/Accomodation Hotline 01698 281111. KCB Glasgow Shuttle Buses 0141 423 3556. Intercity Services 0131 556 2451.
NME Coaches Hotline (England) South, Central & North West: 0115 9342038. North East: 01482 227434 Showtravel Coaches Hotline (Scotland) 01360 771188.
OFFICIAL NME COACHES from, London, Bristol, Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Preston, Carlisle, Newcastle.

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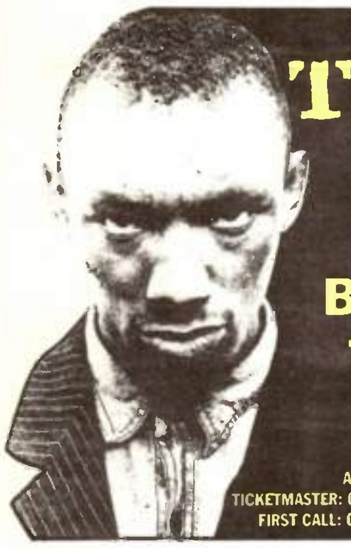
M74
Festival Site

TO ADVERTISE CALL
TEL: 0171-261 2989
FAX: 0171-261 5353

LIVE ADS

ROOM 135, KING'S REACH TOWER
STAMFORD STREET
LONDON SE1 9LS



MCP PRESENTS

TRICKY

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE

THURSDAY 3RD AUGUST 1995

TICKETS: £8.50 ADVANCE
AVAILABLE FROM VENUE B/O : 0181 743 8081,
TICKETMASTER: 0171 344 4000, STARGREEN: 0171 734 8932,
FIRST CALL: 0171 836 9001 (SUBJECT TO A BOOKING FEE).

MCP PRESENTS

ash.

PLUS GUESTS **SCARFO**

PLUS GUESTS **CABLE** (LONDON ONLY).

BRISTOL FLEECE
TUESDAY 25TH JULY
£5.00 from Our Price (929 9008), Rival, Replay / Mufti.

BIRMINGHAM JUG OF ALE
WEDNESDAY 26TH JULY
£5.00 from Venue (0121 449 1082), Swordfish, Tempest.

LONDON ASTORIA 2
FRIDAY 28TH JULY
£6.00 from Astoria B/O: 0171 434 0403 / 734 8932, Stargreen, Ticketmaster, First Call, Rough Trade (Covent Garden).

BRIGHTON CONCORDE
SATURDAY 29TH JULY
£5.00 from Venue B/O : 01273 606460, Credit Cards: 01273 709709, Rounder

DERBY WHEREHOUSE
SUNDAY 30TH JULY
£5.00 from Way Ahead (Derby and Nottingham).

LIVERPOOL LOMAX
MONDAY 31ST JULY
£5.00 from Lomax, Probe, Royal Court.

SJM CONCERTS PRESENTS
MANCHESTER BOARDWALK
TUESDAY 1ST AUGUST
£5.00 from Venue: 0161 228 3555, HMV, Piccadilly B/O.

NEW ASH SINGLE 'GIRLS FROM MARS' OUT SOON ON INFECTIOUS.

CREDIT TO THE NATION

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION

Saturday, 15th July. Tel: 01442 64451
Only 25 mins from Euston
A free minibus operates between the Hemel Railway station and the Pavilion from 7.30pm–8.30pm and 11.15pm–12.30am.
Tickets £4, nus £3.50. Doors: 7.30pm

Babylon Zoo

ON TOUR JULY

Friday 14th
ASHTON UNDER LYNE
THE WITCHWOOD
Big Friday Band on stage 9.30pm
Free admission before 10pm
Info : 0161 344 0321

Saturday 15th
BIRKENHEAD
STAIRWAYS
£3 before 10pm £4 after 10pm
Information 0151 647 6544
All drinks 2 for price of 1

Sunday 16th
MANCHESTER
ROADHOUSE
£3 (adv) £4 (door) Doors 7pm
HMV B/O 0161 834 2810
Piccadilly B/O 0161 832 1111

Monday 17th
HULL
THE ADELPHI
FREE GIG
Information 01482 348216

Tuesday 18th
CHELMSFORD
ARMY & NAVY
£3.50 Doors 8pm
B/O 01245 354155

Wednesday 19th
YORK
FIBBERS
£3 Doors 7.30pm
Info 01904 651250

Saturday 22nd
RUGELEY
RED ROSE THEATRE
£3.50 (adv) B/O 01889 582390
Tkts From Killer Sounds, Rugeley
Tudor Tunes, Litchfield,
Record Exchange, Tamworth
& Tracks, Uttoxeter

Sunday 23rd
BLACKWOOD
MINERS INSTITUTE
£3 (adv) B/O 01495 227206
Tkts from Rockaway, Newport
& Spillers, Cardiff

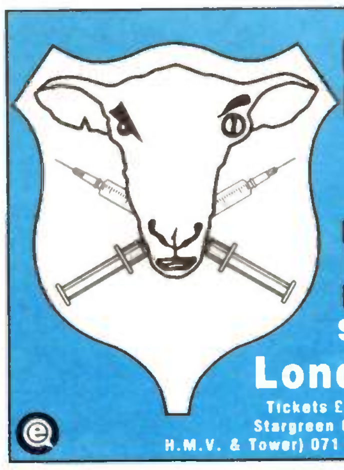
"Spaceman", the debut single from Babylon Zoo .... forthcoming

SHUDDER TO THINK

friday 14 july
LONDON - *HIGHBURY GARAGE*
saturday 15 july
SHEFFIELD - *LEADMILL*
sunday 16 july
PHOENIX FESTIVAL - *MM STAGE*

'X-French Tee Shirt' - new single out now on 'Big Cat - ABB81SCD taken from Pony Express Record'

Big Cat



SHEEP ON DRUGS

Sat 22nd July 1995
London Astoria 2

Tickets £6.00 Adv From: B.O. 071 434 0403, Stargreen 071 734 8932, Ticketmaster (24 hr/ H.M.V. & Tower) 071 344 4444, and Rough Trade Shops.

SJM CONCERTS PRESENTS

THE bluetones

+special guests

Thursday 21st September

CAMDEN CENTRE

EUSTON ROAD (OPP. ST. PANCRAS STATION)

Tickets £7 adv Stargreen 0171 734 8932, Ticketmaster 0171 344 4444, HMV & Tower Records throughout London & the south.

£3.50 WITH THIS AD

Splash

AT THE WATER RATS 328 GRAYS INN ROAD KINGS CROSS LONDON WC1X 8BZ

WED 12 JULY £5/3.50 HOT HEAD GAS MY FIRST UZI	THUR 13 JULY £5/3.50 LONG FIN KILLIE SACK GEAR
FRI 14 JULY £5/3.50 ASSISI HOLY JOES TIDEMARKS	SAT 15 JULY CLUB MONTEPULCIANO Anniversary AT THE WATER RATS DRESSING UP POSITIVELY ENCOURAGED (BEE WELCOMED) £4.99 £3.99 CONCESSIONS
MON 17 JULY £5/3.50 SHRIEKBACK STYROFOME JACKWOODS	TUE 18 JULY £5/3.50 PLAYING WITH FIRE COTTONMOUTH PORCUPINE CONGREGATION
WED 19 JULY £5/3.50 STERLING DIAL PLEASE	THUR 20 JULY £5/3.50 ATOMIC MAGAZINE JUDDA INTERACT LEACH WOMAN

INFO 0171 278 3879
DOORS 8PM • NO ENTRY AFTER 11PM • BAR TIL 12AM

The STAR

THE MUSIC VENUE

296 London Rd, West Croydon
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A new music venue

July	
Thurs 27	ENGINE + BAD GAS
Fri 28	RUBBISH + CLASH CITY ROCKERS
Sat 29	MENTAL HELICOPTERS + TRUNCHEON MEAT SQUAD + BIG BOY TOMATO
August	
Thurs 3	GUN HILL + CHENOBYL ROT
Fri 4	LICK THAT + EQUATORS
Sat 5	UK SUBS + TRUNCHEON MEAT SQUAD + WALKING ABORTION

5 mins from Croydon bus depot
Bar open till 12pm – Cheap Beer

★★TICKETS★★

ROLLING STONES
11th/15th/16th July
BLACK GRAPE
24th July
PAGE & PLANT
25th July
REM
29th & 30th July
READING
25th–27th Agust
JULIAN COPE
5th October
PULP
19th & 20th October
+ ALL LONDON GIGS
0171-323 4480
Great Portland Associates,
1 Gt Portland St, Station Arcade W1N 5HE

PRESENTS

GALLON DRUNK

plus guests
LONG FIN KILLY
BLANKEY JET CITY

Friday 4th August 1995
LONDON ASTORIA 2

STARGREEN 0171 734 8932, TICKETMASTER 0171 344 4444, FIRST CALL 0171 240 7200 & ROUGH TRADE SHOPS

Bush

PLUS SPECIAL GUEST ACTS

JULY

Thursday 20th
NOTTINGHAM
CLINTON ROOMS
£4 (adv) More on the door
8pm till late
cc 0115 948 3456
Way Ahead, Select-a-disc,
Vic centre B/O
plus all usual outlets
(subject to booking fee)

Friday 21st
GLASGOW
KING TUTS
£4 (adv) Doors open 8.30pm
B/O 0141221 5279
24hr cc First Call
0141 556 5555

Sunday 23rd
BIRMINGHAM
JUG OF ALE
£4 (adv) B/O 0121 449 1082
Swordfish, Tempest and
Odeon
(subject to booking fee)

Monday 24th
STOKE ON TRENT
WHEATSHEAF
£4 (adv) £5 (door)
B/O 01782 207777 or
the venue 01782 44438

Tuesday 25th
MANCHESTER
ROADHOUSE
£3 (adv) £4 (door)
Doors 8.00pm
HMV B/O 0161 834 2810
Piccadilly B/O
0161 832 1111

Wednesday 26th
LONDON
THE GARAGE
£5 B/O 0171 344 0044

The album 'Sixteen Stone' out now. Features Everything Zen and the new single 'Little Things' Released 24th July 1995

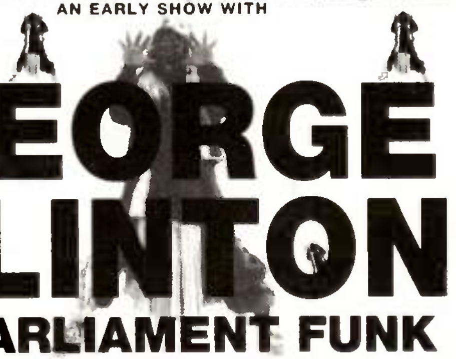
ew eastwest

Mean Fiddler Presents

Body Count

featuring
ICE T
+PITCHSHIFTER
+SCRAP IRON SCIENTISTS
THE GRAND Friday 14th July £12.50

AN EARLY SHOW WITH



GEORGE CLINTON & PARLIAMENT FUNK

SATURDAY 15TH JULY £15.00
DOORS 7pm - ON STAGE 8pm - SHOW CLOSES 10.15pm

nitzer ebb

+DAISY CHAINSAW
SUNDAY 16TH JULY £8.50ADV

...at THE GRAND

Clapham Junction SW11 NO UNDER 18's-4 MINS FROM WATERLOO
BO 0171 344 0044 (24HRS) and in person at HMV STORES and TOWER RECORDS (SE) Stargreen 0171 734 8932
all adm prices subject to booking fee INFO 0181 963 0940

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FAX: 0171-261 5353

LIVE ADS

ROOM 135, KING'S REACH TOWER
STAMFORD STREET
LONDON SE1 9LS

Worldbeat Promotions in conjunction with Dojo present

THE SELECTER

New Single **'HAIRSPRAY'** from their forthcoming album **'PUCKER'**

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS FROM BOSTON, USA

ONLY LONDON SHOW

BIM SKALA BIM

America's top Pop-Ska-Reggae act
New Single **'SKELETON'**
from their forthcoming album **'AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE'**

PLUS

HOR
HOUSE OF RHYTHM

FRIDAY 14th JULY 1995
THE MARQUEE CLUB
105 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON WC2
Adm: £5 Doors: 7.00pm sharp Show ends: 10.30pm

FIRST 300 THROUGH THE DOOR WILL RECEIVE A FREE 3-TRACK 7" SINGLE FEATURING ONE TRACK FROM THE SELECTER, BIM SKALA BIM & HOUSE OF RHYTHM

BIM SKALA BIM EUROPEAN DATES

JUNE	Wed	28th	De Wommel	Antwerp	BELGIUM
	Thur	29th	Arapaho	Paris	FRANCE
	Fri	30th	The Garage	Barcelona	SPAIN
JULY	Sat	1st	Theatre Barbey	Bordeaux	FRANCE
	Sun	2nd	Sedal	Luzern	SWITZERLAND
	Wed	5th	Venue T.B.C.	Stutgard	GERMANY
	Thur	6th	Schwimmbad Musikclub	Heidelberg	GERMANY
	Fri	7th	Ska Festival Linndenpark	Potsdam	GERMANY
	Sat	8th	Musiktheater Bad	Hannover	GERMANY
	Sun	9th	Burgerhaus Kalk	Koln	GERMANY
	Tues	11th	Sam Fays	Nottingham	UK
	Fri	14th	Marquee (with The Selecter)	London	UK
	Sat	15th	The Fleece	Bristol	UK

MCP PRESENTS

the cranberries

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
dodgy

NEC ARENA, BIRMINGHAM
TUESDAY 25TH JULY
Tickets: £16.50 and £14.00 Available from B/O Tel: 0121 780 4133
(subject to £2.00 per ticket booking fee for £16.50 tickets, £1.40 for £14.00 tickets).

BRMB

G-MEX CENTRE, MANCHESTER
FRIDAY 28TH JULY
Tickets: £16.50 Available from G-Mex B/O Tel: 0161 832 9000
(No bookiing fee for personal application, £1.75 for Credit Cards).

PICCADILLY KEY 103

WEMBLEY ARENA
MONDAY 31ST JULY
Tickets: £17.50 and £15.00 Available from Wembley B/O Tel: 0181 900 1234
(No booking fee for personal application)
Credit Cards accepted subject to £2.50 per ticket booking fee.
Tickets for all shows available by personal application to usual agents
(subject to a booking fee).

95.8 CAPITAL FM

PRESENTS

LAND OF BARBARA
+PLEASE

100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST
LONDON W1
0171 636 0933
TUE 8th AUG

DOORS 7.30 PM - MIDNIGHT Adm. £5
TICKETS: ASTORIA B.O. 0171 434 0403
STARGREEN 0171 734 8932

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ASA

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LIVE ADS

James Hall

*"A F**ked Up Fallen Angel"* BIG ISSUE
"A Shaved Whippet In Eyeliner" NME

Live in July
12th **Leeds** Duchess of York
13th **Nottingham** Rock City
14th **London** The Garage
15th **Sheffield** The Leadmill
16th **Glasgow** The Cat House
18th **Manchester** The Roadhouse
19th **Brighton** The Concord
21st **London** The Borderline

THE DEBUT ALBUM
"MY LOVE, SEX AND SPIRIT"
AVAILABLE NOW

EMBASSY

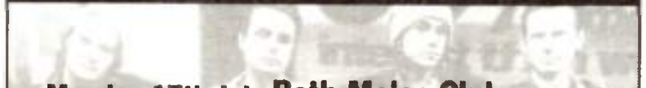
SUPPORTING **HEAVY STEREO**

JULY 12 **LOMAX LIVERPOOL**
JULY 13 **KING TUTS GLASGOW**
JULY 14 **RIVERSIDE NEWCASTLE**
JULY 15 **ADELPHI HULL**
JULY 18 **ARTS CENTRE NORWICH**
JULY 19 **FOUNDRY BIRMINGHAM**
JULY 20 **MOLES BATH**
JULY 22 **ROADHOUSE MANCHESTER**
JULY 23 **TJ'S NEWPORT**
AUGUST 3 **SPLASH "NME ON NIGHT" LONDON**

[illegible] presents "Almost a year since The Wonderstuff played Phoenix, now......."

WeKnowWhereYouLive

plus UNDERSTAND & Hooker



Monday 17th July **Bath Moles Club** Tickets £2.50 / £3.50
Tuesday 18th July **Gloucester Guildhall** Tickets £5
Wednesday 19th July **Brighton Zap Club** Tickets £4.50
Thursday 20th July **London Astoria 2**

Tickets £6 adv. B/O 0171 434 0403, C.C. Hotline 0171 287 0932, Stargreen 0171 734 8932, First Call 0171 240 7200, Ticketmaster 0171 344 4444, [illegible] 0171 240 0771, [illegible] 0171 837 [illegible], [illegible] 0171 323 5441, Rough Trade ([illegible] Yard, Talbot rd), [illegible] Records (Camden) Virgin Megastores (Tottenham Ct Rd & Marble Arch), HMV & Tower Records Throughout London

Purveyors of Mental Hygiene and Ting

---

mother earth

18th & 19th july
freethinker ep
launch gig

tickets £8 advance from the blue note or ticket master

TICKETMASTER

ticketmaster (0171) 344 444.
24 hr cc. bkg fee

@ the blue note

1 hoxton square. london n1 6nu. information (0171) 729 8440

BLUE NOTE

Riverman present
With Intent To Pervert The Cause Of Injustice

Fun^Da^Mental

with extra special guests
AZIZ MIAN (vox master)
NAWAZISH ALI KHAN (violin maestro)
ISHIQ HUSSAIN (tab la maestro)
one off never to be repeated collaboration

also featuring
ASIAN DUB FOUNDATION
HUSTLERS HC
THE MUDDY FUNKSTERS
& Global Sweatbox DJs

Friday 28th July
The Bottom Line, Shepherds Bush

Tickets £7 adv. Doors 7pm. Box Office 0181 746 0255, Credit Card Hotline 0171 287 0932, Stargreen 0171 734 8932, Ticketmaster (24hrs) 0171 344 4444 in person at HMV & Tower Records', Centrepoint 0171 434 1647

Blue Aeroplanes

+SACK + SUN CO.

SAT 15TH JULY £7adv

THE GARAGE: 20/22 HIGHBURY CORNER, LONDON N5 (OPPOSITE HIGHBURY & ISLINGTON TUBE) TEL: 0171 607 1818
INFO: 0181 963 0940 BO: 0171 344 0044 (24 HRS) AND IN PERSON AT HMV STORES & TOWER RECORDS (SE), STARGREEN 0171 734 8932 PLUS USUAL AGENTS

LIVE ADS

MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTS

READING 95

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

FRI 25TH AUGUST
FROM 2PM

SMASHING PUMPKINS
GREEN DAY
HOLE
TEENAGE FANCLUB
BECK
dEUS
JULIANA HATFIELD
CHINA DRUM

SAT 26TH AUGUST
FROM 11.00

BJÖRK
PAUL WELLER
THE BOO RADLEYS
TRICKY
THROWING MUSES
SHED SEVEN
CORDUROY
LITTLE AXE
SKUNK ANANSIE
JAMES HALL

SUN 27TH AUGUST
FROM MIDDAY

NEIL YOUNG
SOUNDGARDEN
PAVEMENT
MUDHONEY
BUFFALO TOM
BABES IN TOYLAND
White Zombie
BLIND MELON
NO FX
pennywise

COMPERE & DJ STEVE LAMACQ

MELODY MAKER STAGE

GENE
MENSWEAR
STEREOLAB
MARION
GUIDED BY VOICES
WHALE - MOIST
WEKNOWHEREYOULIVE
SCARCE - HEATHER NOVA

FOO FIGHTERS
ECHOBELLY
DRUGSTORE
ELECTRAFIXION
THE BLUETONES
MY LIFE STORY - SNUFF
60 FT DOLLS - POWDER
KALIPHZ - PURESSENCE
HEAVY STEREO - EMBASSY

CARTER USM
MONSTER MAGNET
THESE ANIMAL MEN
REEF
ASH
VENT - PAW - DUB WAR - SILVERCHAIR
GERALDINE FIBBERS - CAST
ANIMALS THAT SWIM

Carlsberg STAGE

AC ACOUSTICS • BOUTIQUE • CABLE • CLOCKWORK DOGS • COAST • CRAZY GODS OF ENDLESS NOISE • DELICATESSEN • ELCKA • FLINCH • FLYING SAUCER ATTACK • HARDBODY • HOOKER • JOYRIDER • LICK • LIVINGSTONE • LONGPIGS • NILON BOMBERS • NYACK • PEEPSHOW • PILL BOX • PROLAPSE • PULLOVER • PUSHERMAN • SCARFO • SCHEER • SMALL • SOLAR RACE • SPACE • SPARE SNARE • SPEEDWAY • SPEEDY • STAR 69 • SUPER FURRY ANIMALS • THOMAS RIBIERO • THURMAN • UNDERSTAND • WEEKENDERS • and introducing..THE MIKE FLOWERS POPS •

LOADED COMEDY STAGE

EDDIE IZZARD - GERRY SADOWITZ - RICH HALL
WILL DURST - FRANK SIDEBOTTOM - JEFF GREEN
PHIL JUPITUS - MARK STEEL - MARK HURST- ALISTAIR MacGOWAN - DERMOTT CARMODY - WOODY BOP MUDDY - CHRIS LYNHAM - ANDRE VINCENT -TERRY ALDERTON - PHIL DAVEY - MATT WELCOME - JOHN MANN - SEAN MEO - IAN STONE - & MANY MORE....

((((((((Rivermead Centre))))))))

FEET FIRST
djs jonathan & eko
Thurs. 24th

THE FINAL FRONTIER
Fri. 25th

FANTASY ASHTRAY
JONATHAN (from Feet First), PAUL (from Blow Up)
MARTIN GREEN (from Smashing), JO (from Ski Sunday)
Sat. 26th

adm: Thurs £3 - Fri & Sat £2 a night

SPONSORED BY
Carlsberg

3 DAY TICKET £60 IN ADVANCE INCLUDING CAMPING & CAR PARKING (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)
CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: 0171 344 0044 (24HRS) AND HMV STORES & TOWER RECORDS PLUS USUAL AGENTS
BY POST TO: READING FESTIVAL DEPT NME PO BOX 1707, LONDON NW10 4LW. ENCLOSE 50P PER TICKET BOOKING FEE.CHEQUES TO BE MADE PAYABLE TO READING FESTIVAL (1995) LTD. ENCLOSE S.A.E. ALLOW 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY.

READING INFORMATION LINE 0181 963 0940
READING RECORDED INFORMATION 0336 404 905
(39p cheap rate 49p all other times)
TICKETS AVAILABLE AT FACE VALUE WITH CASH FROM MEAN FIDDLER, SUBTERANIA, THE GRAND, FORUM, THE GARAGE AND CAMDEN TICKET SHOP/ JAZZ CAFE.
- BILL SUBJECT TO CHANGE - SUBJECT TO LICENCE - ARTISTS NOT IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE -

MELODY·MAKER
Red Bull ENERGY DRINK
CONVERSE
1 97-99 FM

TO ADVERTISE CALL
TEL: 0171-261 2989
FAX: 0171-261 5353

LIVE ADS

ROOM 135, KING'S REACH TOWER
STAMFORD STREET
LONDON SE1 9LS

MCP PRESENTS

SPEARHEAD

CHOCOLATE SUPERHIGHWAY MELTDOWN TOUR '95
'Where Acid Jazz collides with Reggae on the Hip Hop tip !'

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
HANNOVER GRAND, LONDON
TUESDAY 25TH JULY
Tickets: £10.00 Available by credit card Tel: 0171 734 8932 or 0171 344 4444 (Subject to a booking fee). Tickets at HMV and Tower Records throughout the South East are subject to a booking fee of £1.50 per ticket. Also available from Stargreen, Keith Prowse, First Call, Ticketmaster, Rakes and Albemarle (Subject to higher booking fee).

MCP PRESENTS

delicious

FEATURING
ANDY ROURKE (EX-SMITHS)
GARY WHELAN (EX-HAPPY MONDAYS)
GARY SPARKES
CALLUM FELLOWES

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS **CECIL**

JUG OF ALE, BIRMINGHAM
TUESDAY 18TH JULY B/O Tel: 0121 643 6103
BRISTOL THE FLEECE
THURSDAY 20TH JULY B/O Tel: 0117 9299008
MANCHESTER ROADHOUSE
SUNDAY 23RD JULY B/O Tel: 0161 236 1111
LONDON SPLASH CLUB
MONDAY 24TH JULY B/O Tel: 0171 278 3879
Tickets: £4.00 (Except London £5.00) Available from All Usual agents subject to booking fee.

STONE ROSES

at

Féile '95

IRISH BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND
AUGUST 4th, 5th and 6th
at Pairc ui Chaoimh, Cork

PLUS: PRODIGY, BLUR, PAUL WELLER, TRICKY, ELASTICA, ORBITAL, BLACK GRAPE, KYLIE MINOGUE, THE ORB, GALLIANO, M PEOPLE, MOBY, THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH, JTQ, FREAK POWER, THE WILDHEARTS, PWEI, THE VERVE, MARION, ASH, SLEEPER, REEF, SCHTUM, LUSH, DODGY, MENSWEAR, THE DEVLINS, JOYRIDER.

DANCE TENT
MASSIVE ATTACK, SOUND SYSTEM, UNDERWORLD, ANDREW WEATHERALL, DREADZONE, DARREN EMERSON, THE CHEMICAL BROS, CARL COX, LAURENT GARNIER.

TICKETS ON SALE NOW
Contact: LONDON CALLING MUSIC
0181-293 9773
for full details on Tickets and Packages with departures from England

VENUE

THE VENUE 2A CLIFTON RISE NEW CROSS LONDON SE14
INFORMATION + BOOKINGS 0181 692 4077

FRIDAY 14 JULY
FIN DU SIECLE
+ SZEKI KURVA + BABY TRIO
£5 ADM £3 CONCS / WITH THIS AD B4 10PM

SATURDAY 22 JULY
the cheeky MONKEES
MONKEES TRIBUTE incl. "Daydream Believer" + "I'm a Believer"
£6 ADM £3 BEFORE 10PM

TRAVEL: 3 MINS FROM NEW CROSS STATION
TRAINS FROM LONDON BRIDGE • CHARING CROSS

FLASH! ALTERNATIVE GUITAR DANCE CLUB EVERY FRIDAY
11PM-2AM *ADMISSION FREE FOR GIG GO-ERS!*

Feet First Presents

S★M★A★S★H

Tuesday 18th July
At The Camden Palace
9pm–late 1a Camden High St NW1

This advert admits
One or Two People At £4 each

TIVOLI

BUCKLEY, CLWYD
THURSDAY 13TH JULY
SPIRITUALIZED
PLUS SUPPORT
TEL: 01244 546201/550782

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ASA

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LIVE ADS

in this month's **loaded**

Isle of Man TT
The main hazard is pissed Germans driving on the wrong side of the road

rugby world cup
South Africa keep the French at bay, but the game's a mess, and by half-time, so are we

Up shit creek
Six men, three canoes and a mission to get to Mushroom Island. loaded goes native...

Ian Botham
"I've been accused of doing all sorts of drugs. I'm not sure how I was supposed to be fit enough to play"

kylie
IN THE SWIMWEAR ISSUE
PLUS!!! MODELS, COMEDIANS, FOOTBALLERS & POP STARS GET THEIR KIT OFF

loaded for men who should know better Aug issue on sale 12 July price £2.20

WRITE

SAID FRED

EDITED BY THE INFO-MOUS FRED DELLAR

MAGIC ROUND ABOUT

Have ORBITAL any more live dates lined up? I know they did Glastonbury but I couldn't make it this year so where can I next see them? Also, is there anything due out recording-wise?
Pete Taylor, Belfast

■ *The only other confirmed Orbital date so far is at Ireland's Féile Festival (Pairc Uí Chaoimh, Cork) on August 4, where they're on just after The Stone Roses.*

Record-wise, Orbital have contributed 'Sad But True', from the 'Snivilisation' album to the soundtrack of Johnny Mnemonic, *the Keanu Reeves movie. This is already on release in the States and is due to surface over here later in the year. Additionally, the track 'Halcyon + On + On' from their second untitled album (the 'Brown' album) will be included in the film* Hackers.

As far as new material is concerned, there's an EP in the offing that includes a remix of 'Sad But True' along with some new tracks (one recently having been previewed at the Tribal Gathering). Expect an August release for this one.

Finally, another new song ('Wavestation' maybe) has been commissioned by Sony to accompany their latest driving game Wipeout, *a title that hardly seems likely to warm the hearts of those at any Road Safety Commission.*

CAPITAL LETTER

Where can I find information about the kind of places that might figure in a rock'n'roll sightseeing tour of London – like where HENDRIX choked to death, where BOLAN crashed, that sort of thing.
Myles Jackman, Bristol

■ *I don't think that any of the original rock tour guide books are still in print but you might try ordering John Platt's* London's Rock Routes *(Fourth Estate) or Marcus Gray's* London's Rock Landmarks *(Omnibus) from your local library. Additionally, Pete Frame's* The Harp Beat Rock Gazetteer *(Banyan Books) is worth checking out, though this tome covers the whole country.*

Just for the record – Jimi died at girlfriend Monika Danneman's flat in Lansdowne Crescent, Notting Hill, while Bolan was killed when his girlfriend, singer Gloria Jones, crashed her Mini into a tree near a hump-back bridge at Gypsy Lane, Barnes.

Incidentally, Dylan's legendary 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' card-trick, was filmed in Savoy Steps, an alley behind the Savoy Hotel, the sleeve of Bowie's 'Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust' was shot in Heddon Street (just behind Regent Street) while Eric Clapton used to jam with Ginger Baker in Braemar Avenue, Neasden, just a few doors away from where I used to live. And, yes, the neighbours did complain!

BRING OUT THE BRANDON

What is KIRK BRANDON up to at the moment? I know he recently released an album. Also, do you know what's happened to original THEATRE OF HATE members Luke Rendell, Stan Stammers, Steve Guthrie and John Lennard?
Matt Braund, Richmond, Surrey

■ *Brandon moved to Philadelphia some time ago and, after teaming up again with old sidekick Stan Stammers, formed his new band, 10:51 using local musicians. When things began to gel, they moved into a New Jersey studio and pieced together an album, 'Stone In The Rain', which was released by Anagram in March.*

More recently, 10:51 embarked on a Euro-tour that ended in May and Kurt is now resident in Copenhagen, where his wife is waiting to give birth to a junior Brandon. Another tour is being planned for October, after which the band head for the studios once more.

As for those other TOH originals, bassist Stammers continues to work in Philadelphia, John Lennard makes his living in the States, working with back-up bands for such as Aretha Franklin and appearing at baseball finals, Steve Guthrie is an acupuncturist in Brighton, apparently helping out those on welfare, while Luke Rendell is reportedly missing in action.

It's also worth mentioning that Anagram recently assembled a complete Theatre Of Hate singles compilation of all Brandon's A and B-sides with his former band, including some produced by Mick Jones of The Clash.

Kirk Brandon, who denies all rumours about him in Boy George's book

BOOZE EXPLOSION

What's the latest on San Diego's greatest, THE BEAT FARMERS? It seems a hell of a time since they last sloshed booze in our direction.
Clive D, Kettering, Northants

■ *I don't know where you got up to in the continuing story of Country Dick Montana and his drinking partners, but they returned to active on-record duties in August last year, after a four-year hassle with Curb Records, releasing an album called 'Viking Lullabies' on the Sector 2 label.*

Since then they've been touring and looking for a major label deal, though they're still currently on Sector 2, for whom they've been cutting an album that carries the working title of 'Manifold'. Expect a release in late August.

Incidentally, the tradition of throwing beer over Country Dick during his rendition of 'Lucille' has reportedly now ceased.

According to an Internet communique: "At the ten-year anniversary show, the band decided it was time to stop this practice as it ruined too many instruments, clothes et cetera."

"Also, true BF fans know that Dick is able to get drenched in beer all by himself."

SURFS 'EM RIGHT!

The lucky winners of the Beach Boys competition (*NME*, June 10) are: Malcolm Smailes, Reading; Cliff Lawrence, Worthing, West Sussex; Liz Tray, Manchester; Errol Kimm, Hailsham, East Sussex; Andrew Dickson, Coldstream, Berwickshire; Barbara Kemmitt, Hoddesdon, Herts; Daryl McAtee, Newport, Gwent; Douglas Crombie, Inverurie, Aberdeenshire; Andrew Rae, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire; Bill Gristwood, Ruislip, Middlesex. Each will receive a copy of 'The Best Of The Beach Boys' very soon.

Hey Hey! We're The Skunkees

GALLIANO DISCOGRAPHY

Jazz-rap-dance gurus who took their lead from the seminal Last Poets, Mick (Mikey T) Talbot's sometime mates have avoided the pitfalls of those who traditionally set out on the jazz trail by interspersing their wares with dollops of pop-diluted funk, mixing Mayfield with Miles, splicing dub with rare groove, and lacing Coltrane with the kind of stuff that ensured them a spot on the *NME* Stage at Glastonbury this time around.

Eight years on since Galliano was a one-man operation, pumpin' the prose at Dingwalls and Babylon, the band survives with its reputation intact and at least one hit to its name. File under 'hip'.

All releases are on Talkin' Loud unless otherwise stated.

Singles

Jul 1988	Frederick Lies Still/I Love You Baby/Jack Jack Your Body also on 12" JAZZID IT, reissued Sep 1991	**Acid Jazz 7" JAZID 1**
Jan 1989	Let The Good Times Roll (various mixes) (as by The Quiet Boys featuring Galliano)	**Acid Jazz 12" JAZID 10T**
Oct 1990	Welcome To The Story/Mother Nature	**7" TLK 3**
Oct 1990	Welcome To The Story (Peace Go With You Brother)/(Bang Beats)/ (Headcorn's Burial dub)	**12" TLKX 3**
Oct 1990	Nothing Has Changed (All Aboard edit)/(Maiden Voyage edit)	**7" TLK 6**
Feb 1991	Nothing Has Changed (All Aboard edit)/Little Ghetto Boy (remix)/Nothing Has Changed (Instrumental)	**12" TLKX 6**
Feb 1991	Nothing Has Changed (All Aboard edit)/(Maiden Voyage edit)/Little Ghetto Boy (remix)/Cheesey Like Cheese	**CD TLKCD 6**
May 1991	Power And Glory (Livin' edit)/(G Funk edit)	**7" TLK 8**
May 1991	Power And Glory (Livin' Mix And The Secret Dub)/(Dirty Clav instrumental)/Stoned Again	**12" TLKK8**
May 1991	Power And Glory (G Funk mix)/(G Funk dub)/Me, My Mike, My Lyrics	**12" TLKXR 8**
May 1991	Power And Glory (Livin' edit)/Stoned Again/Power And Glory (G Funk mix)/(Livin' Mix And The Secret Dub)	**CD TLKCD 8**
Oct 1991	Jus' Reach/Jus' Reach (Easy Nuh Star)	**7" TLK 16**
Oct 1991	Jus' Reach/(Easy Nuh Star 12")/(Instrumental – Easy Nuh Star)	**12" TLKX 16**
Oct 1991	Jus' Reach/(Easy Nuh Star 7")/(Easy Nuh Star 12")/(12" mix)	**CD TLKCD 16**
May 1992	Skunk Funk (Brave and Strong mix)/(The Soldiers mix)	**7" TLK 23**
May 1992	Skunk Funk/(The Soldiers mix)/(Brave And Strong instrumental)	**12" TLKX 23**
May 1992	Skunk Funk (Brave And Strong mix edit)/(The Soldiers mix)/(Cabin Fever mix)/(Brave And Strong mix)	**CD TLKCD 23**
May 1992	Skunk Funk (Cabin Fever mix)/(Cabin Fever dub)/(The Soldiers mix)	**12" TLKXXR 23**
Jul 1992	Prince Of Peace (edit)/Tales Of The G	**7" TLK 24**
Jul 1992	Prince Of Peace (12" mix)/(Instrumental)/Tales Of The G/Golden Flower	**12" TLKX 24**
Jul 1992	Prince Of Peace (Regal mix)/(12" mix)/(Revenge mix)/(Revenge instrumental)	**12" TLKKR 24**
Jul 1992	Prince Of Peace (edit)/(12" mix)/Tales Of The G/Prince Of Peace (Instrumental)	**CD TLKCD 24**
Oct 1992	Jus' Reach (edit)/Hungry Like A Baby	**7" TLK 29**
Oct 1992	New World Order/Jus' Reach (live)/Skunk Funk (live)/Vibe Anthem (live)	**CD TLKCS 29**
Oct 1992	Jus' Reach (12" mix)/Jus' Reach (Mystic Micks)/Hungry Like A Baby/From The North, From The South, The East and De Weeeeest (They Came) (live)	**12" TLKX 29**
Oct 1992	Jus' Reach (edit)/Hungry Like A Baby/Jus' Reach (Mystic Micks)/From The North, From The South, The East and De Weeeeest (They Came) live	**CD TLKCD 29**
May 1994	Long Time Gone (Extended mix)/Long Time Gone (Palm Skin Productions remix)/What Colour Our Flag (Part 1)/Rivers	**12" TLKX 48**
May 1994	Long Time Gone (7" mix)/What Colour Our Flag (Part 2)/Long Time Gone (Extended mix)/Blood Lines	**CD TLKCD 48**
May 1994	Long Time Gone (Palm Skins Productions remix)/What Colour Our Flag (Part 2)/Scratching/Rivers	**CD TLKDD 48**
Jul 1994	Twyford Down (edit)/(Demus Re-rub)/(Live)/(Extended)/(Instrumental)/(Demus Re-Rub Bonus Beats)	**CD TLKBD 49**
Jul 1994	Twyford Down/Kon Phan Ghan/The Homecoming/The Return	**CD TLKCD 49**

Albums

Sep 1988	Acid Jazz And Other Illicit Grooves v/a compilation includes Six Sharp Fists (as by Galliano And The Jazz Renegades) also on CD 837-347-2	**Urban URBLP 16**
Apl 1989	Totally Wired v/a compilation includes Frederick Lies Still (live in Tokyo)/The Freedom Principle (with Bukky Leo) also on CD JAZIDLP 13	**Acid Jazz JAZID 13**
Apl 1991	In Pursuit Of The 13th Note also on CD 8484932	**8484931**
Jun 1992	A Joyful Noise Unto The Creator also on CD 84808	**8480801**
May 1994	The Plot Thickens also on CD 5224522	**5224521**
Dec 1994	A Thicker Plot also on CD 5264262	**5264261**

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MARION – Glitter	D1306K	Skinny	Black	£11.99
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MENSWEAR – Logo	D1316P	Polo Neck Shirt	Black	£14.99
MENSWEAR – Logo	D1316P	Polo Neck Shirt	White	£14.99
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MENSWEAR – Telephone	D1284K	Skinny	Navy Blue	£11.99
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MOD – Target	D1281	S/S T-Shirt	White	£8.99
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NATURAL BORN KILLERS – Logo	E1056L	L/S T-Shirt		£13.40
NATURAL BORN KILLERS – Shades	E1057	S/S T-Shirt		£11.40
NATURAL BORN KILLERS – Shades	E1057L	L/S T-Shirt		£13.40
OASIS – Decca	D0906	S/S T-Shirt	Black	£11.99
OASIS – Decca	D0906	S/S T-Shirt	Red	£11.99
OASIS – Decca	D0906	S/S T-Shirt	White	£11.99
OASIS – Decca V-Neck	D0906V	V-Neck T-Shirt	Navy Blue	£15.99
OASIS – Decca V-Neck	D0906V	V-Neck T-Shirt	White	£15.99
OASIS – Definitely Maybe	D1148	S/S T-Shirt	Light Blue	£11.99
OASIS – Faces	D1149	S/S T-Shirt	Navy Blue	£11.99
OASIS – Glitter	D1307K	Skinny	Black	£11.99
OASIS – Logo	D1299K	Skinny	Light Blue	£11.99
OASIS – Stripey	D1304	S/S T-Shirt	White	£11.99
OASIS – Supersonic	D1150	S/S T-Shirt	Navy Blue	£11.99
OASIS – Supersonic	D1150	S/S T-Shirt	White	£11.99
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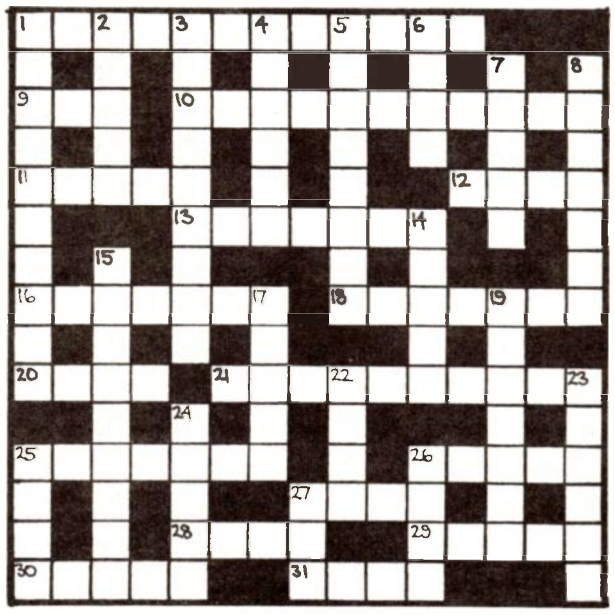
LOS ANGELES POLICE

TREVOR HUNGERFORD GETS THE CLUES GOING DOWN (PICTURE COURTESY OF LAPD)

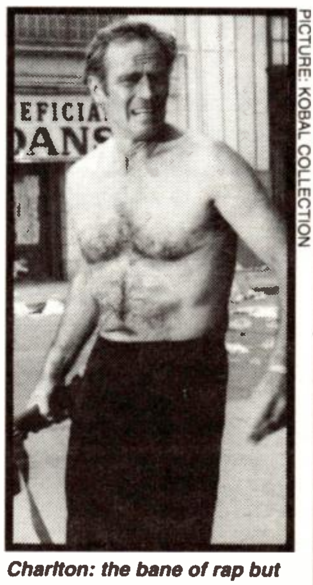
CLUES ACROSS

1 Much the same as those astral weeks, I suppose, but not so spaced out (4-4-4)
9+10A Accused of going over the top verbally while playing for The Sultans Of Ping FC (3-4-3-4)
11+21A Justice isn't really done during the day to Jam And Spoon (5-2-3-5)
12 The —, began life as a 2-Tone label group, but scored most of their hits on Go Feet (4)
13+31A Group that were old hands at numbers like 'Muck It Out' and 'In The Country' (7-4)
16 (See 2 down)
18 Perhaps I'd cover this Tammy Wynette song (1-1-1-1-1-1-1)
20 (See 26 across)
21 (See 11 across)
25 (See 6 down)
26+20A I wrote hit somehow for The Clash (5-4)
27 As painlessly executed by Manic Street Preachers (4)
28 'Less Than —' became a total of one single so far for Elvis Costello in 1977 (4)
29 *The* — *Man*, 1971 sci-fi movie starring Charlton Heston (5)
30 *"All the dreams we held so close, seemed to all go up in smoke/Let me whisper in your ear —"*, 1973 (5)
31 (See 13 across)



CLUES DOWN

1 Pyjamas for the afternoon, sir? Try Menswear (10)
2+16A The Wild Swans couldn't really hum any good on this song (5-7)
3 Permission for the current to surge through Spiritualized Electric Mainline (3-2-4)
4+7D *"She never kept the same address/In conversation she spoke just like a baroness"*, 1974 (6-5)
5 *"All these dirty words, they make us look so dumb/Been drinking far too much and neither of us means what we say"*, 1994 (2-3-3)
6+25A The men! They couldn't hang… the washing, so put them in charge of getting all those creases out! (4-7)
7 (See 4 down)
8 (See 24 down)
14 That was lucky, James! (5)
15 Peel favourite? It's enough to make you cry! A hit for Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell (5-4)
17 Is end about to come for a 1978 golden oldie? (5)
19 Style of music associated with Scott Joplin (7)
22 Haul around a piece of old Red Rhino (4)
23 (See 26 down)
24+8D A Fun-Da-Mental grasp of the fourth dimension (5-3-4)
25 '— Gave Birth To The Soul Children', hit for Queen Latifah and De La Soul (4)
26+23D House Of Pain now has them in contortions (4-3-3)
27 *Married To The* —, 1988 movie starring Michelle Pfeiffer (3)



PICTURE: KOBAL COLLECTION

Charlton: the bane of rap but hero of 29 across

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1+16D A Spanner In The Works, 9 Train To Skaville, 10 Fall, 11+24A One Man, 12 Leeway, 14+26D Big Yellow Taxi, 17+30A The Passenger, 19+21A Wake Up, 23 Opry, 27 Roy C, 32 Unity, 34 Bad Day, 35 Today.
DOWN: 2 Scream, 3+33D A Girl Like You, 4 Not For You, 6 Niall, 7 Haines, 8 Bleach, 15+5D Leon Russell, 18 El Cid, 20 Korus, 22+13D PM Dawn, 25 Argent, 28+29A Coney Island, 30 Pub, 31 Sad, 32 USA.

● IT'S A SHAME ABOUT NO PLAY... 'KEEP ORFF MOY LARND!': GLASTO TERRITORIALS...

BOOTLEGGERS: THEY'RE A BIT NAUGHTY... WHIGGING OUT AT GAY PRIDE '95...

EDITED BY
ANDY
RICHARDSON

TEARS 'N' EVAN

OK, it was pretty frustrating. I thought, if I listened to Orbital play The Glastonbury Pyramid Stage for the first 20 minutes or so and then wandered over to the Acoustic Stage, I'd have enough time to buy a drink and find a decent place for Portishead's set, only to find my festival cunning matched by that of several hundred others.

Was it really necessary, however, for the large crowd to react in such a hostile manner when it was announced that Portishead would be following Evan Dando and, as such, be an hour late coming on? And most stupidly of all, was it really in keeping with the spirit of the festival to give Evan Dando such a hard time because he'd switched to a different and ultimately fatal *(Surely he wasn't killed? – AR)* slot in the evening? Was it really so important to these people that they get home on time that the jeering and general ugliness was their only fair response?

I think not. And so I'd like to wish a hearty 'F— You' to all those that provided the only low point of an otherwise perfect Glastonbury. As Evan would say: "Well I understand now, you're not with the big gay scene".

Bruce Butt, Exeter (B.R.C.Butt@ex.ac.uk.)

Those who were expecting a together Evan Dando were clearly disappointed by his wilful movements at Glastonbury. For all his claims of having cleaned up, Dando remained predictably erratic. Which is a shame, considering his redoubtable talent. But the jeering was pointless and stupid, however wayward Dando's 'performance'. On the other hand... – AR

DESPERATE DANDO

How is it that on a hot summer's afternoon, many thousands of people can make their way across fields and through thousands of other people to arrive at a certain point at a set time? Namely, 2.30pm at the Glastonbury Acoustic Stage on a Saturday afternoon?

Except, that is, for the artist himself. That's right. Just one man couldn't make it. Evan Dando, you are a waster and a total wanker.

Simon, Leatherhead

OCH AYE THE NOOSE

Hang Jim Kerr now! *(Not a bad idea – AR)* I'm not a Simple Minds fan *(No?! – AR)* but I was under the impression that they were against racism in any form. If that's the case, why didn't Mr Kerr get off the stage at Glastonbury, go over to the young 'lady' directly in front of him and shove her large red flag with its South African Nazi Party symbol right up her f—in' arse.

I saw it on Channel 4, which is lucky for her because I would have done it myself had I been there. Were there really no anti-racists in the vicinity to point out the error of her ways? If that's the attitude at Glasto these days, then I'm glad I didn't go.

The Techno Terrorist, Rushden, Northants

I'm sure Jumbo Kerr didn't see the flag because he was all loved-up with that special Glasto spirit. But as to The Pieman leaving the stage to get the flag? Well, no. He wouldn't have been able to clamber offstage anyhow, what with the weight of his ego and that ever-widening girth – AR

'BROWN TENT IN THE RING, TRA LA LA LA LA'

What is the matter with all you festival-goers who insist on pitching your tents in a circle and then proceed to cordon off the area with wood, string or security tape? This is not on. You stake out your territory and become irate when others 'trespass' onto your path. I have every right to walk wherever I want on a campsite and not be hindered by these makeshift barriers. I am sure it must come naturally to you, what with being descended from colonial-free fathers who spent their time claiming vast areas for the British Empire and getting annoyed with the indigenous population claiming rights.

This applies especially to you travellers. How can I support your cause to travel and camp with freedom when as soon as you pitch down at Glastonbury you section off your own exclusive zone? At the next festival I shall be there with my scissors and mallet to cut or break down any barrier. I urge others to do the same. This land is not yours, it is for everyone.

Mussadiq Ahmed, Reading

Good point, Mussadiq. Glastonbury is the place to bring down barriers, not erect them in the name of saving a flea-ridden tent. Contact the promoters of all coming festivals with your scissor and mallet proposal. Could be a job for life there – AR

GAY PRIDE

A month ago, *NME* printed a letter from me about your neglect and potential bigotry towards your gay readers under the heading 'Handbag Hoo-Hah'. I believed that my letter would relieve the situation... Not so!

You recently reviewed the Whigfield album (*NME*, June 24). I bemoaned the lack of coverage that she and other handbag acts got last time – yet indie champion Johnny Cigarettes echoed the snootiness of all your writers by attacking Whigfield's looks and cred and comparing it to party goons Black Lace. This is what my previous letter complained about.

I attended Gay Pride last weekend and you shortchange your gay readers by giving us half a page discussing McAlmont's clobber. You did mention the other artists briefly – obviously the indie fest of Glastonbury is the biggie at *NME* with endless coverage of loser indie bands.

I saw D:Ream, Danii Minogue and Sybil at Pride and these babes contain more life, energy and sex than the likes of Oasis and Pulp. For all those who wandered around the fields of Glasto searching for the perfect pop song you should hear Whigfield's album, it's full of them. *NME* let us down again. We walked through London 'cos we are proud, you should be proud of us, too.

Martin Hunt, Woodside, Bradford

● Send your hostile impatience and hot tears of rage to *Angst*, the page that always takes a mobile home to Glastonbury, at *NME*, 25th Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS, or fax 0171 261 5185.

A-ha, a new twist to the usual Blur v Oasis argument – this time it's Whigfield v Oasis. Interesting but I'm not sure it will catch on. Your criticism of* NME*'s Pride coverage does not stick, Martin. The event was featured beforehand in our news section and was thoughtfully reviewed by Angela Lewis in the live section. Ample coverage by anyone's standards – AR

BOOTIFUL, REALLY BOOTIFUL

Re: the recent raids and arrests at record fairs of bootleg CD dealers. I was angry *NME* seemed to not only condone this kind of business but actually defend it. I am the kind of record collector that you hate – anally retentive – and I am relieved that these bootleggers have finally been broken up. They are only interested in money and have little or no interest in music at all.

I gave up going to fairs for a while because they turned into bootleg conventions with stallholders blasting out endless Pearl Jam, Nirvana or Blur live recordings. Record dealers are all out to make money but at least the legitimate dealers are into the music they sell. It is high time these people were stopped and I have little sympathy for them whatsoever. They are the ultimate parasite, feeding off other people's talent. If you cared about music you'd understand. Well done to the BPI, keep up the good work and smash these parasite bastards.

Phil Myers, London

The law says: you are at liberty to record gigs providing you don't profit from it. And besides, the ability to obtain a reasonable quality recording of a gig by your favourite band is surely a luxury to be enjoyed. You are deluded if you think the BPI is acting for any reason other than self-interest when it pursues bootleggers. The last thing the BPI is interested in is the 'rights' of trainspotters at twee record conventions. If you are worried about the people who trade at record fares then don't go. Stay at home and order your discs by post – AR

A SAD PERSON WRITES

Slagging off crap pop groups is very important, it may even save the world as we know it. Music, unless it's Elastica or Phil 'Satan' Collins, isn't formed in a vacuum; it reflects and, to an extent, shapes the culture you and me have to live in. This means that because of Gene, Elastica and *The White Rooms* of this world, I daren't listen to the radio for more than an hour a day. Boring, dim-witted pop groups lead to stupid and crap fans *(Rambles on about Eric Clapton, his bank manager and fluffy kittens – AR)*...

Mr Mister, Lancaster

Clearly you have been listening to too many boring, dim-witted pop bands. Pop culture in 1995 is vibrant and healthy – observe it in the wealth of talented and articulate groups who grace our stage... And why have you drawn a picture of an eagle on the back of your letter? – AR

TORTURE TACTICS? ACHES AND PAINS?

I am an avid concert attender but when I trundled 50 miles to Wolverhampton to see Live, I didn't assume torture would be involved *(Why not? It was Live after all – Ed)* I didn't expect several hundred demented goth bastards doing triple overhead axels onto my shoulders.

During the gig I was crushed, not just slightly, but to a degree where I could feel my arse disappearing up my colon. I wanted to see Live and this evidently entailed obtaining bruises, scratches, aches, severe hearing and sweat loss and the added bonus of a size 12 footprint on my new black jacket. If I'd wanted to be beaten to a pulp and trodden into the ground, I would have waved a red flag in a desert blessed with abundant stampeding bulls or buffalos.

Why do people seem intent on ruining gigs and why am I always stuck behind the tallest, smelliest imbecile in the venue?

Rosie Slater, Malvern, Worcester

You won't stop moshing and stage-diving at gigs, so if it makes you uncomfortable be like* NME *reviewers: wear full fireproof Formula One racing kit and carry a cattle prod. Simple really – AR

CIGS IN THE DOCK

Where does your deep-rooted hatred of various American rock bands spring from? I admit I am just some poxy sprog who has only been buying *NME* for a few months and I know bugger all about decent music, but the constant slagging of Offspring, Green Day and Pearl Jam has me a tad worried.

Johnny Cigarettes admits that some of Elastica's stuff sounds 'Green Day-esque' and the magazine seems to think the sun shines out of their arses. (I'm not having a dig at Elastica, I have seen them live and bought their album and I confess to sharing your view of them.)

Is it because they have sold out and signed to big labels? Is it because they're Yanks? Have they all ripped-off earlier bands or do you just not like punk music? Please don't get angry about this trivial letter, a humiliation in front of millions would cripple my fresh-faced little mind *(Your what? – AR)* and I could end up liking Aerosmith or Bon Jovi. And have you noticed the uncanny resemblance that Gaz Supergrass bears to Southampton/England under-21 star Neil Shipperley?

Baffled And Worried, Southampton

Most importantly, don't worry. Be baffled if you like, but don't worry. And certainly do not turn to Aerosmith or Bon Jovi. You seem a person of reasonable taste, though you may have misjudged* NME*'s opinion of Green Day* et al*. But don't worry, you could be in Menswear... – AR

THE NEW WANK OF NEW WANK????

To all the people who say Menswear are shit: You no doubt will have heard 'I'll Manage Somehow' or 'Daydreamer' but have you heard their other songs? No. I didn't think so. I saw Menswear live at Bristol Sound City and they were f—ing ace. How dare these people be so judgmental when they've only heard a couple of songs.

Hen, Bristol

Easy! They've only got a couple of songs! Menswear were a good idea but, sadly, they are less than adequate when it comes to the all-important business of writing and performing good songs. Will you be making a similar endorsement 12 months from now, dear Hen? I think not – AR

WIDNES IS NICE, REALLY

Is it just me? Has anyone else noticed the eerie similarity between the beginning of 'Reverend Black Grape' and that of The Thompson Twin's Number Two hit 'You Take Me Up'? It's all in the harmonica. Anyway, don't let that spoil your enjoyment of what is otherwise a fine song.

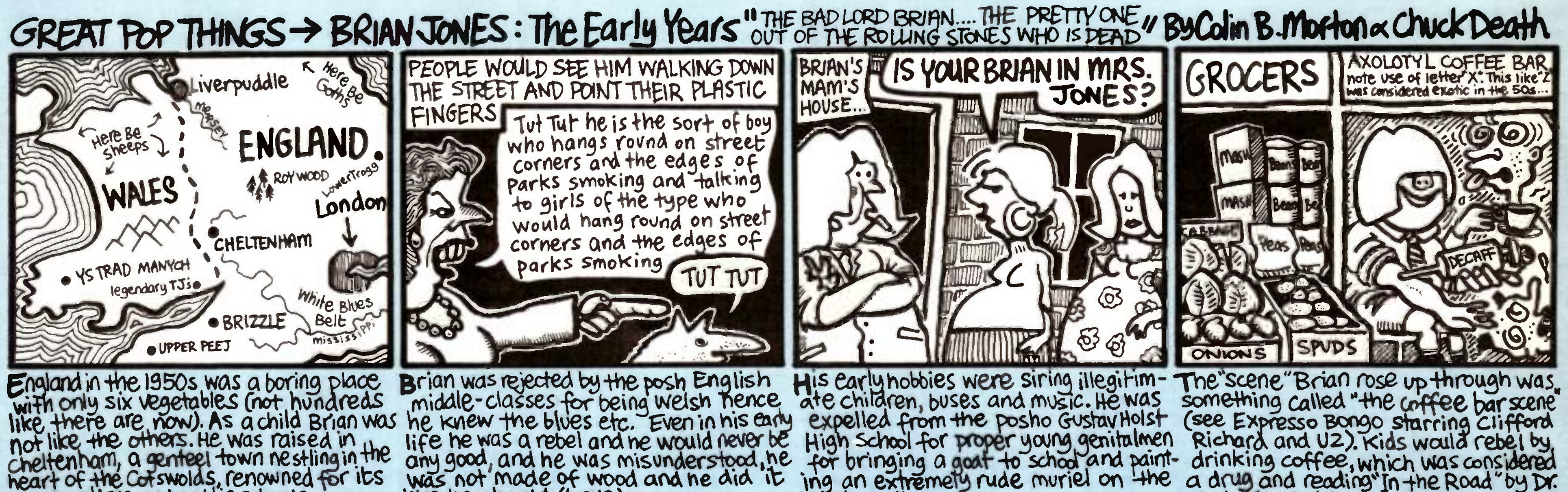
Mitten, London

Thanks, we won't – AR

Does anybody know why Black Grape want to "*get to Widnes*" in their 'Reverend Black Grape' single? Do you think it's time to clear up once and for all the controversy surrounding Jimmy Corkhill, Carl Banks *et al* and the setting ablaze of the car park and offices in *Brookside*?

Tania, Sheffield

Eh? – AR


GREAT POP THINGS → BRIAN JONES : The Early Years "THE BAD LORD BRIAN.... THE PRETTY ONE OUT OF THE ROLLING STONES WHO IS DEAD" By Colin B. Morton & Chuck Death
Liverpuddle
Here Be Goths
Mersey
Here Be Sheeps
ENGLAND.
WALES
ROY WOOD
Lower Trogg
London
CHELTENHAM
YS TRAD MANYCH
legendary TJ's
White Blues Belt
mississippi
BRIZZLE
UPPER PEEJ
England in the 1950s was a boring place with only six vegetables (not hundreds like there are now). As a child Brian was not like the others. He was raised in Cheltenham, a genteel town nestling in the heart of the Cotswolds, renowned for its conservatism and public schools..........
PEOPLE WOULD SEE HIM WALKING DOWN THE STREET AND POINT THEIR PLASTIC FINGERS
Tut Tut he is the sort of boy who hangs round on street corners and the edges of parks smoking and talking to girls of the type who would hang round on street corners and the edges of parks smoking
TUT TUT
Brian was rejected by the posh English middle-classes for being Welsh hence he knew the blues etc. Even in his early life he was a rebel and he would never be any good, and he was misunderstood, he was not made of wood and he did it like he should (have)..................
BRIAN'S MAM'S HOUSE...
IS YOUR BRIAN IN MRS. JONES?
His early hobbies were siring illegitimate children, buses and music. He was expelled from the posho Gustav Holst High School for proper young genitalmen for bringing a goat to school and painting an extremely rude muriel on the toilet wall..........................
GROCERS
AXOLOTYL COFFEE BAR note use of letter "X". This like "Z" was considered exotic in the 50s...
MASH
Beans
CABBAGE
Peas
DECAFF
ONIONS
SPUDS
The "scene" Brian rose up through was something called "the coffee bar scene" (see Expresso Bongo starring Clifford Richard and U2). Kids would rebel by drinking coffee, which was considered a drug and reading "In the Road" by Dr. Jack Kervorkian.....(to be continued)

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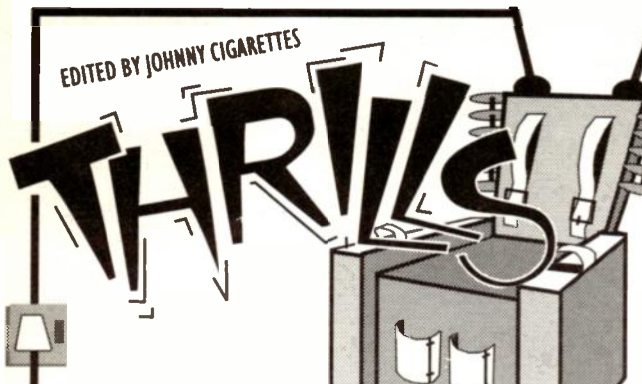
EDITED BY JOHNNY CIGARETTES



BANDS WANTED

ITV'S *CUE The Music* requires old rock bands that everyone has long since mercifully forgotten to appear in its new series.

Bands must have played a small to mid-sized London venue in the mid-'80s, during the twilight of their career after having been dropped by several labels, and must have a badly produced video of the gig.

A session guitarist with a 'synthaxe' is essential. In fact, the more session musicians with cockatoo haircuts, the better.

Scandinavian metal bands preferred but anyone considered.

Groups with any level of success over the last five years need not apply.

Send video tapes (Betamax, natch) to Mike Mansfield, c/o *Cue The Music*, London.

THE KIDS IN WAVE OF COPYCAT COLLARBONE INJURIES

HOSPITALS ACROSS the globe were in turmoil this week as an epidemic of bicycle accident-related collarbone injuries swept the world.

The incidents, now believed to number more than 10,000 in France alone, are rumoured to be related to the recent bicycle accidents of Stone Roses guitarist John Squire and Terrorvision vocalist Tony Wright, in which they ended up with collarbone and shoulder injuries respectively.

Traffic in Central London was brought to a standstill yesterday as hordes of disaffected youths rode around the capital for short distances before throwing themselves off their bikes trying to injure their shoulders or collarbones.

Meanwhile, the centre of Tokyo was destroyed last night in a gas explosion caused by a build up of fumes from traffic congestion after a similar glut of bicycle collarbone/shoulder accidents by insane Stone Roses fans devastated at the cancelled Japanese tour.

More controversy still rages in Belgium over a teenage couple who allegedly robbed an Antwerp bank in a bicycle accident/collarbone suicide pact the other week. They reportedly gunned down the cashiers on a mountain bike (the boy giving his girlfriend a 'croggie' on the handlebars) while falling fatally onto their collarbones and shouting 'zees is for John Zquire, fugging peegs.' The Stone Roses' records have subsequently been banned from Flanders forever.

A spokesperson for the World Bike Federation said last night: "We would like to stress the dangers of throwing yourself off a bike. Anyway, it probably won't kill you, it'll just hurt a lot, and then you won't feel quite so big and clever, will you? Eh? Eh? EH?!"

The Samaritans refused to comment, but a spokesperson for Suicides Anonymous said: "This is small fry shit. If they want to interest us, they'd better buck up their ideas. It's all very rock'n'roll, I'm sure, but I bet they'd never dare ride their bikes over a cliff, like some of our lot do. You'd break more than your collarbone then, you poncey student bastards."

Leaders of the copycat pack: The Kids, yesterday

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

ROCK GOES TRANSFER CRAZY!

THE VALUE of your rock dollar plummeted last night under pressure from a number of big-money rock transfer deals. Dealers on the floor of The Rock Exchange building in Cider Square, Camden (above the Squat & Cack public house), were going insane as the rock market experienced a bout of jitters not witnessed since Mark Keds joined The Wildhearts.

"This is crazy money," screamed Katherine Nightmare, manager of indie hopefuls Scrunch, before paying Preston hardcore outfit Punch six hundred pieces of soot for their bass player, Dog.

Meanwhile, Log, the keyboard player for Third Division Watford Tosscore hopefuls Brunch, has ended weeks of speculation among his mates by signing Kirsty MacColl for 2.5 million Subbuteo corner kickers. As part of the deal he also gets wages of nearly 15p a week, shared kitchen and bathroom plus a video recorder to rent.

The race is on, meanwhile, to sign Italian ace Glummo Expressioni from Bologna rockers Slunchi. Lunch are favourites, since Expressioni has expressed long-time admiration for the torn cardigan style of their manager Slog. But South London mods Munch last night put in a lucrative bid including a half-empty packet of No-Doz and a pair of old para boots, with the promise that Expressioni could move into the vacant box room in their flat in Streatham if he wanted.

Meanwhile, Spog from Stunch's dream move to Spanish glamour combo Duncho has fallen through after his wife couldn't agree with the washing–up rota at the band's shared bedsit in the exclusive 'favela' district of Madrid. However, band chairman Marco Russellos now has his eye on Sid from Compulsion, who has been transfer listed by his band after consistently forgetting to video *Fifteen To One*.

More indietastic transfers next week.

Groggo to replace Smeggo! Tadger bought for Gonk! Those indie transfer millions in full

EMF DENY CHANGING ALLEGIANCES IN CHART LEADERSHIP CONTEST

THE WORLD of rock was revolting last night as it was announced that the ideologically vacillating EMF group are once again changing their colours, and throwing their weight firmly behind the hotly-tipped Reeves & Mortimer chart leadership bid.

EMF leader, Sir Ivor Biggun-Hur-Hur, was privately admitting last night that this was their last hope of salvaging their career after six years of opportunist musical wheeler-dealing. They are hoping that in return for their support of the Reeves & Mortimer challenge, they will be offered an extension to their career in one of indiedom's minor ministries.

There have, however, been gales of protests throughout rock at this development, many observers claiming that EMF are a pointless rabble of has-been tractor-smokers and ewe-fornicators unfit to hold high chart positions.

A spokesperson for EMF last night defended their recent records.

"If you look at the facts, there has actually been an *increase* in real terms of 23 per cent in EMF's records, taking into account seasonal adjustments and regional variations, and our surveys suggest that over 61 per cent of people in a shopping centre in Basildon prefer the new policies of EMF to the ones immediately preceding them, taking into account the variations in the diminishing number of people who give a toss.

"Also, there has been a marked *decrease*, 31 per cent in accumulative terms, in the number of desperate knob and wanking jokes cracked by EMF over the last six-month period, if you judge that comparatively and pejoratively with how many other groups are making jokes. It is wholly wrong, maliciously false, and entirely based on lies, hearsay and innuendo to say that EMF are a bunch of West Country tossers who should accept jobs as cow pat-tasters immediately and stop soiling our lives. I hope this record gets to Number One. Otherwise I'm out of a job."

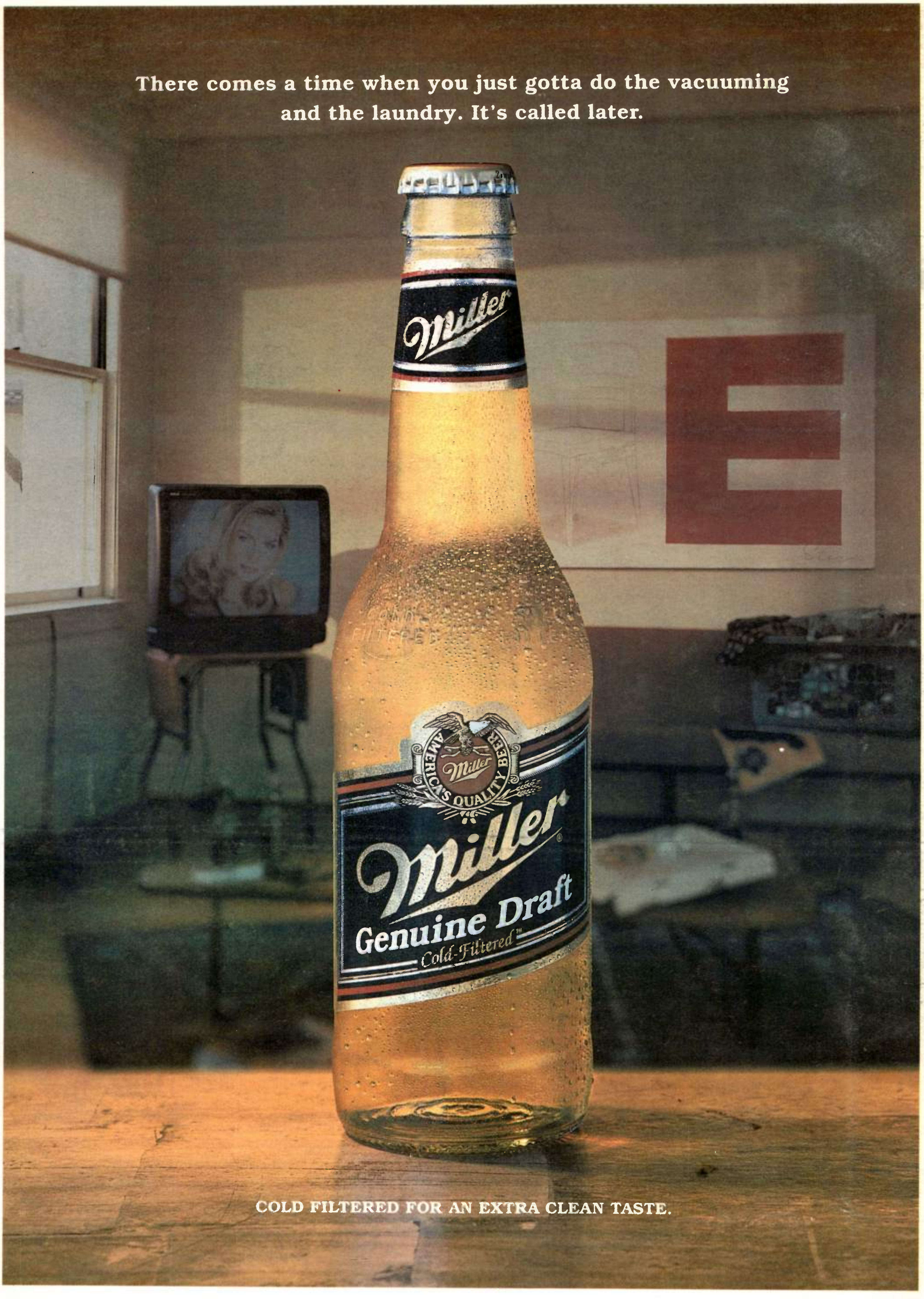
Summer 1995

Factory too

July 3rd Fac(d) 2.05, 'Wasted', Hopper. 7"& CD
July 5th Fac 2.07, Factory web site, http://www.u-net.com/factory
July 17th Facd(mc) 2.06, 'The Sixths, Wasps Nests', Stephen Merritt. CD & Cassette
July 17th Fac(d) 2.02, 'A Factory sample too', East-West Coast/The Orch/Italian Love Party/K-Track. Double gatefold 7"& CD
July 24th Fac 2.12 'A taste of the label', the Factory sampler live at the Haçienda; advance tickets £4
August 14th Facdr 2.11 'Sex and Death', The Durutti Column CD-ROM

Distributed by Pinnacle, these are Factory products too, from Manchester, England

WRH


There comes a time when you just gotta do the vacuuming and the laundry. It's called later.
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